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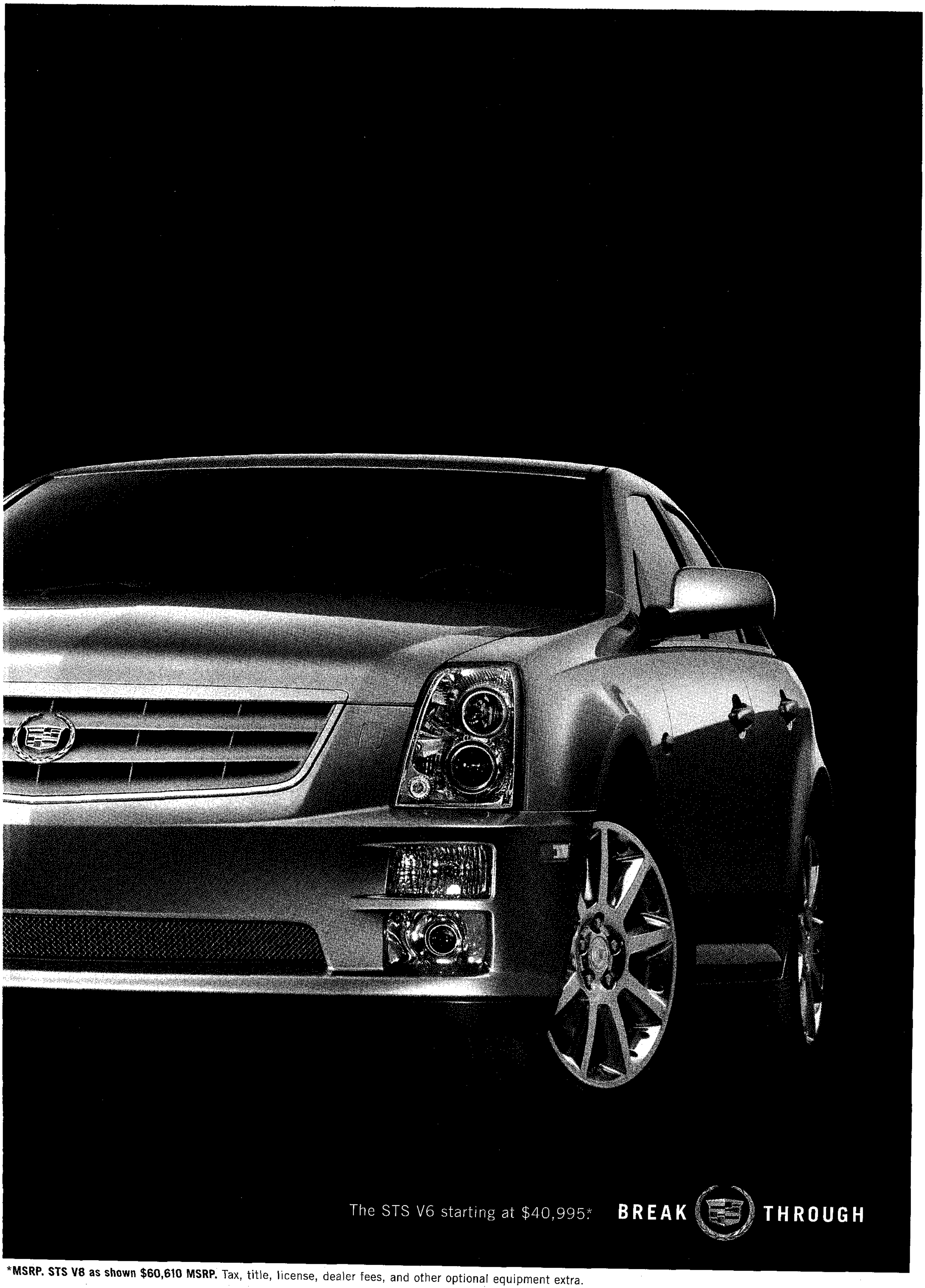
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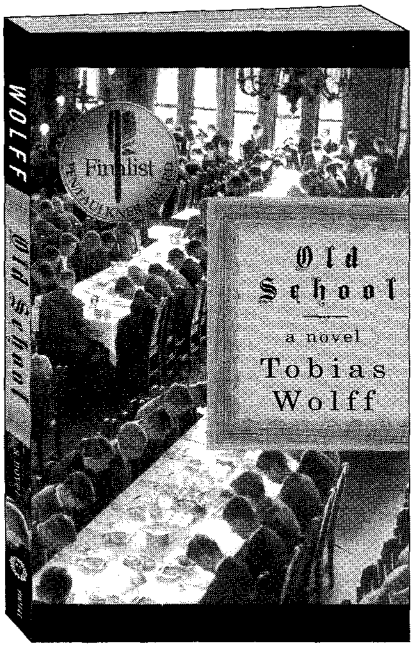

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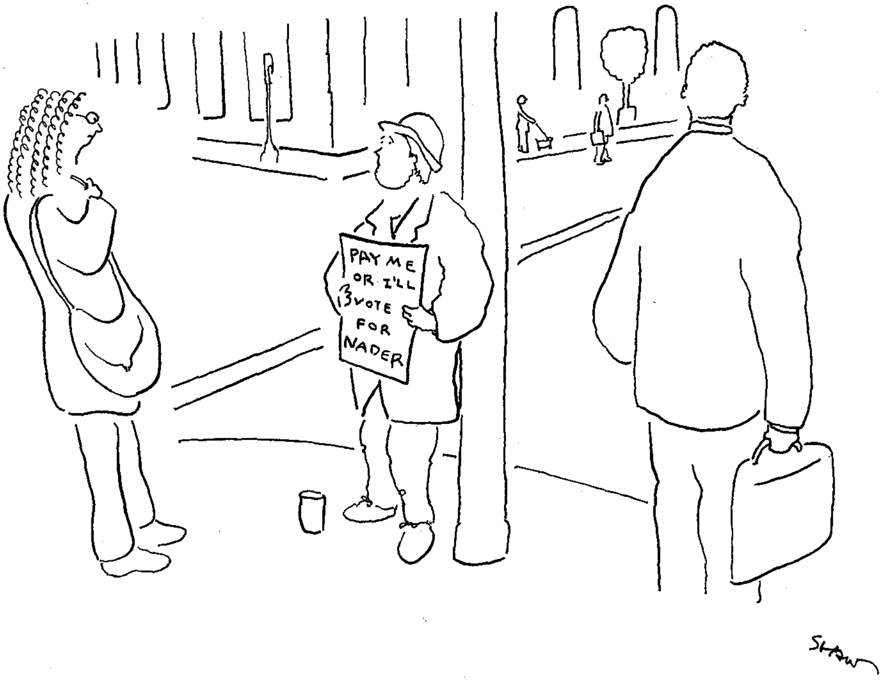
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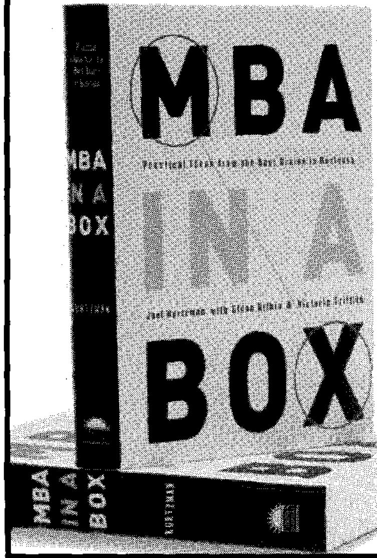
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THE MAIL

BLAMING MOM

Margaret Talbot's article on Munchausen syndrome by proxy was both fascinating and frightening ("The Bad Mother," August 9th & 16th). She notes that the diagnosis has previously described mothers (primarily) who, for psychological reasons, abuse their children by inducing medical problems and subjecting them to unnecessary procedures. The alarming part of Talbot's article concerned the expansion of the diagnosis to include vigilant parents who research their child's condition on the Internet or seek second opinions. There are good reasons for the changes in parental behavior which have been wrongly associated with M.S.B.P.: the vast amount of information now available, and the dance between insurance companies and the medical community over controlling costs. Parents feel that they need to take more personal responsibility for their children's care. That is a long way from the original definition.
Lynn Straus
Evanston, Ill.

Talbot, after acknowledging that Munchausen syndrome by proxy exists, writes that "the larger question" is whether it "is best thought of as a disorder or simply as a criminal act." Most clinicians, myself included (I am the co-author of "Hurting for Love," a book that Talbot cites) maintain that legal action should be based on direct proof of child abuse by falsification of symptoms. But discerning whether typical Munchausen by proxy motivation is present is important, because of the high risk of recurring assaults; hundreds of hospitalizations are not unusual. A mother (ninety-five per cent of the cases involve women) who has a psychotic delusion that her child is ill needs different treatment from a mother who repeatedly suffocates and rescues her child so as to be seen as an exceptional parent. Talbot calls the theory that a woman's sense of powerlessness could lead her to manipulate powerful doctor figures "dated and facile," given changes in the status of both women and doctors. Readers can judge for themselves the state of women's emancipation and the mythos still attached to doctors, but they should know that the hypotheses were not broad-stroke psychosocial rhetoric; they were based on the intensive study of more than sixty cases.
Herbert Schreier
Psychiatrist, Children's Hospital and Research Center
Oakland, Calif.

As the mother of a young son with autism spectrum disorder, I realized, reading Talbot's piece, that I might be targeted as a "Munchausen mom" if I stood up for him and challenged the school system to make sure that he receives a proper education. In the fifties, so-called "refrigerator moms" were blamed for the onset of autism due to a lack of care, affection, and involvement. The current reversal is a convenient escape for professionals who would rather not deal with parents advocating for their children.
Wendy E. Carroll
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

It is ironic that psychologists, who have a booming cottage industry in attention deficit disorder and learning disabilities, are helping to pathologize the mothers who turn up in their offices—desperate not for attention but for relief for their kids. The pressure on kids to perform has created an unprecedented level of anxiety and stress. This is a more likely cause of parents' seeking diagnoses and services than M.S.B.P. Mothers are "bad" if they care too little; now they are also bad if they care too much. Real family values would mean supporting mothers who are doing the best they can, rather than viewing them with suspicion.
Karen Frieman
New York City

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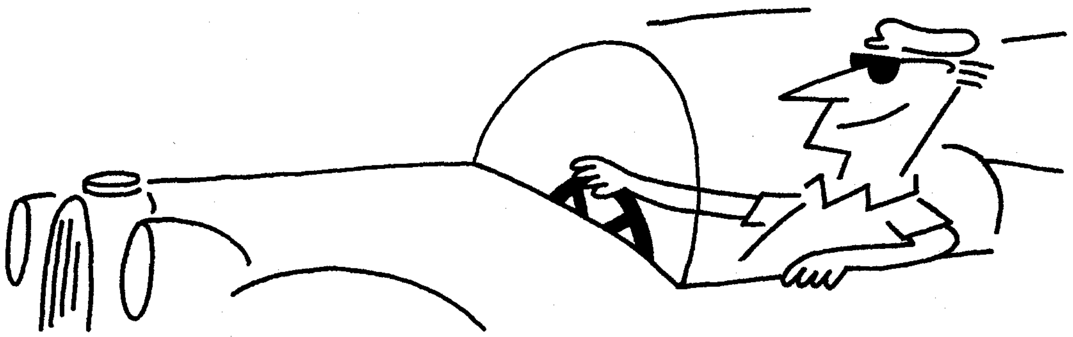

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THIS WEEK
WHAT'S OLD IS NEW

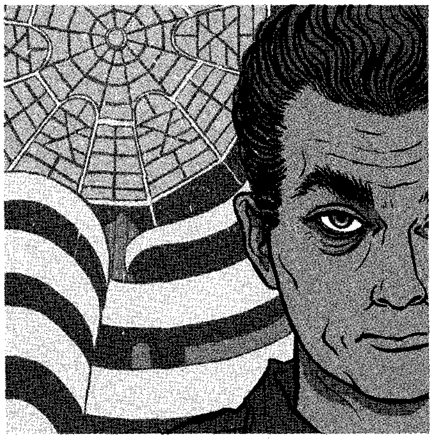
Bill Morrison used decaying bits of old newsreels, travelogues, and silent movies to construct the film "Decasia," which is packed with ghostly images—distorted waves, grainy parachutists, and blurry Ferris wheels. Michael Gordon, the dark spirit of the three downtowners who make up the Bang on a Can composers' collective, wrote the score. It will be performed live for the first time in the United States when "Decasia" is projected onto scaffolding inside St. Ann's Warehouse, in Brooklyn. The Manhattan School of Music's Tactus Contemporary Ensemble, fifty-five strong, does the honors. (Sept. 9-12; see Classical Music.)

MUSICAL POEMS

Paul Auster's "Collected Poems" provided the texts of five songs commissioned from a group of composers—including Milton Babbitt, Charles Wuorinen, and Lee Hyla—whose fine-grained modernist styles match the author's. The new songs will receive their world premières at the Guggenheim, in performances by the Group for Contemporary Music and the singers Lucy Shelton, Mary Nessinger, and Thomas Meglioranza. Auster will also read from and discuss his poems. (Sept. 12-13; see Classical Music.)

CASH AND CARRY

Sotheby's is auctioning a mass of material from the estate of Johnny Cash and June Carter Cash. These treasures of our national patrimony, which belong in the Smithsonian, are being sold off like the holdings of a dust-bowl farm. They include Johnny's handwritten song lyrics, June's mud-worn childhood shoes (light-brown leather with red laces), Mother Maybelle Carter's homemade dresses and gowns, and enough banjos, guitars, and Autoharps to fill a tour bus. Johnny's stencilled Melody Ranch Gene Autry guitar, circa 1940, listed at six to eight hundred dollars, is one possible bargain. (The lots are on view Sept. 7-13, and the sale is Sept. 14-16; see Auctions.)

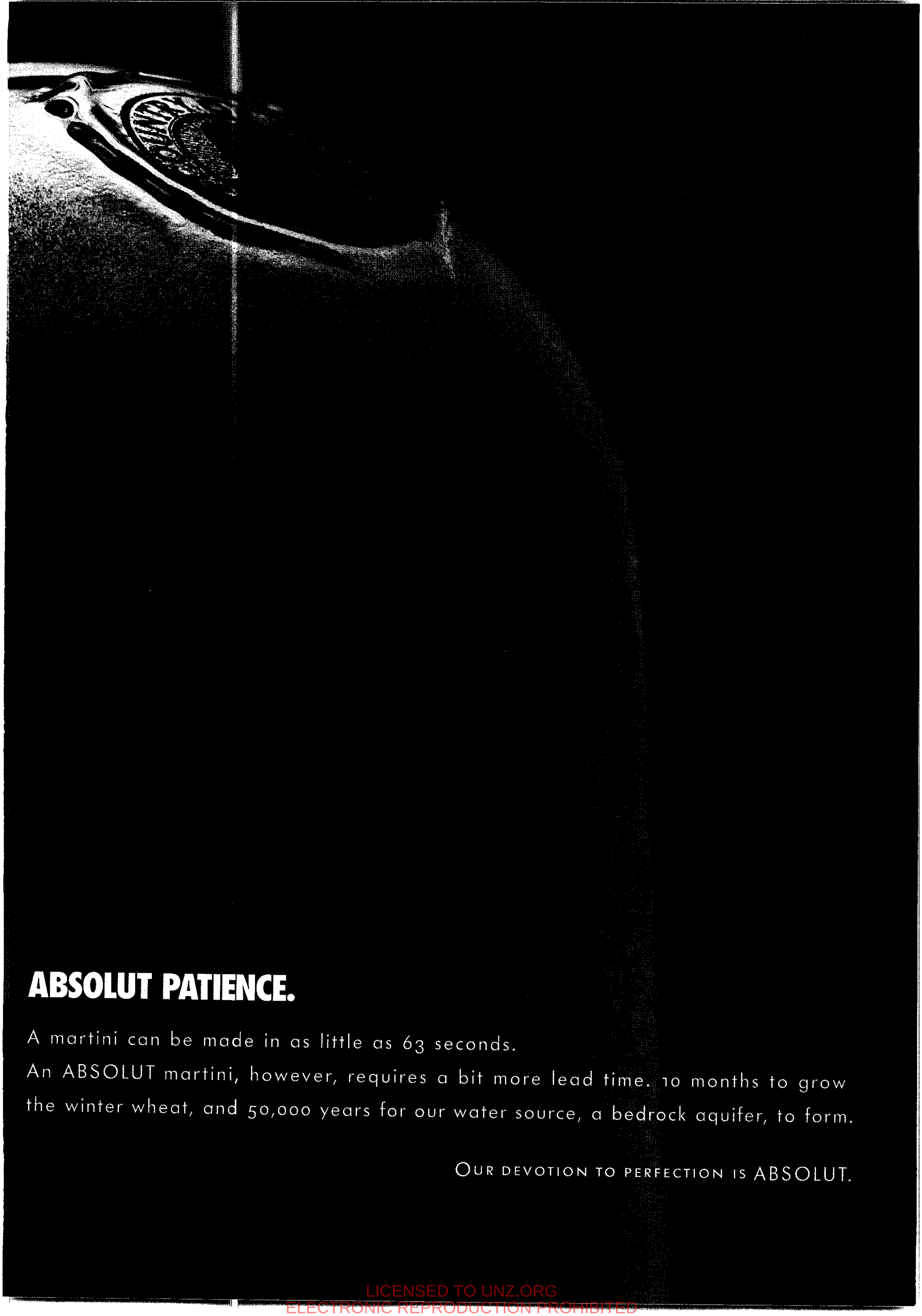


Songs based on Paul Auster's poems are premièred at the Guggenheim.

Sotheby's auctions off the estate of Johnny Cash and June Carter Cash.

YUKO SHIMIZU

The Tactus Contemporary Ensemble performs the score to "Decasia."



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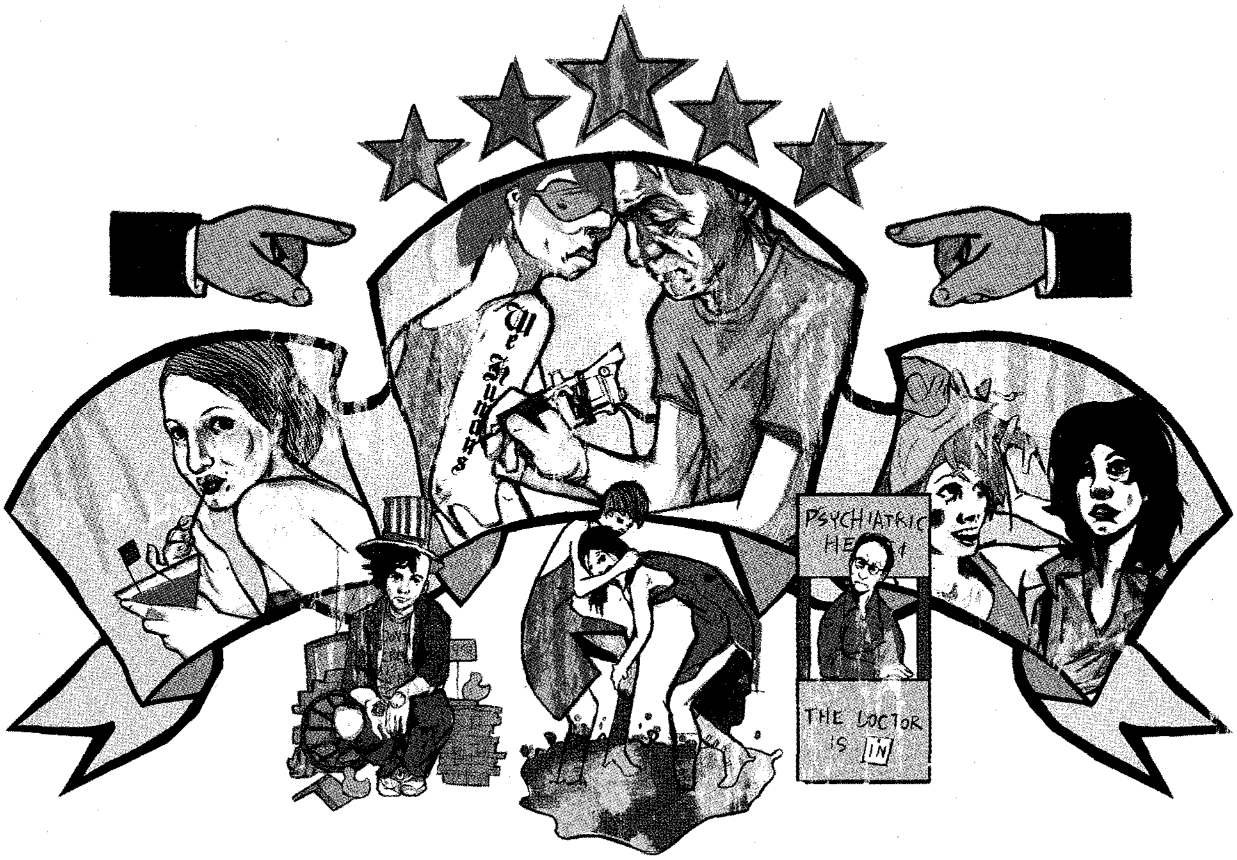

The Liberty Fair, in Chelsea, includes tattoos by Ed Ruscha and spa treatments by Cecily Brown (see Above and Beyond).

RACHEL DOMM

ATLANTIC THEATRE COMPANY
The fall season opens with two one-act plays by Eugène Ionesco, "The Bald Soprano" and "The Lesson," in new translations by Tina Howe. Featured in the cast are John Ellison Conlee ("The Full Monty"), Michael Countryman, Seana Kofoed, Jan Maxwell, and Steven Skybell. Directed by Carl Forsman. In previews. (336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.)

DAMES AT SEA
The Jean Cocteau Repertory revives a wartime movie-musical spoof from 1968, which features tap dancing and is set on the deck of a battleship. Book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, music by Jim Wise. Directed by David Fuller. In previews. Opens Sept. 12 at 3. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 212-279-4200.)

DEAD PUPPET TALK
A meta-drama by Roman Paska (the director of the International Institute of Puppetry, in Charleville-Mézieres, France), in which puppets act out scenes while actors comment on their performances. Opens Sept. 9 at 8. Through Sept. 18. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 212-255-5793, ext. 11.)

THE FIRST (AND LAST) MUSICAL ON MARS
In a show written, directed, and composed by George Zarr (who writes for television's Sci Fi Channel), an earthling who has been kidnapped by the King of Jupiter is ordered to produce a musical on Mars. If he fails, Earth will be destroyed. Previews begin Sept. 10. Opens Sept. 13 at 8. (Mint, 311 W. 43rd St. 212-645-6910.)

HEDDA GABLER
The Flemish director Ivo van Hove, of Holland's Toneelgroep Amsterdam, brings his adaptation of Ibsen's play to New York Theatre Workshop. With sets by Jan Versweyveld. Previews begin Sept. 10. (79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

MANFEST
The Obie-winning theatre company New Georges presents a two-week festival of short plays by women, written from the male perspective, which will run in rotating repertory. The playwrights include Trista Baldwin, Kirsten Greenidge, Betty Shamieh, Sonya Sobieski, Alice Tuan, and Sheri Wilner. Opens Sept. 12. Through Sept. 25. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 212-868-4444.)

MEET THE REAL ERNEST SHACKLETON: A COMEDY ABOUT ANTARCTICA
A musical about the English explorer Ernest Shackleton—who was stranded on the Antarctic ice in his ship, the Endurance, for nearly two years—asks the question: Did Shackleton make the trip to separate his wife from her suspected lover, a member of his crew? With songs by Terry Radigan and choreography by Ron Schwinn. Written and directed by Michael Christian. Opens Sept. 9 at 8. (Sande Shurin, 311 W. 43rd St., 6th fl. 212-868-4444.)

THE OLDEST PROFESSION
The Signature Theatre Company's new season is dedicated to the works of Paula Vogel. It starts off with a comic drama, set during the early days of the Reagan Administration, about five aging bawds who struggle with arthritis and a diminishing clientele. Directed by David Esbjornson. One preview on Sept. 8. Opens Sept. 9 at 8. (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529.)

PEOPLE BE HEARD
Erica Schmidt ("Debbie Does Dallas") directs a new musical comedy, with songs by Quincy Long and music by Michael Roth, about a small town caught up in a heated debate about evolution. Choreographed by Peter Pucci. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

SLAVA'S SNOWSHOW
In this seriocomic spectacle by the Russian clown Slava Polunin, hobo clowns perform existential antics, culminating in a giant paper snowstorm that blows across the stage and onto the audience. Opens Sept. 8 at 8. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 212-505-0700.)

STRAIGHT ON 'TIL MORNING
The writer Trish Harnetiaux and the director Jude Domski, who collaborated last year on the quirky comedy "Inside a Bigger Box," team up again to present a satirical update of "Peter Pan," set among Williamsburg scenesters who never want to grow up. In previews. Opens Sept. 10 at 8. (78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. 212-868-4444.)

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE
The puppeteer Basil Twist's dreamlike work—set to Berlioz's hour-long, five-movement composition and performed in a thousand-gallon glass tank—comes to the brand-new Dodger Stages. In previews. (340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE WINTER'S TALE
Wooden O Productions presents a faithful production of Shakespeare's romance, in a short run at the Producers Club. Opens Sept. 10 at 7. Through Sept. 19. (616 Ninth Ave., between 43rd and 44th Sts. 212-868-4444.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AFTER THE FALL
Arthur Miller's play, which premièred in 1964, three years after the end of his marriage to Marilyn Monroe and two years after her spectacular flame-out and death, is set in 1962 in the transit lounge of the old Idlewild Airport, within the "mind, thought, and memory" of its protagonist, Quentin, a twice-divorced lawyer whose conscience struggles against the uniform thinking of the mob—here composed almost entirely of women. In the Roundabout's revival, the director, Michael Mayer, has given the play new form by cutting it down, giving it a shape that is close to that of "Death of a Salesman." Unfortunately, even with the cuts, Peter Krause, as Quentin, just isn't up to the task of making this academic language live. But Carla Gugino's Maggie (presumably based on Monroe) is a revelation. Her performance, along with Mayer's direction, makes "After the Fall" worth revisiting, like a dark garden filled

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with the intoxicating scents of decay and hope. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9 & 16/04.) (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300. Through Sept. 12.)

THE BOY FROM OZ
The charming, wildly hardworking performer Hugh Jackman has been put in the awkward position of having to prove that the Australian singer-songwriter Peter Allen—who was discovered by Judy Garland and who married her daughter Liza Minnelli—is worthy of our attention. Just this side of overly hunky, Jackman does everything he can to sell the show, and the girls in the audience love him. Now in its final week, the show continues to draw starstruck fans, who lie in wait outside the stage door. (10/27/03) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. Closes Sept. 12.)

BRYAN DYKSTRA: CORNERED & ALONE
The local comedian launches a fearless attack on the current Administration. Directed by Margarett Perry. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 212-352-3101.)

BUG
This play, written by Tracy Letts and directed by Dexter Bullard, begins deceptively simply, in a residential hotel somewhere near Oklahoma City, in a town that God may or may not have forsaken. Agnes White (Kate Buddeke), who works as a bartender, stands at the door to her small, dingy room. Before long, a friend shows up with a little distraction—a guy named Peter Evans (Jonno Roberts), who seems to want to hang out. Scenes of casual surrealism culminate, in the second half of the play, in acts of physical and emotional violence that do more than shock; they arouse both pity and despair. (5/17/04) (Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St., at Seventh Ave. 212-239-6200.)

DRACULA, THE MUSICAL
A new Broadway play inspired by the Bram Stoker story, starring Melissa Errico and Tom Hewitt, has a book and lyrics by Christopher Hampton and Don Black and music by Frank Wildhorn. Directed by Des McAnuff. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

FICTION
The estimable playwright Steven Dietz is a post-modernist of sorts. His main characters, the lovers Linda (Julie White) and Michael (Tom Irwin), are both writers. They speak directly to the audience, which means that they talk—and talk and talk—a great deal about writing. Dietz, though, is too canny to leave the narrative to Linda's and Michael's words alone. To lend the play dramatic heft, he gives Linda cancer and Michael a brief dalliance with the organizer of a writers' conference. Blond and opinionated, Abby (Emily Bergl) is just the kind of girl who can drag a writer out of his head and into his body, by way of hers. Directed by David Warren. (8/23/04) (Roundabout, Laura Pels Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 212-719-1300. Through Sept. 12.)

GUANTÁNAMO: HONOR BOUND TO DEFEND FREEDOM
Victoria Brittain (a former foreign editor of the *Guardian*) and Gillian Slovo (the South African-born novelist) pull together a handful of stories about the men who have been imprisoned at Guantánamo Bay in the wake of 9/11, using interviews with detainees, letters, transcripts of political speeches, and lawyers' briefs. Harsh Nayyar gives a touching performance as the father of a prisoner; Jeffrey Brick plays a man whose sister died in the Twin Towers but who nevertheless wishes he could buy innocent detainees a drink. In one of the spare production's rare light moments, Robert Langdon Lloyd, who first appears onstage as a conscientious British lord, does a turn as an implacable Donald Rumsfeld. Directed by Nicolas Kent and Sacha Wares. (45 Bleecker Theatre, at 45 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100.)

I LOVE PARIS
You get pretty much what you'd expect in Doug Field's tongue-in-cheek portrait of the socialite heiress Paris Hilton, which is performed by Kevin Shinick: a heaping portion of celebrity dish with no real surprises. Still, it's good dirty fun, and Shinick, who enters the stage in BVDs and a T-Shirt, plays Hilton with amusing wide-eyed opacity. Directed by Timothy Haskell. (Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. 212-868-4444.)

The Seattle-based company 33 Fainting Spells comes to Dance Theatre Workshop.

ZOHAR LAZAR

WAITIN' 2 END HELL
William A. Parker's drama about the failing marriage of a black middle-class couple has some sharp, insightful writing in it. It also has stellar performances from its two leads, Marcus Naylor and Trish McCall. Directed by Woodie King, Jr. (47th Street Playhouse, 304 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200. Through Sept. 12.)

ALSO PLAYING

AVENUE Q
Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 212-307-4747.

BLUE MAN GROUP
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 212-254-4370.

BOMBAY DREAMS
Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200.

CHICAGO
Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200.

COOKIN'
Minetta Lane, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 212-420-8000.

DE LA GUARDA
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 212-239-6200.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Minskoff, 200 W. 45th St. 212-307-4100.

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY SUMMER SHOCK!
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.

42ND STREET
Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100.

THE FROGS
Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.

GOLDA'S BALCONY
Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

HAIRSPRAY
Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100.

HERE LIES JENNY
Zipper Theatre, 336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200.

I AM MY OWN WIFE
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 212-239-6200.

LET'S PUT ON A SHOW
Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. (Through Sept. 12.)

THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100.

MAMMA MIA!
Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 212-563-5544.

MOVIN' OUT
Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 212-307-4100.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

PICON PIE
DR2, 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.

PLUMS IN NEW YORK
Clurman, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. (Through Sept. 26.)

THE PRODUCERS
St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 212-307-4100.

STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 212-477-2477.

TOXIC AUDIO: LOUDMOUTH
Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.

WICKED
Gershwin, 222 W. 51st St. 212-307-4100.

WONDERFUL TOWN
Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

DANCE

JOAQUÍN CORTÉS: "LIVE"
The Spanish flamenco pop icon keeps busy, with performances at the Oscars, the Grammys, and the Nobel Prize ceremonies, and with concerts in London, Athens, Hong Kong, and Puerto Rico, where he shared a bill with Jennifer Lopez. Expect stirring displays of technical proficiency, stirring displays of shirtlessness, a marvellous eighteen-piece orchestra that plays everything from classical to jazz, Afro-Cuban, Arabic, and gospel music, plus Gypsy ballads; and also expect a decidedly unfinicky vision of what constitutes modern flamenco. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212. Sept. 14-19 at 8.)

EVENING STARS
This free outdoor dance festival used to take place every September on the plaza of the World Trade Center, but now it's held in Battery Park, near the Staten Island Ferry terminal. On September 11th this year, the event includes works by the Buglisi/Foreman, Limón, and Paul Taylor dance companies, presenting, respectively, "Requiem," "Psalm," and "Promethean Fire." On three other nights, performers include Savion Glover, Doug Varone and Dancers, and Momix. The festival concludes with an all-ballet program featuring duets and small ensembles performed by dancers from American Ballet Theatre and New York City Ballet, and full-company pieces by the Boston Ballet, the Joffrey Ballet, and BalletMet Columbus. (For a full schedule and a complete list of performers, visit www.rivertorivernyc.com. Sept. 9-12 at 7:30 and Sept. 12 at 2.)

33 FAINTING SPELLS
Dayna and Gaelen Hanson's Seattle-based company comes to Dance Theatre Workshop with "Our Little Sunbeam," a piece that melds bleak scenes from Chekhov's "Ivanov" and rapturous moments in which astronauts view the earth from the moon. With an original pop and rap score that the two women created in collaboration with the actor and dancer Linas Phillips, who performs with them. (219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Sept. 8-11 at 7:30.)

DANCENOW/NYC
The citywide dance festival, now in its tenth year, features a hundred and sixty artists in sixteen events. Highlights of the first week include an anniversary gala, on Sept. 8, which revisits the hits of the previous decade, including Nicholas Leichter's "Animal" and Larry Keigwin's "Sunshine." On Sept. 9-10, Paul Matteson, Jennifer Nugent, and Heidi Latsky headline two nights of dance cabaret at Joe's Pub. On Sept. 12, a free concert at the Marcus Garvey Park amphitheatre, in Harlem, brings together Nicholasleichterdance (moving to the music of Stevie Wonder), Philadanco, and Ronald K. Brown/Evidence. (For a full festival schedule, visit www.dancenownyc.org, or call 718-850-2488. Through Sept. 18.)

NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY
In three performances at Florence Gould Hall, the company re-creates the choreography of commedia dell'arte, using as their guide a 1716 primer called "The New and Curious School of Theatrical Dancing." Directed by Catherine Turocy. (55 E. 59th St. 212-307-4100. Sept. 10-11 at 8 and Sept. 12 at 3.)

DIXON PLACE
Sept. 9-10 at 8: "Brink," Kimberly Brandt's work-in-progress series, spotlights two emerging choreographers—Jen Abrams, with "Cherry Pie," about a lesbian relationship; and Kelly Bartnik, with four linked duets. Sept. 13 at 8: "Body Blend," the multimedia series curated by Sara Juli and Alexx Shilling, presents work by Andrew Cowan, Al Denis, Catherine Hourihan, Tracy Lang, and Anna Sperber. (258 Bowery, between Houston and Prince Sts. 212-219-0736.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

NEW YORK JEWISH MUSIC & HERITAGE FESTIVAL
In 1654, Sephardic refugees from Brazil came to New Amsterdam, and became the first Jewish set-

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WEB EXCLUSIVES
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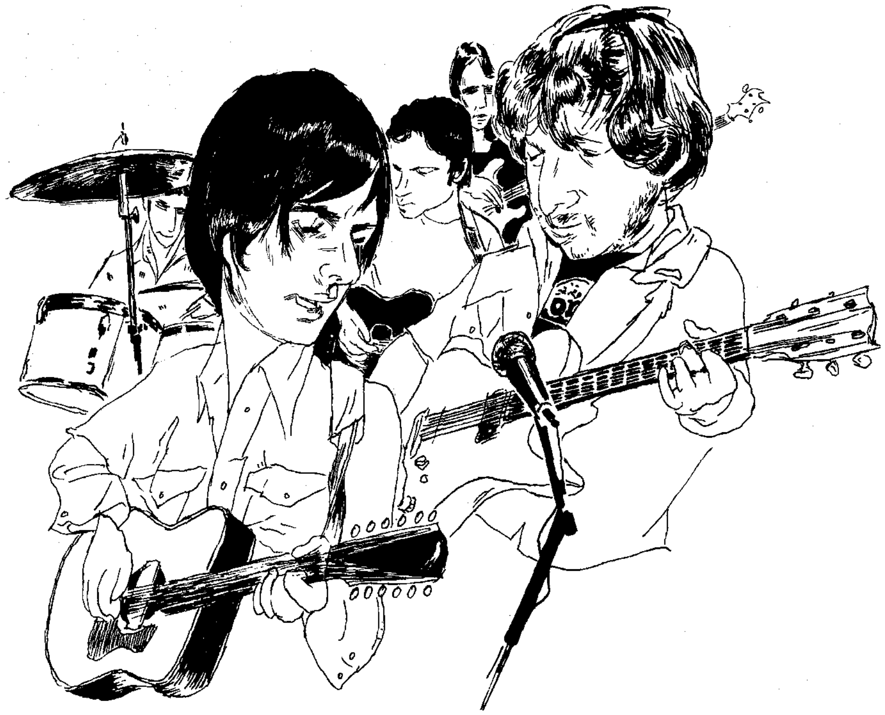
tlers in North America. This celebration of the three-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of North American Jewish life runs through Sept. 14. Highlights include performances by **John Zorn's Masada String Trio** and the **Septeto Roberto Rodriguez** (Museum of Jewish Heritage, 36 Battery Pl.; Sept. 8 at 7), a program of Yiddish art songs performed by local cantors (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.; Sept. 8 at 8), and a night of music from Marx Brothers films, with Matt Darriau's band **Ballin' the Jack** and **Roy Nathanson** and **Anthony Coleman** (Jewish Community Center, Amsterdam Ave. at 76th St.; Sept. 14 at 8). (For more information about the festival, call 212-608-0555, or visit www.oyhoo.com.)



Maplewood celebrates its début album with a show at the Mercury Lounge on Sept. 8.

ANDY FRIEDMAN

"FASHION ROCKS"
Beyoncé, the **Black Eyed Peas, Hoobastank, Mary J. Blige, Avril Lavigne, Usher, Alicia Keys, Faith Hill,** and other heavy hitters perform in a show that's being recorded for a television broadcast. The comedian **Denis Leary** is the host. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 212-247-4777. Sept. 8 at 8.)

FRANZ FERDINAND
The erudite post-punk outfit from Scotland produces jerky guitar-based pop that sounds like the Strokes after a few semesters at the Sorbonne. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 212-307-7171. Sept. 9 at 7:30.)

"SOUNDCHECK"
The Whitney Museum of American Art opens the fall season of its occasional evenings of music with a concert by **Fieldwork,** a trio featuring the spiky new-jazz lyricism of the pianist and composer Vijay Iyer. (Madison Ave. at 75th St. 212-570-3676. Sept. 10 at 7.)

EL GRAN COMBO AND THE SPANISH HARLEM ORCHESTRA
In 1962, the Puerto Rican pianist Rafael Ithier put together El Gran Combo, and more than four decades after its first humble shows in a San Juan hotel the orchestra has become perhaps the best-known ambassador of salsa. The Spanish Harlem Orchestra is quite a bit younger, but no less hot. It's led by Oscar Hernandez, and its members include Jimmy Bosch and Ray De La Paz. (Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, Lehman College, the Bronx. 718-960-8833. Sept. 10 at 8.)

"ROCK N ROLLER-SKATE"
Once a month, out where the industrial areas of East Williamsburg stretch into the wilds of Bushwick, on the second floor of a former garment factory, people on roller skates laugh and spin around a rock-and-roll band. The musicians play inside a wire cage, the room is ringed by lockers, and the crowd is full of girls with tattoos and guys with deliberately messy hair; it's like the coolest school dance you'll ever attend. And if you tire of skating you can try your hand at Space Mission and other vintage pinball machines. The **Natural History, Fort Ancient,** and other bands provide the soundtrack on Sept. 10, starting at 9. (Office Ops, 57 Thames St., Brooklyn. 718-418-2509.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE
Sept. 12 at 3: An afternoon of Colombian and Mexican song featuring the accordionist **Aniceto Molina,** a native of El Campano, Colombia, who is known as "the Ambassador of Cumbia and Vallenato" (two genres from his homeland); the Mexican brass band **Banda Manzanera; La Cumbiamba Eneyé,** a Brooklyn-based Colombian folk ensemble; and the **Mariachi Real de Mexico,** from Queens. There are pre-concert dance workshops starting at 1. Sept. 13 at 6: The glowing, summery rock of **Jack Johnson** and the hip-hop blues of **G. Love & Special Sauce.** (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 212-360-2777.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Sept. 9: Dave (Lonesome) Peverett, the lead singer of **Foghat,** died in 2000, but the British arena rockers, best known for mid-seventies radio favorites like "Slow Ride" and "Fool for the City," ride again. Sept. 14: Dancehall reggae with **Capleton.**

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Sept. 11: **Jesse Malin,** the former front man for the glam rockers D Generation, has matured into an introspective singer-songwriter. Sept. 13: The sweeping, orchestral pop of the **Divine Comedy.** Sept. 14: France is hardly known for producing proper rock bands, but it has become a source of some of the world's best electronic music. **M83,** a new group started

by two young men from Antibes, follows in the tradition of Air, Cassius, and Daft Punk. The duo fluctuates between dreamy ambience and feral dissonance. With **Ulrich Schnauss,** a noted producer from Berlin.

CANAL ROOM
285 West Broadway (212-941-8100)—Sept. 8: For more than twenty years, **Ben Watt** was half of the wistfully soulful British group Everything But the Girl, but lately he's been taking to the turntables and deep-house music. He has a West London night club, Neighborhood, a new independent record label, Buzzin' Fly, and a new album, "Buzzin' Fly Vol. 01: Replenishing Music for the Modern Soul," which includes a contribution from Sananda Maitreya, formerly known as Terence Trent D'Arby.

THE HOOK
18 Commerce St., Brooklyn (718-797-3007)—This outer-borough venue succeeds where others have failed. It's situated on a desolate Red Hook street, but a steady roster of top rock, jam-band, and funk acts makes it worth the trip. The club will give you a free drink if you present your taxi receipt, and for larger shows they run a shuttle bus from the subway. The interior is roughly but comfortably appointed, with a grand horseshoe-shaped bar, carpeted risers, and plenty of space to roam. On Sept. 11, the featured act is **Lightning Bolt,** an outfit of seasoned noisemakers who traffic in the more extreme elements of death metal, free jazz, no wave, and hardcore.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Sept. 10: The **Scissor Sisters,** a New York City band that recently shot to stardom in Britain. Their flamboyant showmanship is fuelled by the hip-gyrating energy of their singer Jake Shears, a former go-go dancer, who, along with the vocalist Ana Matronic, whips crowds into a frenzy. Sept. 12: **Soulfly** is led by the singer and guitarist Max Cavalera, formerly of Brazil's premier heavy-metal band, Sepultura.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Sept. 9: **Rachelle Garniez** and the **Fortunate Few.** Garniez, a local singer-songwriter who also plays the accordion, wanders through the genres of country, jazz, and pop with a richly compelling voice, a wild imagination, and a backing band that includes the guitarist Matt Munisteri and the pianist and saxophonist Joe Ruddick. Sept. 13: **Esma Redzepova,** a bawdy Macedonian diva.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—The local quintet **Maplewood** favors three-part harmonies and twelve-string acoustic guitars à la California rock circa 1970. The band celebrates the release of a self-titled début CD on Sept. 8. Their friends in **Nada Surf** lend a hand with a mostly acoustic set.

SATALLA
37 W. 26th St. (212-576-1155)—Sept. 11: The singer-songwriter **Terre Roche** returns to New York for the first time in two years. Sept. 12: **Donna Angelle,** a powerhouse vocalist, stops by with her band, Zydeco Posse.

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503)—Sept. 9: **Andy Statman,** a virtuoso on the clarinet and the mandolin, has immersed himself in Eastern European klezmer music, and he's more than willing to incorporate jazz, country, and other New World sounds into the Old World mix.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800)—Through Oct. 2: The vocalist **Stacey Kent** offers a program of songs by the likes of Cole Porter, George Gershwin, and Lerner and Loewe.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Through Sept. 12: The smooth-jazz group the **Yellowjackets** has become considerably jazzier in the course of twenty years of playing. This isn't the

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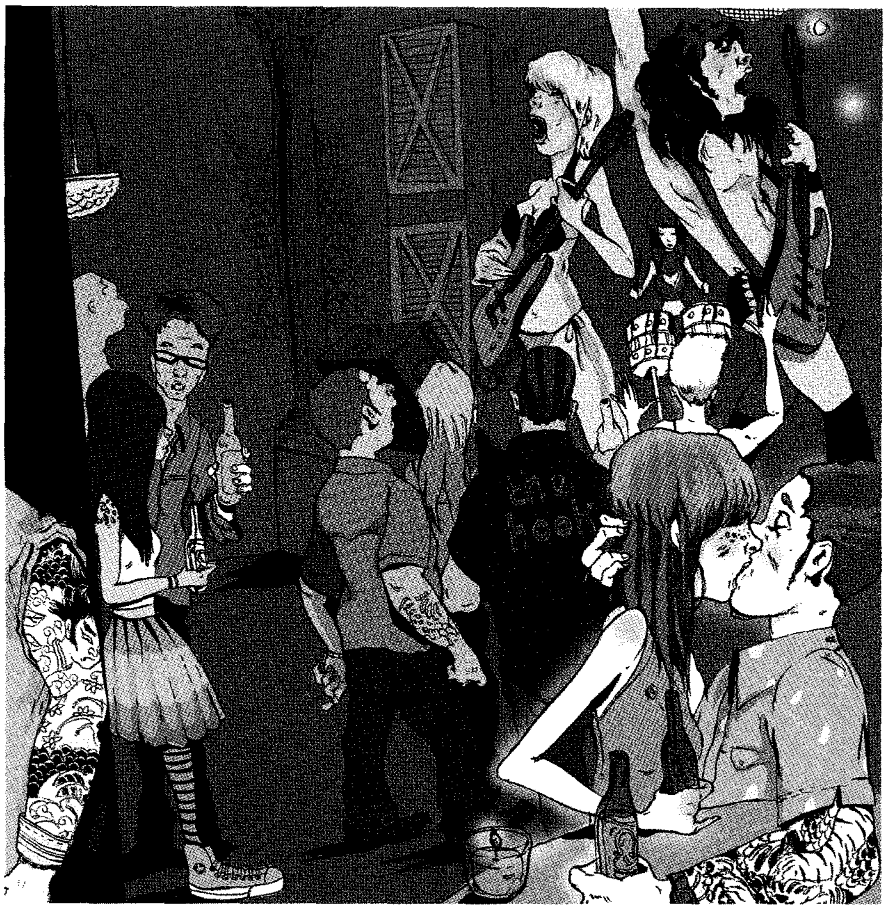

A colorful crowd takes in a rock-and-roll show at the Hook, a night club in Brooklyn.

MARCOS CHIN

same thing as being a full-fledged jazz band, but someone's heart is in the right place. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul**.

LE JAZZ AU BAR
41 E. 58th St. (212-308-9455)—The sexy cabaret singer **Ute Lemper** possesses a unique vocal strength and interpretative imagination. She performs her own songs here Sept. 14-19.

JAZZ GALLERY
290 Hudson St., near Spring St. (212-242-1063)—The saxophonist, pianist, and percussionist **Peter Apfelbaum** started the seventeen-piece Hieroglyphics Ensemble in Berkeley in 1977, when he was a teen-ager. The group, which mixed African and Western elements, counts Benny Green, Craig Handy, and Joshua Redman among its alumni. Apfelbaum has since played with everyone from Phish to the trumpeter Don Cherry. On Sept. 10-11, he stops by with the New York Hieroglyphics, a twelve-piece band.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Through Sept. 12: The **Bill Charlap** trio is about as good as mainstream piano jazz gets these days. Working with the bassist **Peter Washington** and the drummer **Kenny Washington**, Charlap displays the poise and taste, and, increasingly, the inner depth, of such grand stylists as Hank Jones and the late Tommy Flanagan.

SMOKE
2751 Broadway, between 105th and 106th Sts. (212-864-6662)—Sept. 10-12: The **George Coleman** quartet. Coleman's tenor saxophone speaks an authentic, harmonically complex dialect that fuses Southern grit with bebop.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Through Sept. 12: The pianist **Kenny Barron** brings in a horn-heavy version of his dependable sextet, featuring the saxophonists **David Sanchez** and **Vincent Herring**, the trumpeter **Terrell Stafford**, and the great drummer **Ben Riley**. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—Ormolu, which means "powdered gold" but is, in fact, gilded bronze, was all the rage in eighteenth-century France, where it decorated furniture, sconces, picture frames, candlesticks, clocks, faucets, and even Louis XV's state-of-the-art microscope. The elaborate fabrication process—casting in a sandpit, applying a mixture of one part gold leaf to eight parts mercury, burnishing with a dog's tooth—is detailed in **"All That Glitters Is Not Gold: The Art, Form, and Function of Gilt Bronze in the French Interior."** Through Feb. 20. ♦ Neue Sachlichkeit, or New Objectivity—a style that flourished among avant-garde German painters between the wars—depicted a society in moral and economic free fall in ways that were in fact wildly subjective, pessimistic, and exuberant. In **"German Drawings and Prints from the Weimar Republic (1919-33),"** George Grosz, Max Beckmann, Otto Dix, and their contemporaries record a Berlin filled with demobbed and demoralized soldiers, rapacious industrialists, and femmes fatales. The nervous lines of their etchings, lithographs, and drawings evince an anguished comedy. Through Oct. 17. ♦ **"Art Deco Paris."** Through Feb. 27. ♦ **"August Sander: People of the Twentieth Century, a Photographic Portrait of Germany."** Through Sept. 19. ♦ **"Childe Hassam, American Impressionist."** Through Sept. 12. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400)—**"Tall Buildings"** documents twenty-five recent skyscraper designs with photographs, models, diagrams, and blueprints. Through Sept. 27. ♦ A sculptor who went AWOL from the gallery scene more than thirty years ago makes her triumphant return in **"Lee Bontecou: A Retrospective."** Through Sept. 27. ♦ For a two-part installation, **"Cut Outs"** and **"Suspended Seams,"** Jean Shin collected cast-off clothing from the MOMA staff. She sorted them by color, texture, and pattern and glued them to two facing walls in a homely, geometric mural. The ropy seams, stripped of their connective fabric, hang like nets from the ceiling. Through Sept. 27. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"Constantin Brancusi: The Essence of Things."** Through Sept. 19. ♦ **"Mondrian to Ryman: The Abstract Impulse."** Through Sept. 19. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—The small, acute show **"Memorials of War"** achieves what a gallery scene dense with antiwar protests can't: a precise, moving group of pieces edited by curators with historical perspective. Vik Muniz's "memory rendering" of the famous photograph of a Vietnamese girl fleeing a napalm attack is juxtaposed with Jon Haddock's version of the same scene, from which the people have been erased. Several pieces address the weaknesses and limitations of conventional memorials. Robert Morris's "War Memorial" lithographs (1970) sketch out impossible plans, like a cross-shaped "Trench with Chlorine Gas," or a "1/2 Mile Concrete Star with Names." Edward Kienholz's "Non-War Memorial," from the same year, calls for making fifty thousand mannequins from surplus Army uniforms stuffed with clay and laying them out in a field. On a smaller scale, Chris Burden's painted tin figures depict "America's Darker Moments": scenes from My Lai, Kent State, Hiroshima, Dallas, and Money, Mississippi, the town where Emmett Till was killed. Through Nov. 28. ♦ **"Cotton Puffs, Q-Tips, Smoke and Mirrors: The Drawings of Ed Ruscha"** and **"Ed Ruscha and Photography."** Through Sept. 26. ♦ **"Ana Mendieta: Earth Body Sculpture and Performance 1972-1985."** Through Sept. 19. ♦ **"Evidence of Impact: Art and Photography 1963-1978."** Through Oct. 10. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM
45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040)—**"Masterpieces of American Jewelry."** Through Jan. 23. ♦ **"Tools of Her Ministry: The Art of Sister Gertrude Morgan."** Through Oct. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—**"Faster, Cheaper, Newer, More: Revolutions of 1848."** Through Jan. 28. ♦ **"FutureShack,"** an industrial shipping container conceived by the Australian architect Sean Godsell as refugee-camp housing. Through Oct. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6; and Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (212-423-3200)—**"Modigliani: Beyond the Myth."** Through Sept. 19. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; and, for the duration of the Modigliani show, Sundays, 10 to 9.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (212-534-1672)—**"Picturing New York: The Paintings of Peter Ruta."** Through Oct. 11. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
1 Bowling Green (212-514-3888)—Some of the exquisitely crafted objects in **"First American Art: The Charles and Valerie Diker Collection of American Indian Art"** are easy to identify: beaded clothing, woven baskets, an iron dagger, a baby carrier trimmed with wool and feathers. Others would be mysteries without the wall labels, like an intricately carved ceremonial dance ornament or the ominous-sounding "soul catcher." Standing Bear's watercolor-and-ink-on-cotton depiction of the Battle of Little Big Horn, in which he participated as a young man, offers a fuller perspective on a historical moment that is sometimes reduced

to cowboys and Indians. Through Oct. 31, 2005. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (212-873-3400)—**"If Elected: Campaigning for the Presidency"** and **"Campaigns on Cotton."** A pair of intertwined exhibits. The more general half traces the evolution of personality-based national campaigns through artifacts like William Harrison's 1840 promotions featuring hard cider (his favorite drink); the cheerily overoptimistic 1864 jingle "McClellan Will Be President"; "Win with Taft" matchbooks from 1908; Wendell Willkie chewing gum; and a cotton dress printed all over with the word "IKE." The exhibit of textiles consists mostly of bandannas and scarves; the earliest is a calico handkerchief, circa 1776, depicting George Washington on a horse, his sword drawn, surrounded by decorative clusters of flags, weapons, and flowers. Through Nov. 3. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—**Phoebe Washburn's** sprawling installations are composed of scavenged wood, newsprint, cardboard, and other materials, color-coded with hardware-store mis-tints (the custom-mixed paint colors rejected by customers as not quite right) and arranged into enormous topographies of piled, layered, and otherwise concatenated junk. Washburn's garbage-picking engenders surprisingly delicate sculpture; the work hovers between organized spatial elegance and just-dump-it-all trashiness. Through Sept. 26. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—**"Figuratively,"** a showcase of work by the museum's three artists-in-residence for 2003-04. Through Sept. 25. ♦ **"Seeds and Roots: Selections from the Permanent Collection."** Through Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

DANIEL JOSEPH MARTINEZ
A new sculptural installation, "The House America Built," fills the gallery. It's modelled on Ted Kaczynski's Montana hideout and decorated with Martha Stewart house paints. Through Oct. 2. (The Project, 37 W. 57th St. 212-688-4673.)

JOAN MITCHELL
The colorful, exuberant Expressionism of Mitchell's painted canvases is evident in lithographs made in 1981 and in 1992, the year she died. Drawing with tusche or litho-crayon directly on aluminum plates (one plate for every color; each print here averages around four), Mitchell created large, abstract compositions with thick, gestural lines conjuring trees, flowers, and riverbanks. Two versions of "Bedford" cover the paper with thickets of colorful markings, while the "Sunflower" diptychs include arabesque lines that mimic the characters in Oriental script. Mitchell challenges notions of the print as small and precious by offering works on paper that are ambitious and expansive. Through Oct. 9. (Mary Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. 212-397-0669.)

"BACK TO PAINT"
This summer grab bag survives its unexceptional thesis ("People are painting again") on the strength of a vivacious gang of big-thinking artists. Julie Mehretu, the headliner, paints in distinct layers, with stripes and boomerangs of pure color lying below and above a beige ground that's scribbled with architectural references and an orgy of ink marks. The effect is crisp and theatrical, with competing performances—sensual, historical, unhinged—expertly balanced by a strong directorial hand. The surprise is Marc Handelman, a recent art-school grad, who depicts recognizable celestial effects—a pine tree caught in a corona, a quasar gleam in a nebula—with a strong vocabulary of expressionistic globs and swervy paint handling. Through Sept. 11. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St. 212-861-0020.)

Short List

JANET CARDIFF
Starts at the kiosk on Central Park South at Sixth Avenue. For more information, call the Public Art Fund, at 212-446-9529. Through Sept. 13.

"THE BODY PROJECT"
Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St.
212-327-2526. Through Sept. 25.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

STEPHEN ANDREWS / JERRY MORIARTY
Two new shows, curated by Atom Egoyan and Art Spiegelman, respectively. Andrews rubs crayon over screens to depict scenes from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan; Moriarty paints surreal narratives of suburban anomie. Through Oct. 16. (CUE Art Foundation, 511 W. 25th St. 212-206-3583.)

MICHAEL CLOUD
Paintings and collages by a young artist with a fondness for compositions using mathematical principles. His carefully arranged designs and patterns are executed with expressionistic brushwork and overlaid with lush materials like silver leaf. Through Oct. 2. (Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 212-633-6999.)

ALLAN MC COLLUM
Work from his "Perpetual Photos" series, and the new "Kansas and Missouri Topographical Model Donation Project," which involved the coöperation of two hundred and twenty historical-society museums in the Midwest. Through Oct. 2. (Petzel, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9467.)

YOKO ONO
Editions and ephemera—a relabelled Beck's beer bottle, a sheet of postage-size stamps with a computer-manipulated self-portrait—are arranged among the Printed Matter bookstore's regular merchandise, making this modest presentation something of a scavenger hunt. Posters lining the walls near the ceiling trace Ono's career from her Fluxus years, in the mid-sixties, to a 2004 exhibition in Stockholm. The activities of Ono and John Lennon loom large: rubber "Imagine Peace" stamps left out for visitors to apply to international maps recall the duo's antiwar protests of thirty years ago. It's a quiet gesture for a seasoned Ono. Through Sept. 30. (535 W. 22nd St. 212-925-0325.)

DANA SCHUTZ / AMY SILLMAN / KARA WALKER
Works on paper. Charcoal and gouache drawings from Schutz highlight the psychological oddness of her figures, which is often overshadowed by the bright, loose brushwork in her paintings. Sillman's drawings make the conventional shapes of landscape abstract. And Walker's cut-paper silhouettes temper biting commentary with flawless craftsmanship. Through Oct. 2. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 212-929-2262.)

SIMONE SHUBUCK / PHOEBE WASHBURN
Shubuck's colorful drawings are heavily layered catalogues of a hodgepodge of subjects: birds, watch designs, Jay-Z's alternate names, telephone numbers. Their delicacy and smallness contrast with Washburn's massive installation, a wavy landscape built from painted strips of recycled wood. Through Oct. 2. (LFL, 530 W. 24th St. 212-989-7700.)

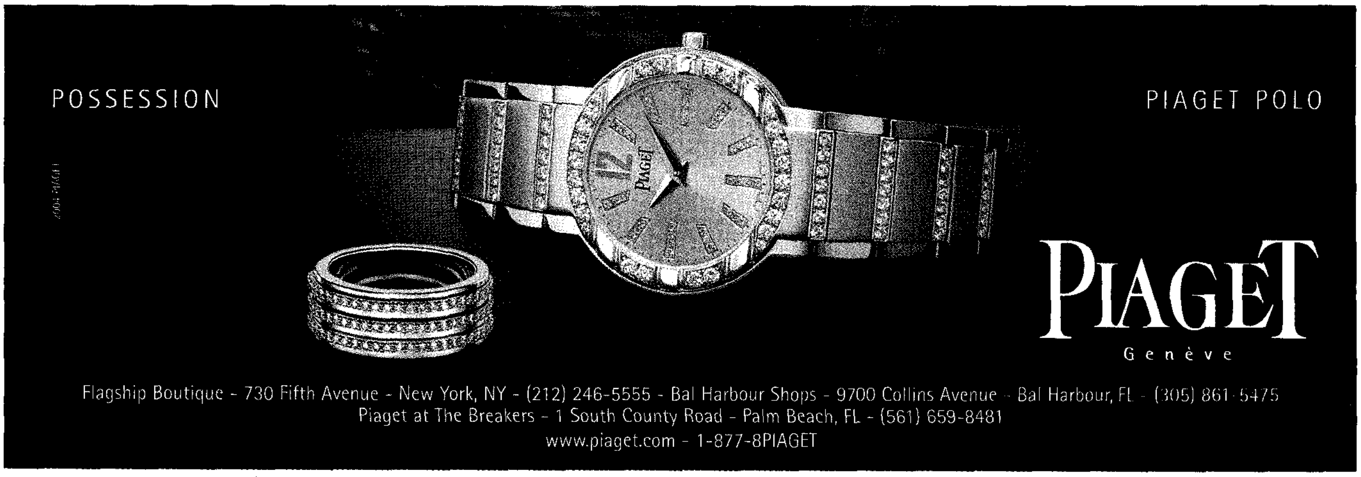
Short List

"SOME EXHAUST"
Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St.
212-255-2923. Through Sept. 25.

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUDY BURCKHARDT
A small but moving show of art-world portraits and cityscapes taken between the thirties and the fifties by the Swiss-born filmmaker and photographer, who died in 1999. Pictures of New York City landmarks—the Flatiron Building, Astor Place—hang beside portraits of artists such as Willem and Elaine de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, and Mark Rothko. Through Sept. 11. (De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. 212-262-5050.)

"PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRAQI CIVILIANS"
A few months ago, an American arts foundation gave ten Iraqi citizens disposable cameras and asked them to photograph whatever they liked. The resulting images, in a show at N.Y.U., include pictures of gravediggers carrying their shovels to a burial site in Falluja, a young Iraqi boy with a spinal deformity being tended to by his mother, and a group of men talking and smoking in a barbershop in Baghdad. Most of the pictures have a single, often heart-wrenching subject and are simply composed. In the



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case of an image of a Japanese photographer posing an Iraqi man against the wall of a mosque in Baghdad—the sheikh who negotiated the release of three Japanese journalists taken hostage in Falluja, it turns out—the results are sublime. Through Oct. 10. (Tisch School of the Arts, 721 Broadway. 212-998-1930.)

"WOMEN OF MEXICO"
Black-and-white photographs by five female photographers who were inspired, in one way or another, by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. Lola Alvarez Bravo, with whom Mariana Yampolsky studied, was his wife; Flor Garduño and Graciela Iturbide were his assistants; and Marcela Taboada sits on the board of the Alvarez Bravo Photographic Center, in Oaxaca. Most of their subjects are indigenous Mexican women and girls. Iturbide's "Our Lady of the Iguanas," a famous image from 1979, in which a sturdy market woman poses with a crown of eight large lizards on her head, was made only after the photographer had spent days selling vegetables with her subject. Through Sept. 18. (Throckmorton, 145 E. 57th St. 212-223-1059.)

"Sancti Spiritus, 1993, Baseball Fans," taken in Cuba by Alex Webb, at Ricco/Maresca.

Short List

CHIP HOOPER
Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. 212-989-7600.
Through Sept. 18.

ALEX WEBB
Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 212-627-4819.
Opens Sept. 9.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Sept. 14-16 at 10 A.M. and 2: A three-day sale of items from the estate of Johnny Cash and June Carter Cash. (The lots will be exhibited on Sept. 7 from 12 to 5, Sept. 8-11 from 10 A.M. to 5, Sept. 12 from 1 to 5, and Sept. 13 from 10 A.M. to 1. See This Week.) (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
Sept. 8-9 at 10 A.M. and 2: Christie's kicks off the year with the first of its many moderately priced House Sales, this one featuring nineteenth-century European paintings and prints and Asian decorations. ♦ Sept. 10 at 10 A.M. and 2: For those looking for something more rarefied, the house offers some two hundred and eighty lots of twentieth-century decorative arts and design, including examples of Art Nouveau, Arts and Crafts, Art Deco, and French modernism, along with some French design from the nineteen-seventies. The prize of the sale is a beautiful Art Deco bronze chandelier from the twenties, made by Albert Cheuret. ♦ Sept. 14 at 10 A.M. and 2: Diamonds, sapphires, and aquamarines abound at this jewelry sale, along with such unique items as a shell necklace by the Sicilian designer Angela Pintaldi. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.)

DOYLE
Sept. 14 at 10 A.M.: In the house's first sale of the season, the Alfred Cossidente collection, a group of pocket watches dating from 1820-1920, highlights a selection of jewelry, fine watches, and objects of virtu, while the John R. Boker, Jr., collection features a hundred and forty lots of modern gold coins from around the world. (175 E. 87th St. 212-427-2730.)

SWANN
Sept. 14 at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30: Minor works by masters and masterworks by minor artists stand out in this wide-ranging sale of prints and drawings from the past two centuries. Name-conscious collectors with thin wallets will find much to pick over (a small, aggressively phallic aquatint by Picasso, for instance, has a low estimate of seven hundred dollars); the sale also includes items for bigger spenders (Alexei Jawlensky's "Small Abstract Head," which could go for up to ninety thousand dollars). But the most arresting images are from peripheral figures, such as Abe Blashko, whose 1942 drawings of jackbooted Nazis as grotesque "Ratmen" anticipates Art Spiegelman's "Maus" by several decades. (104 E. 25th St. 212-254-4710.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
Sept. 8 at 7 and Sept. 11 at 1:30: City Opera presents the overdue New York stage première of Strauss's **"Daphne,"** a rapturously beautiful "bucolic tragedy" that closes with the heroine's transformation into the sacred laurel tree from which heroes' crowns are made. Not that it's easy to cast. The title role, sung here by Elizabeth Futral, demands radiant high notes; that of her mother, Gaea, sung by Ursula Ferri, requires a Dietrichesque low E-flat. Also with Roger Honeywell (as Daphne's ardent suitor, Leukippos) and Robert Chafin (as the jealous Apollo); George Manahan conducts the season's opening production. ♦ Sept. 9 at 7:30 and Sept. 11 at 8: James Robinson's First World War production of **"La Bohème,"** a reliable platform for the company's crew of young singing actors, returns with a cast led by Angela Marambio, Julianne Borg, Jorge Antonio Pita, and Grant Youngblood; Steven White. ♦ Sept. 10 at 8 and Sept. 12 at 1:30: **"La Traviata,"** with Maria Kanyova, Robert Breault, and Michael Corvino in the leading roles; Manahan. (New York State Theatre. 212-870-5570.)

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA
Vincent La Selva, who has brought robust performances of Italian opera to Central Park for thirty-one years, winds up his season by conducting **"Tosca,"** with Maria Knapik, Gustavo Lopez, and Raemond Martin in the leading roles. (Naumburg Bandshell; enter at 72nd St. Sept. 9 at 7:30. No tickets required.)

AMATO OPERA
Sally and Anthony Amato's little operatic miracle on the Lower East Side (one of New York's great cheap dates) opens its fifty-seventh season with **"The Magic Flute,"** sung in English by a cast of earnest amateurs and up-and-coming pros. (319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 212-228-8200. Sept. 11 at 7:30 and Sept. 12 at 2:30. Through Oct. 10.)

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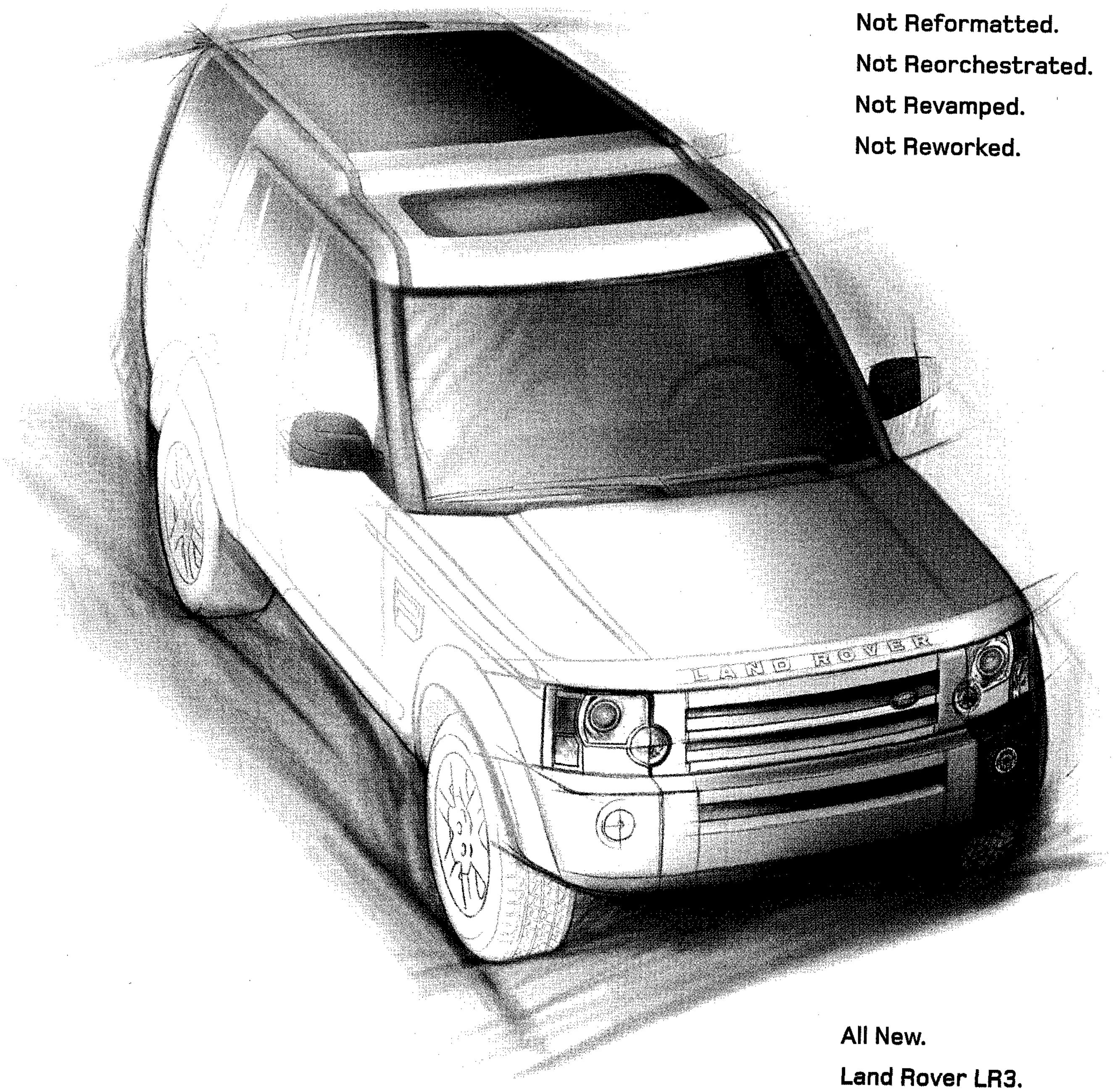

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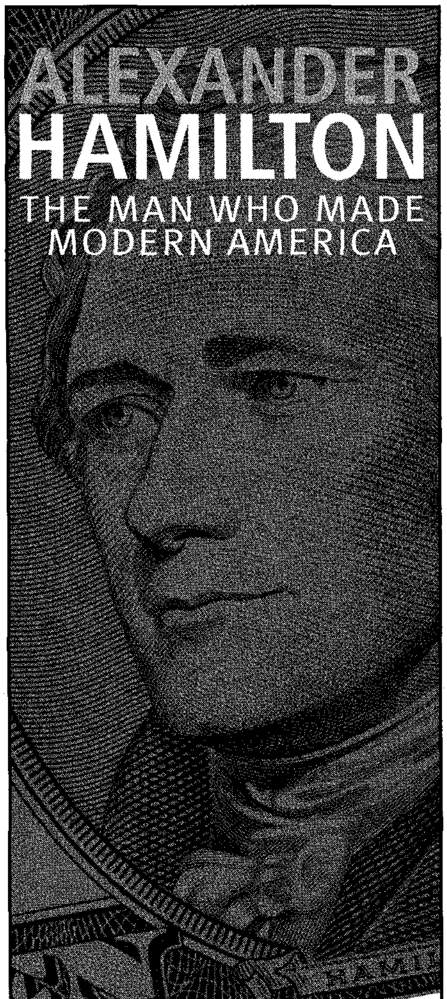

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

MUSIC FROM JAPAN
The series celebrates its thirtieth year by doing what it does best: presenting polished performances of both new and ancient music for gagaku orchestra, the twelve-hundred-year-old musical tradition of the Japanese imperial court. Reigakusha, Japan's leading gagaku ensemble, offers a program featuring a selection of classic works, along with two world premières (by Keiko Fujiie and Kazuo Kikkawa). (Zankel Hall. 212-247-7800. Sept. 8 at 7:30.)

"DECASIA"
St. Ann's Warehouse is the setting for performances of Michael Gordon's symphony for Bill Morrison's film. (38 Water St., Brooklyn. Sept. 9-10 and Sept. 12 at 8 and Sept. 11 at 7:30 and 10. 718-254-8779. See This Week.)

VERMONT YOUTH ORCHESTRA
Troy Peters is sneaking his impressive Burlington group into Carnegie Hall before the season begins, with a bankable star—Trey Anastasio—in tow. The Phish guitarist and Vermont icon performs a guitar-and-strings version of "The Inlaw Josie Wales" on a program that also boasts new Vermont music by Ernie Stires, David Gunn, David Ludwig, and Peters ("Between Hills Briefly Green"), along with another Anastasio tune (Peters's orchestration of "Guyute"). (Sept. 14 at 8. 212-247-7800.)

RECITALS

ANIKA VAVIC
The young Serbian pianist offers "Walzer, Waltz & Co.," a program of piano works in triple time, and otherwise, by Mozart, Schubert, Ravel ("Valses Nobles et Sentimentales"), Adams ("China Gates"), and Cage, held in the sleek little blond-wood concert hall of the Austrian Cultural Forum. (11 E. 52nd St. Sept. 7-8 at 8. For free tickets, which are required, call 212-319-5300, ext. 222.)

MIDTOWN CONCERTS:
LORETTA O'SULLIVAN
Britten's Third Suite for Solo Cello, a gently haunted work (written for Rostropovich) from the composer's difficult final years, is one of the handful of modern works in the genre which can hold up next to Bach's. O'Sullivan, an expert on both modern and historical instruments, plays the Prelude from Bach's Suite No. 4, along with the entire Britten work, in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi's long-running "Music for the Spirit" series. (135 W. 31st St. Sept. 8 at 1:15. No tickets required.)

BARGEMUSIC
A pair of Russophilic piano programs, courtesy of Vladimir Stoupel. Sept. 9-10 at 7:30: "Three Fragments from 'Petrushka'"—a virtuoso showpiece that Stravinsky crafted from his ballet for the delectation of Arthur Rubinstein—is the centerpiece of a solo recital that also features music by Schubert (the early Sonata in A Minor, D. 537) and Chopin. ♦ Sept. 11 at 7:30 and Sept. 12 at 4: The violinist Roman Nodel and the cellist Rainer Pehrisch join Stoupel for a concert of Brahms (the Trio in B Major, Op. 8) and Shostakovich (the Piano Trio No. 1, a lyrical essay written years before the ubiquitous Trio No. 2). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

RICHARD WILSON
In what's getting to be an annual thing, the Vassar College composer-pianist joins some distinguished friends (the violinist Rolf Schulte, the cellist Sophie Shao, and the clarinettist Allen Blustine) for a program combining two Beethoven masterworks—the Piano Trios in E-Flat Major, Op. 1, No. 1, and in D Major, Op. 70, No. 1 ("Ghost")—with a bouquet of short pieces by Wilson (including the "Motivations," for cello and piano, and the world première of "Diablerie," for solo violin). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Sept. 9 at 8.)

RELACHE
The incorrigibly avant-garde Philadelphia group performs the jazz-classical straddler Uri Caine's "Six Pieces for Relache," along with works by Mark Hagerty, Arturo Marquez, and Arthur Jarvinen. (Thalia Theatre, Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 212-864-5400. Sept. 10 at 8:30.)

"PAUL AUSTER: POETRY AND MUSIC"
The Guggenheim's "Works & Process" series pays a musical tribute to the Brooklyn poet and novelist. (Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 212-423-3587. Sept. 12-13 at 8. See This Week.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS
The appealingly eccentric concert series, founded by the late Jens Nygaard, opens with obscure works by Mozart and Borodin (the String Quintet in F Minor), along with Shostakovich's Piano Trio No. 2 (with the pianist Ilya Itin). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. 212-799-1259. Sept. 13 at 2 and 7:30.)

MUSICIANS FOR HARMONY
The organization, formed in the wake of 9/11, presents its third concert of music from the United States and the Middle East, including performances by the Shanghai String Quartet (playing Barber's String Quartet, with the "Adagio for Strings"), members of the Guarneri Quartet (joining the pianist Anna Polonsky in Dvořák's Piano Quartet No. 2 in E-Flat Major), the Sephardic Gerard Edery Ensemble, the Iraqi-American pianist Hassan al-Mufti, and the world-music group

TABLES FOR TWO

WOLFGANG'S STEAKHOUSE
4 Park Ave., at 33rd St. (212-889-3369)—For forty-one years, Wolfgang Zwiener was a waiter at Peter Luger, the meat mecca in Williamsburg. Earlier this year, he left with some of his mates and set up a rival post in the middle of Manhattan, on the ground floor of the old Vanderbilt Hotel. You'd think that the last thing this or any city needs is another steak house: how many bachelor parties, closing dinners, and Republican Conventions can there be? Need doesn't apply, though, when the newcomer is so carefully modelled on a place like Luger's, where the indulgences are idiosyncratic and state of the art. Zwiener chose not to import the old layout—at Wolfgang's, an original Guastavino vaulted ceiling adds class and a few dozen decibels—but the experience is more or less the same, from the service (blunt) to the sauce (sweet).

The mark of a proper steak house is the uninhibited presentation of animal fat, in its many magnificent guises. At Wolfgang's, as at Luger's, the signature vehicle is the porterhouse; a waiter pronounced it "the best," in a scolding tone that might have suggested to a cynical diner that the porterhouse is also Wolfgang's money-maker. It is cut in thick slices from a T-bone and served on a scuffed old platter, from which the waiter eagerly spoons out a broth of butter and blood, as though it were holy water. Among the other beef entrées, the rib eye, a crude but no less gorgeous hunk of meat, charred on the outside and marbled, if not riddled, with fat inside, may be the most flavorful of the lot. In the company of such cuts, the filet mignon seems almost lean, except that it's the size of a cantaloupe. There are lumpy, glistening lamb chops, too, and apparently some fish dishes, though just think of all that mercury. The appetizer of sizzling Canadian bacon ought to be rated XXX. The creamed spinach is buttery without being excessively creamy. As for the German potatoes, pan-roasted with onions and a variety of lipids, well, the waiter is correct when he says, with something approaching hostility, "The potatoes are good." Arnie, the maître d', is more solicitous: after the cheesecake course, he might stop by to show off a picture of Rudy Giuliani at the restaurant or to tell a joke, in his Bogart voice, involving bull's balls and men from many nations. One supposes that someday there will be an Arnie's Steakhouse, too. (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner and Saturdays for dinner. Entrées $29.95-$75.90.)

—*Nick Paumgarten*

Musique Sans Frontières. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Sept. 13 at 7:30.)

PETER AND PAUL ARNIM EDELMANN
The brotherly team of baritones—sons of the renowned Viennese bass-baritone Otto Edelmann—offer a generous selection of songs and duets by Strauss, Wolf (the seldom heard "Michelangelo Songs"), Schubert (selections from "Schwanengesang"), Mendelssohn, and Brahms. (Austrian Cultural Forum, 11 E. 52nd St. Sept. 13-14 at 8. For free tickets, which are required, call 212-319-5300, ext. 222.)

CONCERTANTE
The vibrant young string ensemble performs music by Rossini, Strauss (the chamber version of "Metamorphosen"), and Schubert (the "Trout" Quintet, with the pianist Adam Neiman). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Sept. 14 at 8.)

ROULETTE: RARA AVIS
Gordon Beeferman's piano-sax-percussion trio, joined by the "dance activists" Estelle Woodward, Alison Robinson, and Corrina Kalisz (known collectively as Loophole), opens the downtown collective's fall season at Location One. (26 Greene St. 212-219-8242. Sept. 14 at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANNERY POND CONCERTS
Andreas Haefliger and Maria Piccinini, pianist and flutist as well as husband and wife, offer Boulez's Sonatina for Flute and Piano, along with favorite sonatas by Prokofiev and Franck. (Darrow School, Mt. Lebanon, N.Y. 888-846-5848. Sept. 11 at 6.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

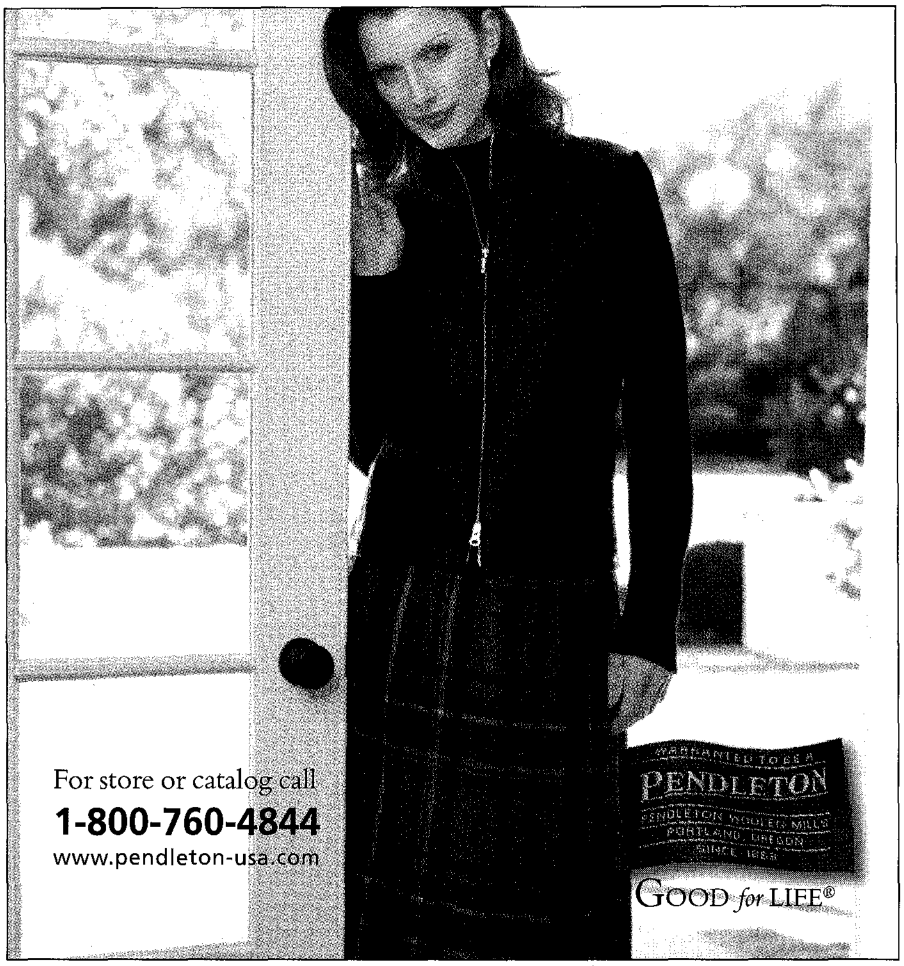
"CONNECTING THE DOTS"
The playwright and performer Anna Deavere Smith offers selections from her work and talks about the notion of community in an urban environment. (Skirball Center for the Performing Arts, New York University, 566 LaGuardia Pl. 212-992-8484. Sept. 10 at 8.)

"EPHEMERA VS. THE APOCALYPSE"
The artist Art Spiegelman gives an illustrated talk about his new book, "In the Shadow of No Towers," which records his response to the events of September 11th. He will be joined by the journalist Pete Hamill and the biographer Rebecca Solnit. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. For more information, call the New York Institute for the Humanities, at 212-998-2100. Sept. 10 at 7:30.)

THE LIBERTY FAIR
More than sixty contemporary artists, with the help of the political-action committee Downtown for Democracy, throw an avant-garde street festival with music, games, exhibitions, and food (Matthew Barney and Neville Wakefield will be roasting a pig), as well as face painting, cookie decorating, and the like. (22nd St. between Tenth and Eleventh Aves. For information, call 718-290-9153, or visit www.downtownfordemocracy.org. Sept. 12 from noon to 7.)

READINGS
Sept. 8 at 6: Cy Adler, the founder of the nonprofit group Shorewalkers, reads from his book "Walking Manhattan's Rim." (Coliseum Books, 11 W. 42nd St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Sept. 8 at 7:30: Cornel West reads from his latest book, "Democracy Matters: Winning the Fight Against Imperialism." (Old First Reformed Church, Seventh Ave. at Carroll St., Park Slope, Brooklyn. For information about tickets, call the Community Bookstore, at 718-783-3075.)

TALKS
Sept. 8 at 7: The New York Society for Ethical Culture presents "The Fear Factor: The Political Use and Abuse of 9/11 in 2004," a discussion with Craig Unger, the author of "House of Bush, House of Saud"; Nadine Strossen, the president of the A.C.L.U.; the ethicist Peter Singer; and others. (2 W. 64th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Sept. 9 at 7: The *New Yorker* contributors Malcolm Gladwell and James Surowiecki talk about their writing. (Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. No tickets necessary.)



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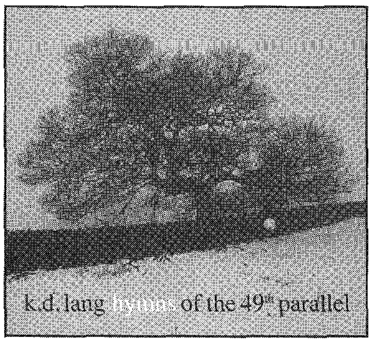

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MOVIES OPENING

CELLULAR
A thriller in which a young man (Chris Evans) attempts to help a kidnapped woman (Kim Basinger) who has dialled his cell-phone number at random. With Jason Statham and William H. Macy. Directed by David Ellis. Opening Sept. 10.

CRIMINAL
John C. Reilly and Diego Luna play two Los Angeles scam artists, in a remake of the Argentinean heist film "Nine Queens." With Maggie Gyllenhaal. Directed by Gregory Jacobs. Opening Sept. 10. (Cinema 1, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

THE FOURTH WORLD WAR
A documentary about the global impact of the war in Iraq, shot on five continents by the New York-based collective Big Noise and directed by Richard Rowley and Jaqueline Soohen. Opening Sept. 10. (Anthology Film Archives.)

HIJACKING CATASTROPHE
Noam Chomsky, Daniel Ellsberg, Scott Ritter, and others appear in this documentary which examines how the Republicans have used 9/11 to advance their political agenda. Opening Sept. 10. (Cinema Village.)

A LETTER TO TRUE
The photographer Bruce Weber's film essay includes a homage to his golden retrievers, a rumination on the events of 9/11, and other subjects. Opening Sept. 8. (Film Forum.)

RECONSTRUCTION
Christoffer Boe's drama, told with a disjointed narrative structure, is about the fallout from a one-night affair between a male photographer and a married woman. In Danish and Swedish. Opening Sept. 10. (Angelika Film Center.)

RESIDENT EVIL: APOCALYPSE
A sequel to the horror film based on the popular video game in which a virus turns people into zombies. Directed by Alexander Witt. With Milla Jovovich. Opening Sept. 10.

TESTOSTERONE
In a drama directed by David Moreton, a graphic artist (Antonio Sabato, Jr.) who lives in L.A. travels to Buenos Aires to confront a boyfriend who left him abruptly. Opening Sept. 10. (Angelika Film Center and Chelsea Cinemas.)

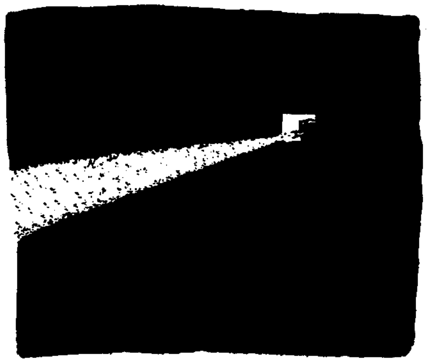
UNLIKELY HEROES
A documentary about Jews who resisted the Nazis during the Second World War, narrated by Ben Kingsley. Directed by Richard Trank. Opening Sept. 10. (Quad Cinemas.)

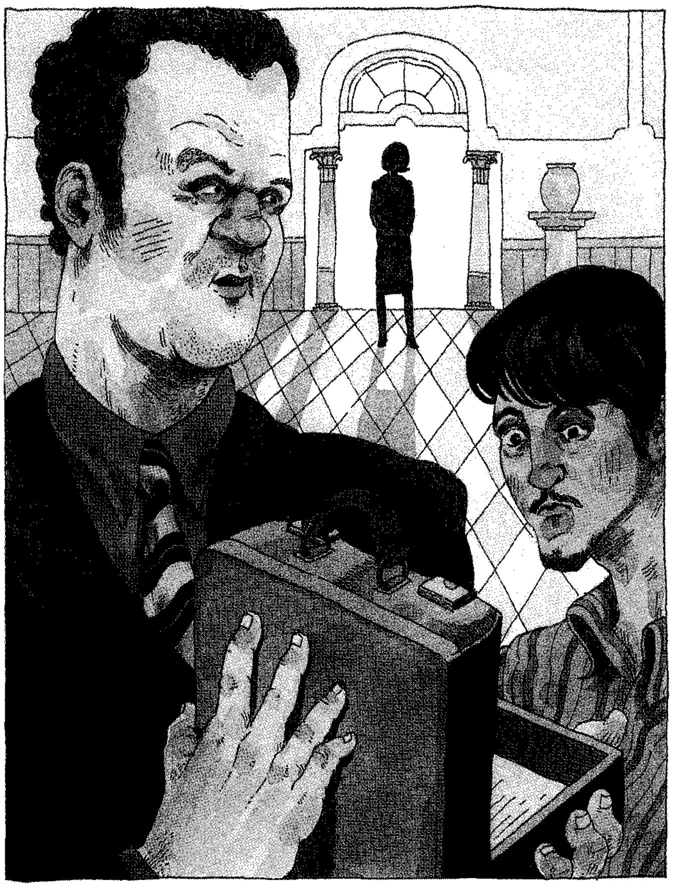
WHAT THE BLEEP DO WE KNOW?
An experimental drama, directed by William Arntz, Betsy Chasse, and Mark Vicente, that uses quantum theory to examine why a woman might make the same choices over and over again. Opening Sept. 10.

WHEN WILL I BE LOVED?
James Toback's new film is about a wealthy young woman (Neve Campbell) who takes revenge on the men in her life. With Fred Weller and Dominic Chianese. Opening Sept. 10.

FILM NOTES

THE BOURNE SUPREMACY
Fast, faster, and fastest—that's the way the cutting rate goes in this sequel to "The Bourne Identity." The director, Paul Greengrass, jumps ahead within scenes, then jumps again. Greengrass is like a man breathing so fast that he never draws much oxygen into his lungs. Yet, of its kind, "The Bourne Supremacy" is incredibly skilled. Greengrass arranges pursuits and escapes that fly like arrows. He tears up staid old Moscow in a car chase and turns routine C.I.A. procedural stuff—people looking at computer screens and barking code names and other gibberish at each other—into nerve-racking contests of will. The movie is stripped down for action, and its hero—the survivor of a botched operation who suffers from amnesia—has no identity beyond his superlative physical skills and a vague sense of guilt. Harried, chased, both hunted and hunter, the blunt-nosed Matt Damon is a superhero reduced to pure reflex, yet, by means of his isolation and his stoicism, he becomes almost a romantic figure. Set in Goa, Naples, Berlin, Moscow, and, should you blink, perhaps Madagascar and Sardinia, too. With Joan Allen, Brian Cox, Julia Stiles, and Franka Potente. Adapted by Tony Gilroy from a Robert Ludlum novel.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9 & 16/04.) (Battery Park 11, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and 34th Street Theatre.)





John C. Reilly and Diego Luna in "Criminal."

JOHN HENDRIX

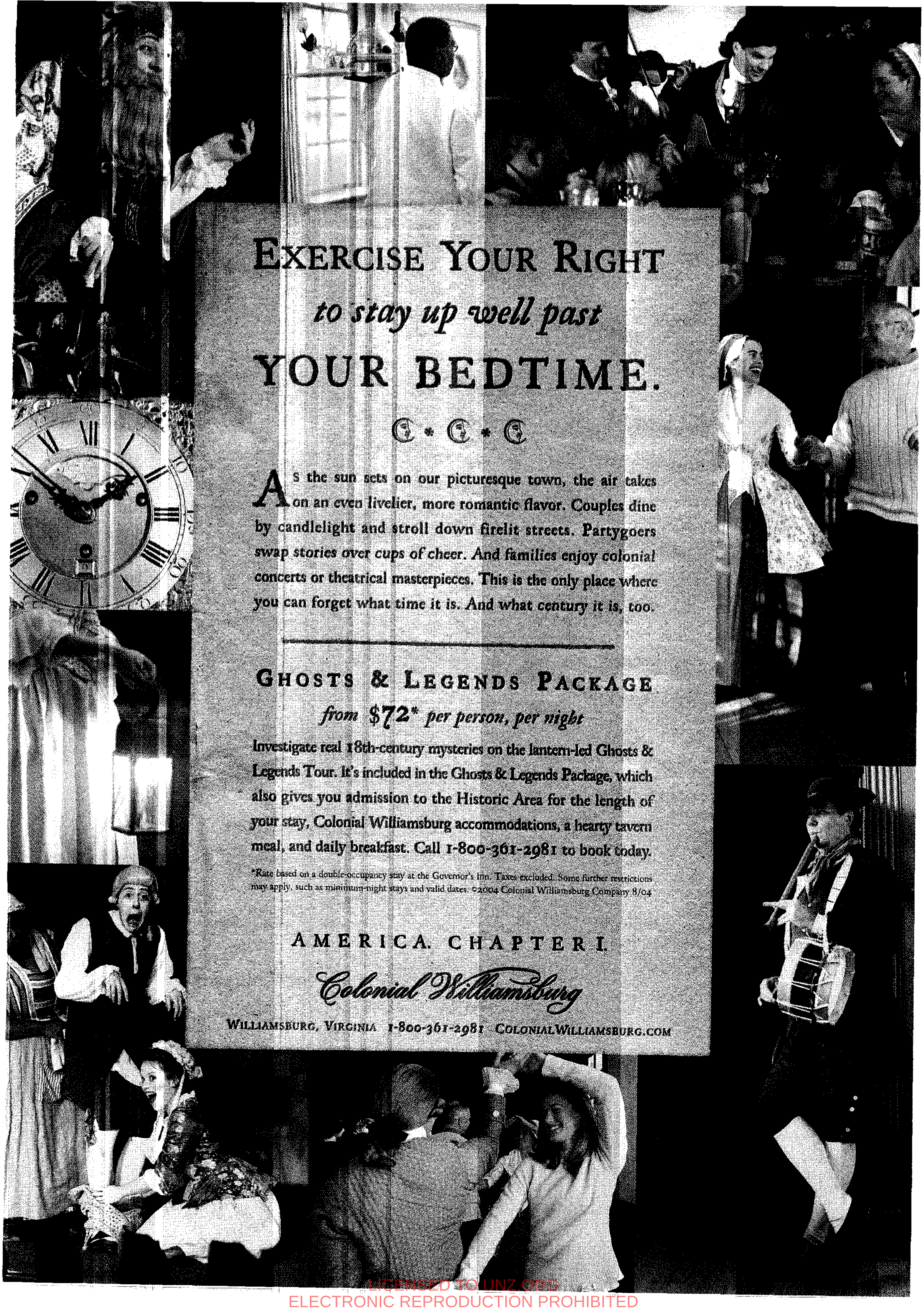
BRIGHT LEAVES
The documentarian Ross McElwee travels through North Carolina to uncover the riches-to-rags story of his great-grandfather, who developed the Bull Durham tobacco blend. As in his previous films, McElwee seems to be an ever-wandering, camera-wielding student of cinéma vérité. Among other things, he interviews cancer patients, attends a tobacco auction, and discovers an old Gary Cooper film that may have something to do with his great-grandfather. Because he documents so much of his life, McElwee's work has an unusual emotional complexity. He also makes his personal story relevant and entertaining, using family history to provide a revelatory look at the legacy of tobacco.—*Bruce Diones* (Film Forum.)

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS
Evelyn Waugh's early satirical novel "Vile Bodies" has a special brittleness that makes it unique in fiction. The young, upper-class London socialites—the Throbbings and Miles Malpractice and the rest—strike attitudes, rattle on without ever saying what they mean, fall in and out of ridiculous scrapes, and party, party, party. The trouble is, one cannot photograph Waugh's prose, which has the slender, hard clarity of a bitter lyric poem. Stephen Fry's adaptation of the book lays on a heavy dose of period production design and whirls about madly, and, here and there, the actors have funny or touching moments, especially Fenella Woolgar, who plays the daft Agatha Runcible ("too, too shaming"). But mostly the movie feels overwrought and insubstantial. One looks at a handsome young stage actor like Stephen Campbell Moore, who, as the hero, Adam Fenwick-Symes, has penetrating eyes, and one thinks, Why is this fine-looking young man behaving in such a feckless and stupid way? With Emily Mortimer, Michael Sheen, James McAvoy, Jim Broadbent, Dan Aykroyd as a bellowing Canadian press lord, and Stockard Channing as the American revivalist, Mrs. Melrose Ape.—*D.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, and Cinema 2.)

THE BROWN BUNNY
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Sunshine Cinema.)

COLLATERAL
Tom Cruise as an assassin in a silver-gray suit shows up in Los Angeles at dusk and expects to leave at dawn. His job: to eliminate five witnesses in an impending federal prosecution of a drug cartel. He bullies a sweet-tempered taxi-driver, one Max Durocher (Jamie Foxx), into providing transportation all through the night, and "Collateral" turns into a kind of convoluted buddy movie, in which the two men engage in a weird, terse dialogue about murder. The plot of "Collateral," which was directed by Michael Mann, is just a movie-ish contrivance, and the violence is no more than thuggishly casual and chic—that is, very enjoyable. But shot by shot, scene by scene, Mann may be the best director in Hollywood. Methodical and precise, he analyzes a scene into minute components—a door closing, an arm thrust out—and gathers the fragments into seamless units; he wants you to live inside the physical event, not just experience the sensation of it. "Collateral" comes off like clockwork, but it's a clock that breathes—great actors like Mark Ruffalo, Javier Bardem, and Barry Shabaka Henley have sustained, intricate moments in the pauses between the violent acts. With Jada Pinkett Smith. Written by Stuart Beattie. Shot largely with digital cameras by Dion Beebe and Paul Cameron.—*D.D.* (8/9 & 16/04) (Battery Park 11, Beekman, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Ziegfeld.)

FEED
Kevin Rafferty and James Ridgeway thank Michael Moore in the credits of their 1992 documentary, but their assemblage of TV footage from the 1992 New Hampshire primary—mostly culled from embarrassing moments that were originally contained in the video that was part of the TV



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AMERICA. CHAPTER I.

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stations' in-house "feed"—does more than subject preening Republicans to ridicule. It shows how media campaigning is demeaning to left and right alike, and how numbing it can be for the electorate. In one of the documentary's crowning ironies, no one articulates the system's superficiality better than Jerry Brown, but no one demonstrates its absurdity more self-destructively. If George H. W. Bush proves himself out of touch when admiring the price scanner at a checkout line, Brown comes off as a relic from a lost counterculture when he asks a college class if anyone has heard of Marshall McLuhan. (Brown also appears to be the candidate most preoccupied with the position of his necktie.) The movie has one tactic, one thought, one note. But at seventy-six minutes its length is just right, and it captures several political figures in emblematic episodes—such as Arnold Schwarzenegger dubbing the Democratic candidates "a bunch of girlie men."—*Michael Sragow* (Moving Image; Sept. 12.)

FROM MAO TO MOZART: ISAAC STERN IN CHINA

The documentary filmmaker Murray Lerner trained his keen eyes and ears on the violinist Isaac Stern's 1979 tour through China with the pianist David Golub, and this is the triumphant result: an enthralling chronicle of an authentic cultural exchange between Western virtuosi and Eastern musicians aching to expand their understanding of European classical music just a few years after the end of the Cultural Revolution. This movie refutes the old saying "Those who can't do, teach." Judging from Stern's almost telepathic powers of communication, those who can do teach better than anyone else. He's extraordinary in his ability to convey the musical equivalent of a writer's voice in literature, and he succeeds brilliantly at pinpointing how personal commitment gives a piece of music life—something the younger Chinese string players know instinctively but the older ones forgot in the unhappy years between 1966 and 1976. Originally released in 1980.—*M.S.* (Thalia Theatre; Sept. 8.)

GARDEN STATE

Andrew Largeman (Zach Braff), a struggling actor, arrives in his native New Jersey with some extra baggage: his paraplegic mother has possibly committed suicide, he's been on Zoloft since forever, and his one major acting credit is as a retarded quarterback. This would be a difficult burden for any young man, let alone a début movie. But Braff, who also wrote and directed, keeps the tone light with some funny homecoming scenes. There's a party where Large is greeted as "Jersey's De Niro," a run-in with a high-school friend turned cop, and, like a winning bass line, the smirking wit of his slacker friend Mark (Peter Sarsgaard). The movie is also lifted by the presence of Natalie Portman, perhaps the ultimate ethereal home-town girl. Braff eventually takes the movie to emotional places where only the extremely tenderhearted will follow, but there are a lot of resonant moments, and a moody, introspective soundtrack.—*Michael Agger* (Battery Park 11, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

HERO

The Chinese director Zhang Yimou, having previously worked on a restrained scale, decides to go symphonic. Hence the broad thrusts of this movie, which is set two thousand years ago and is designed to show that, at a time when other modern civilizations were still mudbound, China was putting the final touches to the process of governing by martial arts. The pitiless leader of the Qin kingdom welcomes a young official (Jet Li), who has allegedly killed off three notable assassins, thus insuring peace in the land. His story does not ring true, and we are duly led through a variety of competing versions, each of them shot in different colors, under different skies. The result is not so much a historical epic as a kind of highly determined ballet: dreamy with bloodless violence, relying less on shades of character than on magnificence of gesture, and closer to the Michael Powell of "The Red Shoes" or "Tales of Hoffmann," say, than to the strivings of David Lean. With the unflappable Maggie Cheung. Cinematography by Christopher Doyle. In Mandarin.—*Anthony Lane* (9/6/04) (Battery Park 11, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 1, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

The famous original, from 1962, written by George Axelrod, from a Richard Condon novel, and directed by John Frankenheimer, was a satire of Cold War anxieties that cut both ways, attacking both the far right and the far left. Acidulous and brazenly absurd, the movie was a one-of-a-kind mainstream picture, with startling oddities that people talked about for years. This updated version, written by Daniel Pyne and Dean Georgias and directed by Jonathan Demme, is doggedly, wretchedly earnest. A shadowy big company reminiscent of Halliburton or the Carlyle Group attempts to take over the White House by placing a computer chip in the brain of a war hero turned congressman (Liev Shreiber) who is under the control of his reactionary mother (Meryl Streep), a senator unaccountably made up to look like Hillary Clinton. What was satire of paranoia in the old movie has been turned into just plain paranoia. The bad memories of the hero (Denzel Washington), who suspects that the war hero is a fake, are accompanied by the conventional horror-film frights of painted faces, spooky doctors, and smoky, distorted cinematography. The movie is overwrought and unfocussed, and there isn't a joke in it anywhere.—*D.D.* (8/9 & 16/04) (Battery Park 11, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

MARIA FULL OF GRACE

In this superbly poised independent film, Maria (Catalina Sandino Moreno), a willful seventeen-year-old, unhappily pregnant and stuck in a factory job, agrees to serve as a "mule," carrying in her stomach little pellets of heroin from her native Colombia to New Jersey. Joshua Marston, a thirty-five-year-old N.Y.U. film-school graduate, nosed around Colombia and New York's immigrant neighborhoods before beginning to shoot "Maria," his first full-length feature, and the way he dramatized the material seems instinctively right: he goes step by step, detail by detail, emotion by emotion, eliding nothing, exaggerating nothing. In his calm and lucid way, Marston has made one of the emblematic coming-to-America stories of our time.—*D.D.* (7/26/04) (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Sunshine Cinema, and Sutton 1 and 2.)

MEAN CREEK

An outstanding performance by Josh Peck as a young schoolyard bully who's invited out to a party on a river, where a group of kids plan his comeuppance, anchors this suspenseful and elegiac film. The writer and director, Jacob Aaron Estes, gives his marvellous cast (which includes Rory Culkin and Scott Mechlowicz) the kind of youthful, textured dialogue that feels naturally captured. The ebb and flow of the scenes generates a nervous power and a haunting sense of the inevitable.—*B.D.* (Sunshine Cinema.)

OPEN WATER

Chris Kentis's expertly made thriller is about a yuppie couple stranded in the Caribbean after they are mistakenly abandoned on a scuba-diving excursion. The handheld-camera work (by Laura Lau) and no-budget ocean settings combine for an unflinchingly realistic ordeal. Kentis drifts his two more-than-game actors (Blanchard Ryan and Daniel Travis) farther and farther out to sea, into shark-infested waters, and the suspenseful, anything-can-happen moments are unrelenting. There's a sublime indifference to suffering in this film that a viewer will find terrifying, stomach-churning, and, maybe, refreshing.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Battery Park 11, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, and 34th Street Theatre.)

THX 1138

George Lucas's first feature—a psychedelic view of the horrors of the twenty-fifth century, which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984." The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and binding. Maggie McOmie and an anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie lovers may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. With Ian Wolfe, Marshall Efron, and Irene Forrest. Screenplay by Lucas and Walter Murch, from Lucas's story; editing by Lucas, with sound montages by Murch; the executive producer was Francis Ford Coppola. Originally released in 1971.—*Pauline Kael* (Empire 25.)

VANITY FAIR

In the hands of the Indian-born director Mira Nair, Thackeray's story of social climbing and tumbling emerges as strong meat, sauced to the point of surfeit by the heat of human greed. Becky Sharp (Reese Witherspoon) hasn't got a penny to her name, or a saving speck of conscience, but she has everything else, and, thus equipped, she begins her climb: a spell in the bosom of the Sedley family, courtesy of her friend Amelia (Romola Garai); a grim sojourn in the moldering mansion of the Crawleys; marriage to the dashing Rawdon (James Purefoy), the romance of which soon falters for lack of funds; and, by way of a Faustian finale, the demonic embrace of Lord Steyne (Gabriel Byrne), for whom money has bought a living death. Nair packs the frame with detail, and she never misses a chance to remind us just how much of the wealth of the early nineteenth century was garnered abroad, at the cost of colonial blood and sweat; but this argument comes to flood the drama, until the tale of Becky herself is in danger of being swamped. The novel thrums with incident, like a reporter's notebook, but onscreen that sort of frenzy is too much; viewers like to know what, or whom, to root for, and without that knowledge they feel lost. With an apparently endless list of British actors, including Jim Broadbent, Bob Hoskins, Eileen Atkins, Geraldine McEwan, and (struggling with the slippery role of George Osborne) Jonathan Rhys Meyers.—*A.L.* (9/6/04) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 11, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Theatre, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

WE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

In this extraordinary adaptation of two Andre Dubus novellas from the nineteen-seventies, Laura Dern is a woman married to a mediocre college English teacher (Mark Ruffalo) in New England. When her husband begins an affair with her best friend (Naomi Watts), she takes revenge, with her husband's guilty help, by sleeping with her best friend's husband (Peter Krause). The movie is so beautifully made, and so strong emotionally, that the potentially dreary material is actually thrilling. The director, John Curran, lets the squalling marital fights between Ruffalo and Dern swell and crest without unnecessary emphasis. The entire production is precise, vibrant, and, for all its turmoil, extremely moving. Michael Convertino did the music, and Maryse Alberti did the lovely cinematography, which builds a canopy of nature over the characters, season by season, and lets us know that, unhappy or not, they will survive. The screenplay is by Larry Gross.—*D.D.* (8/30/04) (BAM Rose Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Sutton 1 and 2, and Village Theatre VII.)

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REMEMBER ME, MY LOVE
Paris and Sunshine Cinema.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 212-777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 11, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 66th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800).
Pioneer Theatre, 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182).
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

Opening September 10, the director's cut of George Lucas's first feature film, "THX 1138," with Robert Duvall.

ULLA PUGGARD

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Cinema Tropical. Sept. 10 at 7:30: "The Private Archives of Pablo Escobar" (2002, Marc de Beaufort). ♦ Through Sept. 26: A series of films about American politics. Sept. 11 at 1: "Primary" (1960, Robert Drew). ♦ Sept. 11 at 2:30 and Sept. 12 at 2: "Nashville" (1975, Robert Altman). ♦ Sept. 12 at 5: "Feed" (†). ♦ Repertory nights. Sept. 11-12 at 6:30: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5110)—Through Sept. 18: The New York Brazilian Film Festival. All films are in Portuguese. Sept. 8 at 7: "My Life in Your Hands" (2000, José Antonio Garcia). ♦ Sept. 9 at 7 and Sept. 11 at 1: "Dom" (2003, Moacyr Góes). ♦ Sept. 10 at 7: "Two Souls in a Dirty Night" (2002, José Joffily). ♦ Sept. 11 at 3: "So Normal" (2003, José Alvarenga, Jr.). ♦ Sept. 11 at 5: "Sex, Love, and Betrayal" (2003, Jorge Fernando). ♦ Sept. 11 at 7: "Cazuza" (2004, Sandra Werneck and Walter Carvalho). ♦ Sept. 13 at 7: "The Inheritance" (2001, Daniel Filho). ♦ Sept. 14 at 7: "Lisbela" (2001, Góes).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Sept. 8-9: A short film festival. ♦ Repertory favorites. Sept. 10 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:30: "Red Bone Guerrillas" (2003, Exit the Apple). ♦ Sept. 11-12: Selections from the New Fest, a gay-and-lesbian film festival. ♦ Movies with innovative soundtracks, selected by the director Olivier Assayas. Sept. 13 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Blue Velvet" (1986, David Lynch). ♦ Sept. 14 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Vanishing Point" (1971, Richard C. Sarafian).

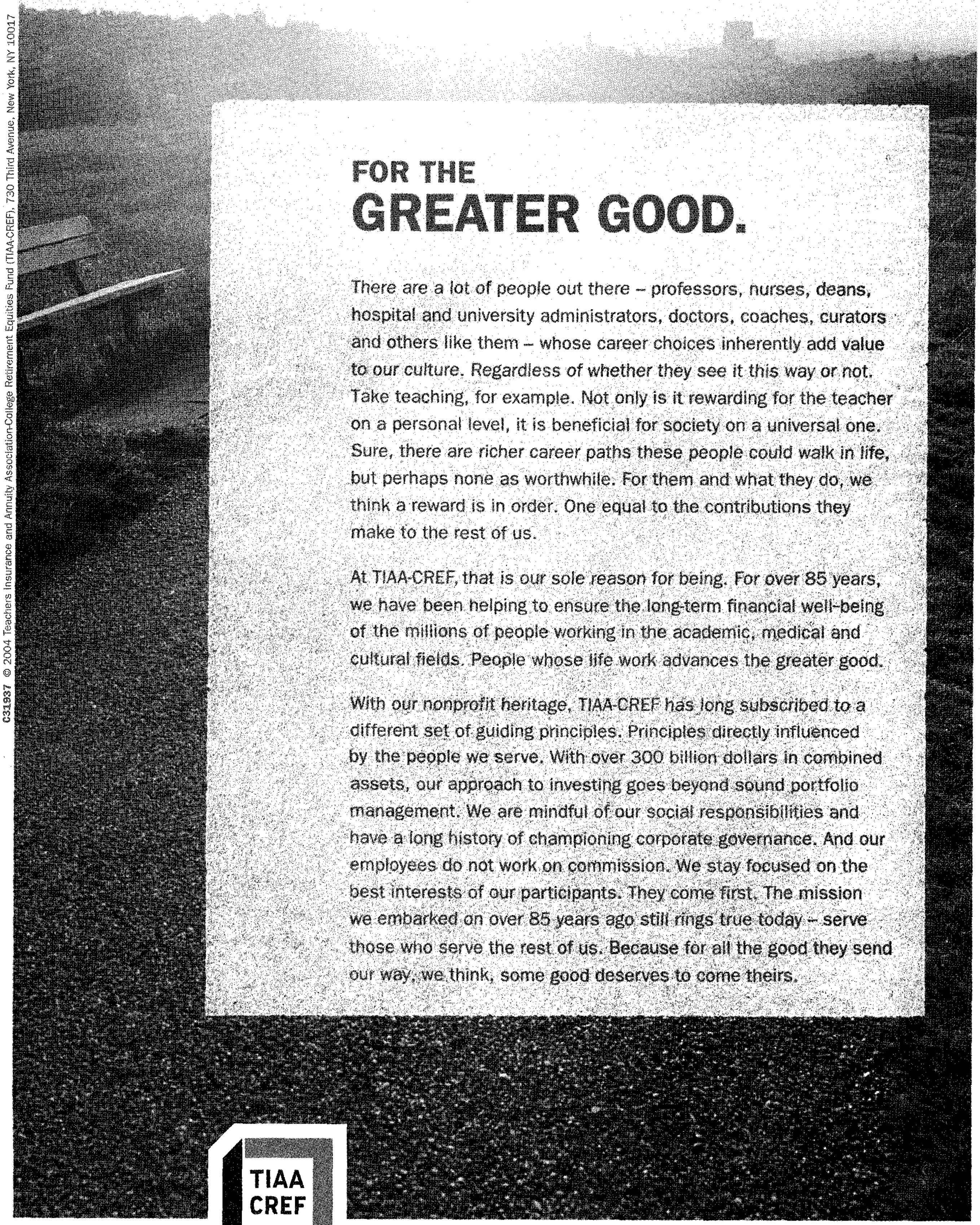
FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Through Sept. 9: "They Came from Toho: Godzilla and the Kaiju Eiga." Sept. 8 at 1, 4:40, and 8:20: "Godzilla vs. King Ghidorah" (1991, Kazuki Omori; in Japanese). ♦ Sept. 8 at 2:55, 6:35, and 10:15: "Godzilla Against Mechagodzilla" (2002, Masaaki Tezuka; in Japanese). ♦ Sept. 9 at 1:20, 3:20, 5:40, 7:40, and 9:30: "Godzilla, Mothra, Mechagodzilla: Tokyo S.O.S." (2003, Tezuka; in Japanese). ♦ Through Sept. 20: A tribute to F. W. Murnau. Sept. 10-12 at 1:20, 3:10, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:10 and Sept. 13-14 at 1:20, 3:10, and 5:15: "Sunrise" (1927). ♦ Sept. 13 at 7:10: "The Burning Earth" (1922). ♦ Sept. 13 at 9:20: "Journey Into the Night" (1920). ♦ Sept. 14 at 7:10: "The Haunted Castle" (1921). ♦ Sept. 14 at 8:50: "The Finances of the Grand Duke" (1924).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through Nov. 16: "Sisters: Dorléac and Deneuve." Sept. 14 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "The Young Girls of Rochefort" (1967, Jacques Demy; in French).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—Midnight movies. Sept. 10-11: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—Sept. 8 at 8: "From Mao to Mozart: Isaac Stern in China" (†).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Sept. 16: "Cairo Tales: Discovering Salah Abou Seif and Recent Cinema from the Arab World." Unless otherwise noted, all films are in Arabic. Sept. 8 at 1: "Satin Rouge" (2002, Raja Amari). ♦ Sept. 8 at 3: "An Algerian Dream" (2003, Jean-Pierro Lledo). ♦ Sept. 9 at 2: "Viva Laldjerie" (2003, Nadir Moknèche). ♦ Sept. 9 at 4:15 and Sept. 13 at 3:15: "Women's Love" (2003, Khaled El Hagar). ♦ Sept. 10 at 1:30 and Sept. 12 at 6:15: "The Women Who Loved Cinema" (2002, Marianne Khoury). ♦ Sept. 10 at 3:45: "Terra Incognita" (2002, Ghassan Salhab). ♦ Sept. 11 at 6:15 and Sept. 13 at 1: "Edward Said: The Last Interview" (2004, Mike Dibb; in English). ♦ Sept. 11 at 8:45 and Sept. 14 at 3:15: "The Murdered Sun" (2003, Abdelkrim Bahloul). ♦ Sept. 12 at 8:40: "Sacrifices" (2003, Oussama Mohammad). ♦ Sept. 14 at 1: "The Closed Doors" (1999, Atef Hetata).

## FOR THE
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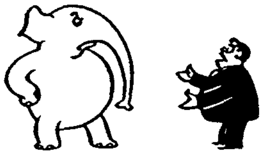
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
IN MODERATION

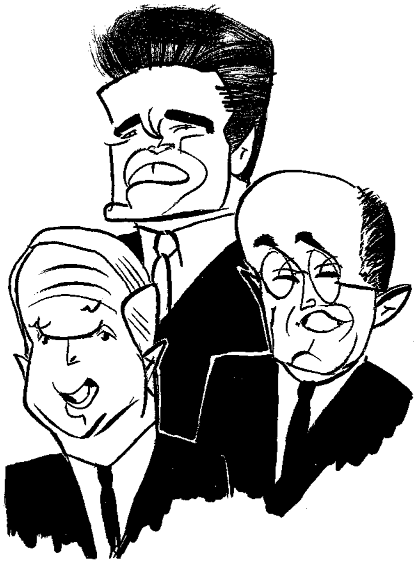


When Barack Obama spoke at the Democratic Convention in Boston, a lot of people thought—and hoped—that they were seeing the future. Half Kansan and half Kenyan, half black and half white, yet all-American in a novel and exhilarating way that seemed to transcend the usual categories, Obama, who on November 2nd will be elected to the United States Senate from Illinois, embodied and expressed a fresh synthesis of the American civic religion—one that fused not only black and white, and immigrant and native-born, but also self-reliance and social solidarity. "He represents the future of the Party," Stephanie Cutter, the communications director for John Kerry's campaign, said by way of explaining why Obama had been chosen to deliver the keynote speech. And it is not hard to imagine circumstances under which, a decade or two hence, he might represent the future of the country as well.

There was a slight echo of this at Madison Square Garden last week, where the Republicans devoted most of their Convention's prime speaking slots to a parade of politicians—Senator John McCain, of Arizona; Rudolph Giuliani, the former mayor of New York; Arnold Schwarzenegger, the spanking-new governor of California; Governor George Pataki, of New York—who are generally regarded, by the debased standards of post-Rockefeller, post-Eisenhower, post-Lincoln Republicanism, as moderates. An inattentive viewer could be forgiven for thinking that this is how the Party sees its own future face. At a glittery donors' luncheon last week, Fred Thompson, the actor-lawyer-former senator, called McCain and Giuliani "the ticket." Whether Bush wins or loses, somebody else will be the Republican Presidential candidate in 2008, and these gentlemen evidently believe, or at least hope, that it might be one of them. "RUDY EYING '08 RUN?" a headline in Wednesday's *Daily News* asked. You bet he is. (The day after his speech, he had breakfast with the Iowa delegation.) They're all running for President, even Schwarzenegger, whose speech was devoted largely to glorifying the arc of his own rise from scrawny kid stuck in stuffy social-democratic Austria to global cinematic and American political star. There can be only one climax to Arnold's screenplay, and the fact that it would require a constitutional amendment is just another plot point.

Giuliani is gambling that well-watered memories of his 9/11 Churchillian moment plus an ultra-militant stance on terror and foreign policy can overcome his record of what looks to Republicans (if not to New Yorkers) like social liberalism. Schwarzenegger may figure that his action-hero manly-man gigantism could similarly wash away his pro-choice, non-anti-gay sins. The moderates are indeed popular—with voters, especially independent voters. That's why they are able to win general elections in their own states. Their kind of appeal might even propel one of them (Pataki, say) onto the bottom half of a national Republican ticket someday. But to get elected President you have to win the nomination of a major party, and for these men that means the Republicans.

"There are probably more Americans who have seen UFOs than undecided voters who have read party platforms," Charlie Cook, the inside-dopester political analyst of *National Journal*, wrote last week. "Such documents are for partisans and ideologues." Platforms are unreliable guides to what a prospective Administration will actually do once in power, and it's true that practically nobody reads



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

them. But they are useful as indications of what the activist base of a party can and cannot stomach. The platform for 2004 again calls for the total recriminalization of abortion—no exceptions mentioned, not even for the life of the mother—and it omits any suggestion that people of good will may honestly disagree, which had been included in at least one recent platform. On the question of gay marriage, the platform goes further even than President Bush, who has merely endorsed a constitutional amendment banning it. In the only simulacrum of a platform fight this year, conservatives inserted language opposing recognition of "other living arrangements as equivalent to marriage," adding, just to drive the point home, that "legal recognition and the accompanying benefits afforded couples should be preserved for that unique and special union of one man and one woman which has historically been called marriage." In other words: no civil unions, no hospital visitation rights or medical benefits, no adoptions, no entry for gays into the heart of the American family.

In a Republican Party that is far more integrated with religious conservatism than it was in the days of Ronald Reagan, a Giuliani or a Schwarzenegger will have to spend the next four years taking social-issue flip-flopping to Olympic levels in order to have any hope of evading the veto of the hard right. McCain—who in 2008 will be three years older than Reagan was in 1980—faces a different problem. Though wobbly on gays, he is solidly anti-abortion and firmly in favor of the Iraq war. But it's hard to see how he can ever win back the trust of the hard core. McCain's fellow-Republicans are no less aware than his now sulky Democratic admirers that whenever he actually thinks through an issue, such as tax cuts or campaign-finance reform, he generally ends up with an opinion that qualifies him for the label Rush Limbaugh stuck on him in an op-ed piece in last Friday's *Wall Street Journal:* liberal. Nor does he much care for what might be called the Christianists. The feeling is mutual. In their view, he just won't do.

Moderate politicians were used at this Republican Convention the way people of color were used at the last one: as props. McCain, Giuliani, Schwarzenegger, and the rest were allowed to show themselves. They were allowed to praise Bush and (if they wished, as Giuliani did and McCain didn't) to attack Kerry, and they were allowed to recommend civility (as McCain did feelingly and at length and Giuliani did hypocritically and in brief). But none of them said a word about the social and environmental issues that mark them as moderates. If 2000 was minstrelsy, this was mime.

The moderate mute show was part of a two-act Convention play. Act II, which built upon the backstory established in the public mind by the ongoing "independent" campaign of lies about Kerry's military service, was a concerted effort to make Kerry out to be an enemy of American national security and a friend of Islamist terrorism. The attacks on Kerry by the nominally Democratic, cartoonishly bitter Senator Zell Miller and by Vice-President Cheney were based largely on mendacious distortions of things Kerry has said or votes he has cast in the Senate; in some cases they were based on simple falsehoods, such as Miller's claim that Kerry "has made it clear that he would use military force only if approved by the United Nations." (What Kerry did say, in his acceptance speech, was this: "I will never give any nation or international institution a veto over our national security.") It would be tempting to call Miller's falsehoods intentional, but it's unclear that he had any idea of what he was talking about. In post-speech interviews, he seemed to be unaware that many of the offenses for which he damned Kerry (such as calling the American occupation of Iraq an occupation and opposing the F-14 fighter) had also been committed by Bush and Cheney. Cheney's distortions were a little less blatant, but, being better informed, he had less excuse for them.

What was missing at the Republican Convention was any genuine defense of Bush's record, domestic or (more surprisingly) foreign. Bush was praised for his "leadership" and his "steadfastness," but leadership to what purpose, and steadfastness with what result, was hardly mentioned. There were plentiful denunciations of "the terrorists," but the masses of verbiage devoted to questions of national security were mostly given over to the wholesale conflation of the struggle against terror with the war in Iraq, plus assurances that the President was strong and unwavering in his determination. It's an old dodge: if you can't measure output, measure input.

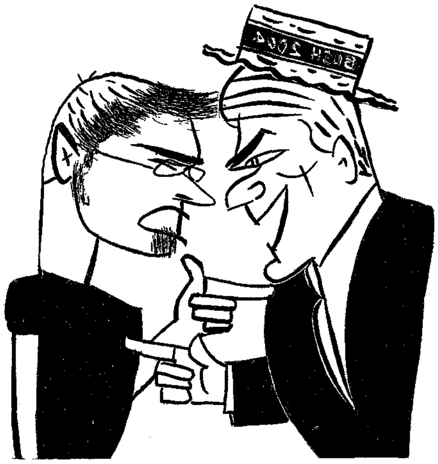
Kerry's Convention was all about Kerry and matters military, and so was Bush's. Kerry's was "positive," Bush's "negative." By persistently ignoring Bush's record, the Kerry camp probably made a political mistake. By ruthlessly distorting Kerry's, the Bush camp certainly made a moral mistake. Unfortunately for Kerry, moral mistakes, unlike political ones, don't generally lose elections.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*

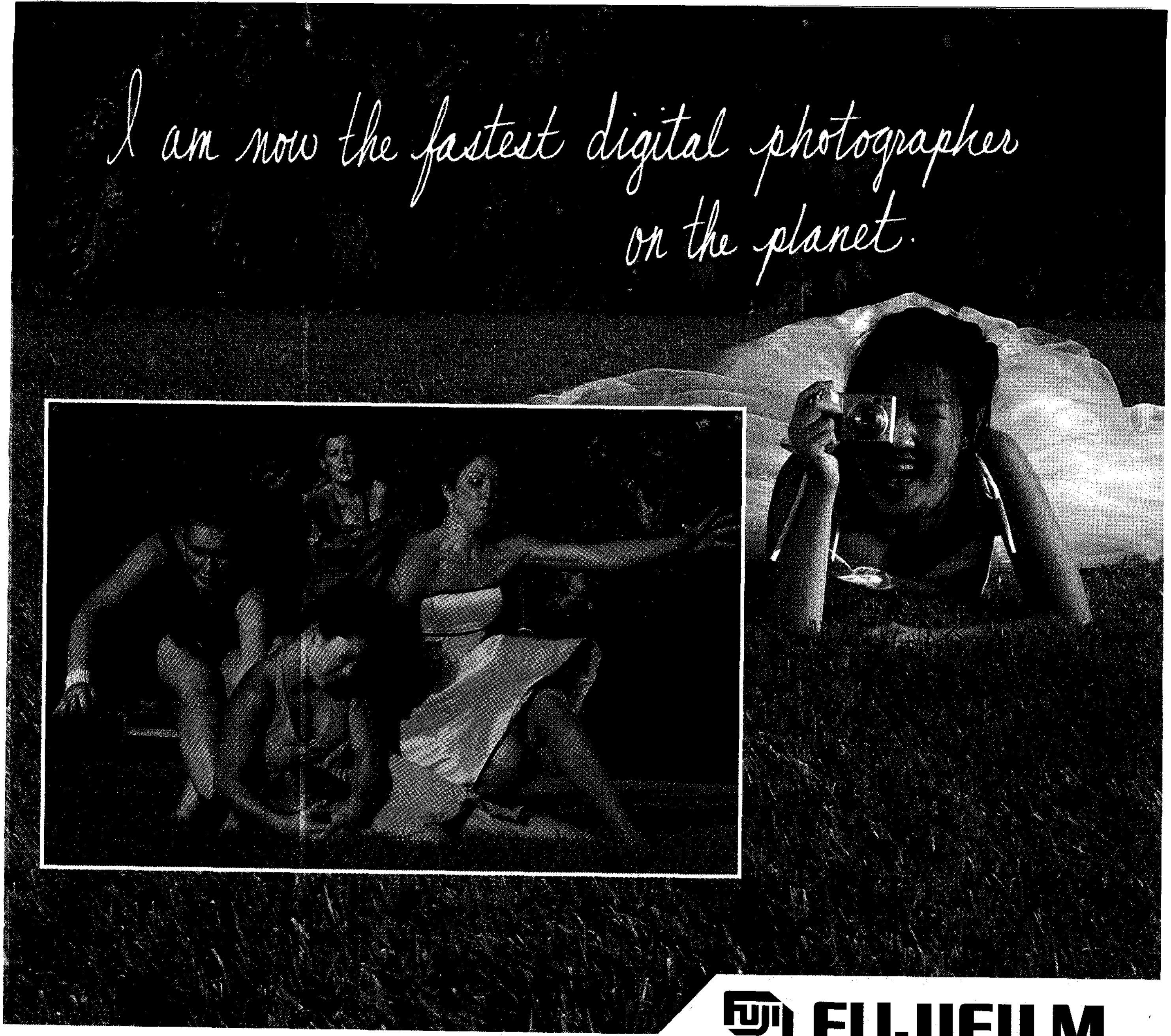
DEPT. OF DISCOURSE

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

On a midtown residential block shortly after ten o'clock last Thursday night, as the President appeared onstage at Madison Square Garden, a series of dissonant voices joined the familiar chorus of passing car stereos and sirens. "Fugheddaboutit!" the voices yelled from a few third- and fourth-story windows. The loudmouths were heeding the instructions of the liberal radio host Al Franken, who'd called for a "Great American Shout-Out," timed to the President's speech, to protest the Republican proceedings. In the context of a week's worth of orchestrated civil disobedience and disruption, the scattered hollering was harmless, even a little silly. But was it effective?



"Effective" was a word you heard a lot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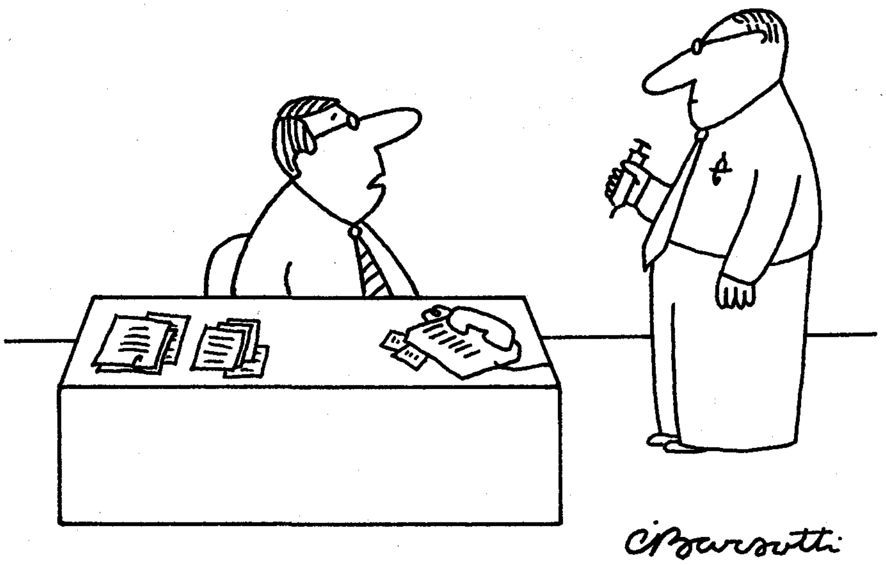

"Is that legal? Can the old man force me to take a performance-enhancing drug?"

• •

around town last week, as New Yorkers and their guests debated the relative merits of various declarations, displays, and gestures that would, under ordinary circumstances, and in ordinary towns, be deemed uncivil, or at the very least undignified (taunting hand gestures on the Convention floor, journalists sucking up to political operatives for access and invitations, smug self-congratulation all around: "Hey, it's a convention," went the halfhearted refrain). Arnold Schwarzenegger's "economic girlie men" punch line, however juvenile, seemed to rate as highly effective, according to the cocktail-party consensus, while the Bush twins' surprise standup routine—Republican girls telling sex jokes at their grandmother's expense?—was regarded as a dud. New York can be a brash town, and politics an increasingly boorish game, but in both there tends to be a presumption—or a façade, at least—of common courtesy. Generally speaking, the week was a success—hardly any violence, mayhem, or folksinging—and yet day-to-day life in the city has rarely seemed so rude.

On opening day, a Yale student named Thomas Frampton, dressed as an R.N.C. volunteer, dropped his Bush-Cheney sign and attempted to jump over the wall of the Vice-President's box while shouting slogans about the oil industry and Iraq. He was tackled and cuffed. Emily Hertzer, a twenty-five-year-old Yale graduate, and a legitimate volunteer, was mortified when she heard the news; she feared that she might have unwittingly "signed him in." She'd already seen the demonstrations of other "liberal nutcases," as she called them, and she was particularly outraged by the protesters who had set fire to a papier-mâché dragon on Sunday. "It was just so vile, in light of September 11th—especially with the anniversary coming up."

Hertzer, a reformed Berkeley liberal, was at a Young Republicans luncheon, wearing a peach-colored baseball cap with the word "Newportant" printed across the front. "We're starting the Newportant Foundation—not *Im*portant, *New*portant—which is dedicated to bringing civility and manners, everything that matters, back to America," she said, speaking quickly and virtually without pause. "Next summer, we're going to bring back the old British tradition of the high-tea party." She interrupted herself to say, "You have to promise not to put a liberal slant on this."

Newport, Rhode Island, is Newportant's home base and the centerpiece of the civility revival. "It's because all the most important, the four hundred traditional families, like the bluebloods, are there," Hertzer said later that evening, at the Yale Club, where she had invited some friends for drinks. She spent the summer crewing on a sailboat in Newport. "A friend of mine is thinking of building a tearoom for me off Bellevue"—the city's grandest boulevard—"and we'll have Mad Hatter parties there and at places like The Breakers," she said. Not even Newport, it turns out, is immune to the creeping decline in traditional values: "All these rude people from New York have been coming up and going to Bailey's Beach, which is, like, the most exclusive private beach in the country."

Hertzer, who had changed into a white cocktail dress, was joined at the bar by a young woman carrying a bottle of ketchup—not Heinz but "W: America's Ketchup." She and Hertzer had met earlier in the day at the G.O.P. Market Place, in the Hilton Hotel, where she was hawking her partisan condiment (115,000 bottles sold), and discovered that they had friends (from Newport) in common. "I prefer this to those Christmas ornaments with W's head," the woman with the ketchup said.

The poor-etiquette epidemic notwithstanding, Hertzer was feeling upbeat about the certainty of a second Bush term. "It's destiny, it's preordained—that's an absolute prediction," she said. "Just like with George Washington, we're entering a new era, where society has got all turned around. First *that* George W. and now this one." She and her friends were here, she said, to start "a civil war—a polite, proper, and purely civil war."

It became routine, as the week wore on, to hear stories or read e-mails about friends—non-protesting friends just out doing errands—who had been inadvertently snagged and detained in police dragnets (real nets!), sometimes for hours at a time, and to encounter delegates who had been heckled, sometimes forcefully, as they approached the Garden each night. One group of journalists, confronted with a chant of "Fuck Republicans! Fuck Republicans!" as they left the building after Laura Bush's speech on Tuesday, attempted to explain that they weren't in fact Republicans; they were with the media. The chanters adjusted without missing a beat: "Fuck the media! Fuck the media!"

Inside the Garden, the media was

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hardly more welcome. Although event planners had attempted to indulge visiting journalists with complimentary makeovers, massages, and waxings, by Wednesday night, down on the floor, many delegates and aides were wearing buttons that read, "I don't believe the New York *Times*."

Senator Zell Miller, whose speech on Wednesday was the week's least civil, continued the press-baiting in a combative post-speech interview with the MSNBC anchor Chris Matthews. Although it was by no means a courteous exchange ("I wish I was over there, where I could get a little closer up into your face," the Senator said), Miller inadvertently harkened back to a more formal and courtly time when he told Matthews, "I wish we lived in the day where you could challenge a person to a duel."

Emily Hertzer, for her part, seemed about ready to give up on her "please" and "thank you" campaign. Anti-Bush brigades had been heckling her in Times Square. "I almost wanted to pull out my Republican cookies," she said, referring to a box of chocolate-chip cookies adorned with Bush's likeness. "I almost wanted to start throwing cookies at them and say, 'Eat this, you dumb shits.' "

Still, there were holdouts. After President Bush's speech, a group of conventioneers came upon a man selling "BUCK FUSH" T-shirts on the sidewalk. Learning that they were Republicans, the vender reached into a backpack and pulled out a shirt that read "KUCK FERRY." "I don't want to offend anyone," he explained.

—Ben McGrath

GIVERS
MONEY HONEYS

Last week, the big Republican donors who travelled to the Convention seemed determined to be themselves, starting curbside at the entrance to the Ritz-Carlton, where many of the major Party benefactors were holed up.

"We're called the Rangers, but I call us the Power Rangers," Bobby Kotick, a cocksure young L.A.-based C.E.O. (Activision computer games), said as he greeted some fellow-donors. "Hey," he said to a burly, tanned fellow alighting from a gleaming black Mercedes Maybach. "That yours?"

"They just gave it to me," the man said. "Because my business is connected."

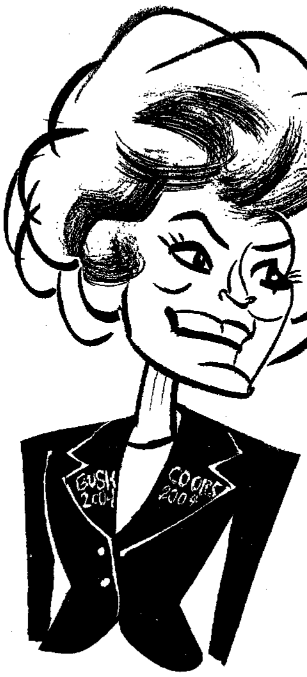
"Rangers give the most money, so we have special exclusive parties," Kotick said, heading inside to the cocktail lounge, where the menu, obligingly embossed with an elephant, offered a "G. W. Bellini—peach vodka, peach schnapps, champagne," and a "Compassionate Conservative—Stoli Orange Vodka, passion-fruit purée, champagne." A basket of red, white, and blue tortilla chips was sitting on the bar.

"I have thirty-three parties to go to," said a donor named Richard Merkin (president and C.E.O. of Heritage Provider Network—health care for the major insurance companies). He had on a black suit like an undertaker's. "I'm going to another Ranger party, at the home of Steve Schwartzman, the investment banker, and I'm invited to a 'Friends-and-Family' of the Bushes party, and, of course, the party for Ahnold," he said. "I'm invited to all the parties."

"For the three hundred thousand dollars you gave them, you should get more than one ticket to Ah-nold's party," Kotick said. "But I like to play both sides of the street. I also give money to the Democrats; I like to protect myself. I'm with them on pro-choice, and pro stem-cell research, but not on fiscal. I just don't want to pay taxes."

In the lobby, Holly (for Holland) Coors, the thin, blond doyenne of the Colorado beer outfit, had just returned from Madison Square Garden, where her son Pete, the chairman and former C.E.O. of Coors, who is running for the Senate from Colorado, had given a speech. Mrs. Coors, wearing a red St. John Knits suit and pink sneakers, stood in the center of a circle of Rangers. A rhinestone pin spelling out "BUSH 2004" was fastened to one lapel and a matching pin spelling out "COORS 2004" was pinned on the opposite lapel.

"Pete's got it all," she said to her admirers. "Pete wants to love people. Of course, if he's elected, he'll quit his job. He's one of my five sons. We have five Adolph Coorses, named for our original founder. We have three Petes. The newest Pete is only a year old; he's Adolph's great-great-great-grandson. I've got twenty-seven grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. My grandson Jonathan Coors works for Governor Schwarzenegger. Coors does all kinds of things. There's Coorstek, for example, where we make those nice bulletproof vests for our soldiers in Iraq."



Holly Coors

"You do wonderful work in the campaign," one of the admirers said.

"It's the money, honey," Mrs. Coors said, with a wink.

Mrs. Coors then greeted Dianne Ingels Moss, a handsomely made-up and elaborately coiffed friend from Dallas, whose husband is in the oil business. Mrs. Moss said that she was staying at the Union League Club and had been to a lunch given in honor of Laura Bush by FEDPAC, a Republican political-action committee.

"They're grassroots women, from every state," Mrs. Moss said. "It's so interesting to meet interesting people." She, too, was wearing a rhinestone Bush pin.

"We both order them from Ann Hand, in Washington," Mrs. Coors said. "Ann is an Independent, and her husband's a Democrat, but he's a sweetheart," she added.

Mrs. Moss told Mrs. Coors about the

interesting lunch. "Laura B. looks almost svelte," she said. "She's lost weight. Her hair was perfectly done, and she had perfect makeup. And Barbara was there. And Neil was there, with his new wife."

Mrs. Coors looked shocked. "A new wife?"

Mrs. Coors asked Mrs. Moss if she had visited Crawford. "Yes, but there's no place to stay over. Crawford isn't the prettiest place in Texas." She sighed. "But the President likes it there, and that's what matters," she said.

"I look at them as stars," Mrs. Coors said, with passion. "Stars! And this man has humor. He stopped me on the dance floor once, and he said, 'Where's the kid?' So now my son is known as Holly's kid. It shows the President's closeness to people. It shows his humor."

"The man has integrity," Mrs. Moss said. "His sense of right and wrong."

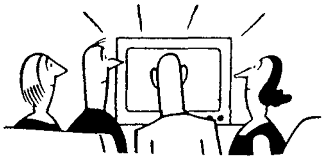
"This man has a vision," Mrs. Coors said.

"Vision," Mrs. Moss repeated.

"It's his faith," Mrs. Coors said. "It breaks my heart to hear him criticized. They hated our Lord, too."

—*Lillian Ross*

ON THE AIR
YOUNG AMERICANS



Like many an overworked, ambitious television producer in this season of around-the-clock political coverage, Andrew Leon puts in long hours at the studio. "Any time they need me to come, I come," he said the other night. "Saturday, I come. Friday, I come. Basically, it's either my house, or my grandparents' house, or my uncle's house, or here. Mostly, I'm here." Leon, a twelve-year-old from Harlem, was readying himself for a live national broadcast of a panel on the Republican National Convention. Leon works as a cameraman and an anchor at the Manhattan Neighborhood Network's Youth Channel. He has a solid build and a gentle voice, and was wearing a blue-and-white athletic jersey, long shorts, and loosened, unvelcroed Air Jordans. He is going into eighth grade, and likes English. "Specifically, writing," he said. "And I like math a little, but I really like recess. It's like lunch—you just chill." He longingly eyed a chicken sandwich wrapped in waxed paper that was sitting in his lap.

In July, Leon covered the Democratic National Convention. "It was cool," he said. The Republican Convention, though, leaves him cold. "I think it shouldn't be here," he said. "I'm not Republican. I don't like Republicans, because basically Republicans are not what I like."

Leon's was the prevailing sentiment as the panel assembled on metal folding chairs before a homemade banner stamped with multicolored handprints: six young members of various liberal activist outlets (Books Not Bombs, Prison Moratorium Project, the League of Pissed-Off Voters); two moderators, Habibah Ahmad and Naomi, who goes by one name; and a Young Republican, Vanessa Salazar, dressed in khakis and a navy sports shirt. Salazar moved here from Colombia four years ago. She said that she was used to being outnumbered. "I'm the only conservative at my school," she said. "I was really tired of hearing all the liberal crap. New York Young Republicans is actually a club—it's the oldest Young Republican club in the nation. It's a pretty big group, I daresay two hundred plus." You have to be eighteen and a Republican to join; Salazar, who is seventeen, persuaded the club to give her an internship.

The program's opening credits, which included a shot of George W. Bush carrying a copy of "Presidency for Dummies," rolled over a rap performed and written by one of the panelists, Gerardo (Promise) Vargas, a twenty-year-old Socialist and a former Latin King: "The Republicans are here, walking around / There's a lot of issues that need talking about / If you're tired of hearing it from a grownup's mouth, / bring the youth in, throw the grownups out." First on the agenda was a discussion of the protests inspired by the Convention. "I mean, like, we have, like, a constitutional right to, like, protest," Shoshi Doza, a slender, glossy-haired young woman, said. Lucas Shapiro, a national organizer for the Young Democratic Socialists, who has been an activist since he was "ten or eleven" ("I was this kind of weird kid, who would carry trash bags picking up all the trash around school. That developed into a more systematic analysis of power relations"), had the air of a patient elder. (He is twenty-four.) He began describing the demonstrators—old people, families, immigrants—but Ahmad had to cut him off. It was time to air a pretaped segment. "Ready?" Naomi asked.

"Ready?" Ahmad asked. "This is the segment on the R.N.C., protesting . . ."

When nothing happened, Naomi said, "Which started last night or maybe today . . . but we're not going to have it yet."

"Guess not," Ahmad said.

After an awkward moment, the segment aired, and then the debate between Salazar and the other panelists grew heated. Leon, filming, looked on neutrally, dwarfed by his large camera. A panelist affiliated with the Young Communist League who wore a hoop through her lower lip softly interjected something about America's "superpower, capitalist society." Her braces flashed.

"All right, I'm sorry to cut you off—we've got a segment," Ahmad said. "I don't actually know what it's about."

"The draft," Naomi said, and a short documentary was shown.

"It's a war on minority youth," one panelist said, to applause, when the camera cut back to the stage. Salazar begged to differ: the draft bill brought before Congress last year, she said, had been introduced by a Democrat from Harlem, and was aimed at white people. "That's not true!" several people shouted at once. "It *is* true," said a small voice from the studio audience: Salazar's six-year-old sister, wearing a backward *National Review* cap and clutching a baby doll with a "Bush-Cheney '04" button on its chest. Salazar let on that she was anti-affirmative action, and suggested that undocumented immigrants having trouble getting scholarships should go back to their own countries to get student visas. The crowd booed. Soon Ahmad looked up and saw that the assistant director had been trying to get her attention, waving a large cue card that said, "Wrap it up." She hastily complied.

Leon shook his head, taking off his headset. "They kept talking and talking and talking," he said. "No one paid attention."

—*Dana Goodyear*

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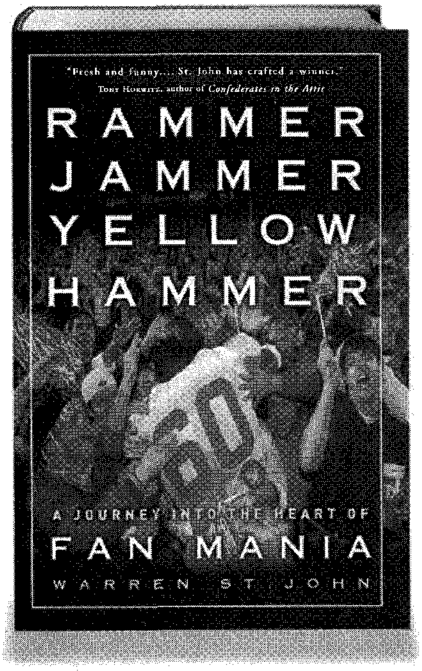
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BUSHSPEAK

The President's vernacular style.

BY PHILIP GOUREVITCH

The roadkill on the highway west of El Paso, our southernmost interstate, is mostly jackrabbits and coyotes. For miles, the blacktop is hemmed by cattle pens, and the smell of sunbaked dung sweetens the air. Beneath the near-hundred-degree heat of a cloudless late-summer sky, the scrubby West Texas landscape is ash-dry, except in the startlingly green oases created by irrigation or the flat muddy cuts of the Rio Grande. Everything about the place—"out here," as people say, or "down here"—announces itself, totemically, as belonging to America's southwestern border and seems to imply a set of choices and attitudes, a particular way of life. But those choices and attitudes do not translate as obviously as might be imagined into political inclinations.

While George W. Bush can count on his home state on Election Day, the arithmetic changes twenty minutes out of El Paso, where the interstate slips into New Mexico and twenty minutes later slices through the city of Las Cruces. New Mexico was the most closely divided state in the 2000 election, rejecting Bush in favor of Al Gore by just three hundred and sixty-six votes, and Las Cruces, which has a huge state university and a large Mexican-American population, is predominantly Democratic. So it was to Las Cruces that Bush flew from his ranch on the last Thursday of August, to commence a week-long campaign swing leading up to his speech at the Republican Convention in New York.

At eight-fifteen in the morning, the time ticket-holders to the rally had been warned that the doors would close, and an hour before Bush was to take the stage, a local congressman, Steve Pearce, was warming up the overwhelmingly white crowd, denouncing John Kerry as an unreconstructed enemy sympathizer cut from Jane Fonda's cloth, and praising Bush's leadership. "There's lots of wonderful things going on in Iraq," he said, "and the media refuses to cover them." A Texas swing band called the Desperados took over for a while, cranking out "San Antonio Rose," "Cherokee Maid," and "Faded Love," and then Pearce resumed his harangue, characterizing the Democratic Party as subservient to the United Nations and hostile to the notion of individual responsibility. "If poverty causes crime, then affluence causes kindness, and you know in your heart that's not true," he said. Pearce got the biggest cheers for an untruth of his own: "There is one candidate who will keep the words 'under God' in our pledge." In fact, this is not an issue in the campaign, since both candidates oppose removing the words, and neither would be in a position to protect them if a court should find them unconstitutional.

The Desperados kept the arena awake with the song "Take Me Back to Tulsa" until a giant video screen lit up with a live shot of the Presidential motorcade—a trio of armored limousines, led by motorcycle cops and flanked by squad cars—pulling into the parking lot outside. When Bush appeared in person, moments later, he seemed surprisingly ordinary. "I'm here to ask for the vote," he told the audience. "I believe it's important to get out and ask for the vote. I believe it's important to travel this great state and the country, talkin' about where I intend to lead the country." He made this sound like an original idea, and perhaps a controversial one, and the way he repeated the words "I believe" carried an air of defiant conviction: *I'm not here offering myself to you because that's how it's done in a democracy but because that's just how I am, and I don't give a damn who says different.*

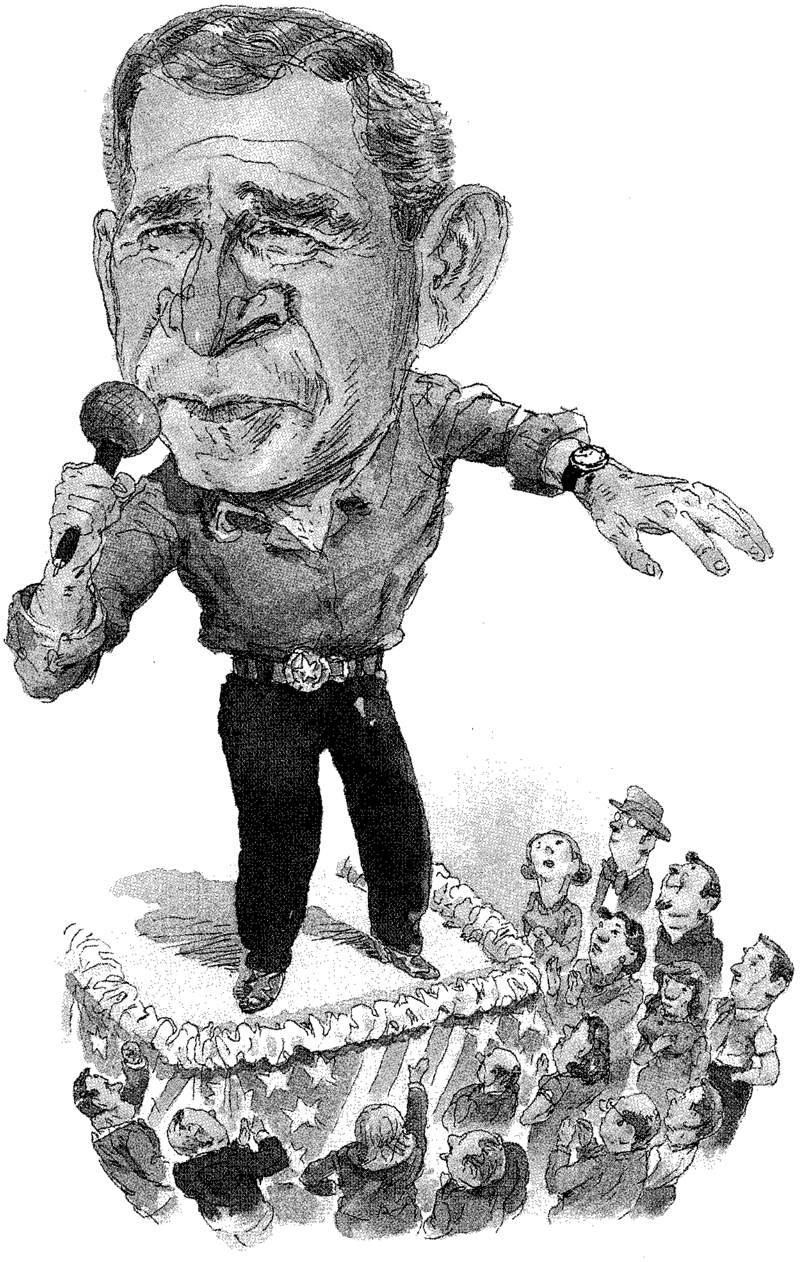
He wore no tie, and his sleeves were rolled up, and the simplicity of the proposition, the easy conversational forthrightness, seemed so natural, so obvious and reassuring, that it was easy to forget, as he wound on through his stump speech, that he had promised to lay out a plan for the future. He offered no such plan, or even any new initiatives. He just declared the past four years a success, and said that more and better was to come. What was the alternative? John Kerry? Bush spends a good deal of time on the stump deriding his rival, and the rest of the time he projects the attitude of a man who is running unopposed—which he could be forgiven for thinking if the election depended simply on who is the better campaigner.

Bush campaigns with the eager self-delight of a natural ham. There's an appealing physicality about him. When he says he wants your vote, he does not just mouth the words but follows them through with his entire body, rising to his toes, tilting toward you yearningly. When he works his way along the edge of the stage, waving, shaking hands, he has the concentration of an athlete in the thrall of his game. He seems to hold nothing back. He reaches for the hands around him, tipping so far forward that it appears, in the frozen fraction of a second captured in photographs, that he has lost his balance. He twists, and stoops, and spins, and stops abruptly to wave, and the raised hand seems to lift the rest of him with it, up and forward. Bush is said to be charming, and polls show that Americans tend to find him more likable than his policies, but one does not even have to like him to admire how truly at home he appears in his body.

He has a repertoire of stock poses and expressions, as does any professional performer, but the freedom of his movements is striking. Flip through snapshots of him, and you'll find any number that catch him in a bizarre or comical position. The mobility of his face leaves him open to lampooning, not least because of its simian modelling, which is underscored by his affectation of an equally simian gait—the dangle-armed swagger, like a knuckle-walker startled to find himself suddenly upright. But even when he looks foolish, or simply coarse, Bush is never less than an expressive presence.

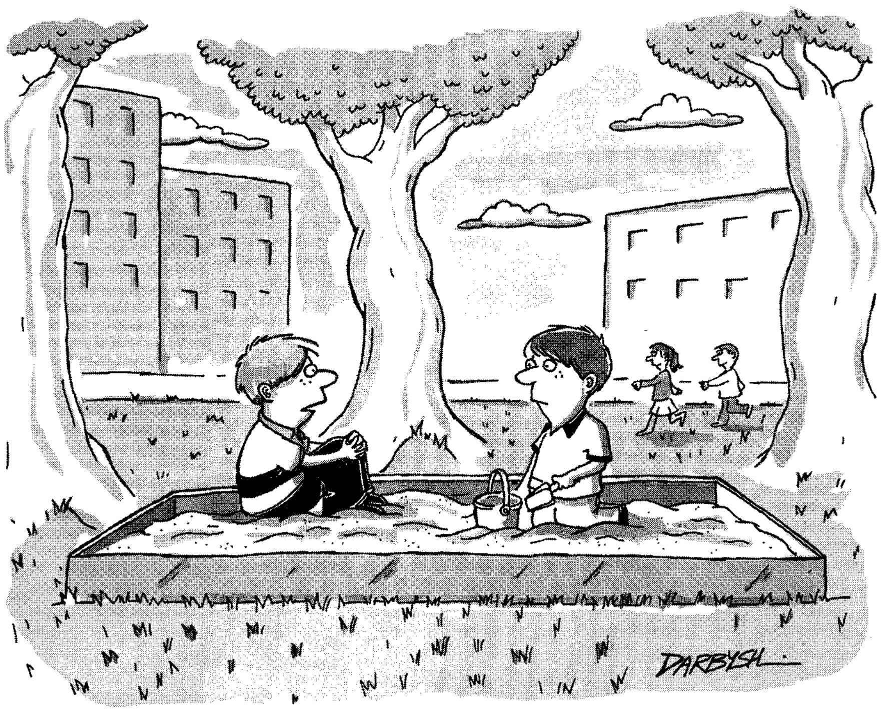
The same can be said of his language. He is grossly underestimated as an orator by those who presume that good grammar, rigorous logic, and a solid command of the facts are the essential ingredients of political persuasion, and that the absence of these skills indicates a lack of intelligence. Although Bush is no intellectual, and proud of it, he is quick and clever, and, for all his notorious malapropisms, abuses of syntax, and manglings or reinventions of vocabulary, his intelligence is—if not especially literate—acutely verbal. His words, in transcription, might seem mindless, incoherent, or unintentionally hilarious ("I know how hard it is for you to put food on your family"; "Our enemies are innovative and resourceful, and so are we. They never stop thinking about new ways to harm our country and our people, and neither do we"), but it is pretty plain what he means. "Even when we don't agree, you know what I believe and where I stand," he reminded the nation at Madison Square Garden, during his acceptance of the Republican nomination.

JOHN CUNEO



"Some folks look at me and see a certain swagger, which in Texas is called walking."

Bush's top speechwriter, Michael Gerson, is regarded as a master of his trade. His speeches are composed of short, declarative sentences packed with substance. While John Kerry can speak rousingly for whole paragraphs without saying anything precise or concrete, Bush rarely puts ten words together in a major address without taking a position, passing a judgment, or proclaiming a purpose. He is less concise when unscripted, or—as on the stump—only loosely tethered to a text, but when he's



"I'm focussing less on girls and more on accumulating the things girls will eventually want."

• •

ad-libbing he makes up for whatever tightness he lacks with an emotional appeal, seeking and generally finding a level of connection to his supporters that eludes his rival entirely. Bush's gift in this regard is a function of his lack of polish: the clipped nature of his phraseology, the touch of twang, the hard consonants, the nasal vowels, the dropped conjunctions and slurred or swallowed suffixes.

"I'm sorry Laura's not here," he told the breakfast-hour crowd in Las Cruces, and they moaned in sympathy. "I understand," he said, and got a big laugh. "I kissed her goodbye in Crawford this morning and said, 'I've got to go to work.'" More laughter. "She said, You git over to New Mexico and you remind 'em that her kinfolk were raised right here down the road in Anthony. I'm proud of Laura. She's a great mom, a wonderful wife." Loud yips and applause. He continued in a deadpan: "I'll give you some reasons why I think you ought to put me back in. But perhaps the most important one of all's so Laura's the first lady for four more years."

To watch Bush work a room, however cheesy his salesmanship and however canned his hucksterism, is to behold a master of the American vernacular, that form of expression which eschews slickness and makes a virtue of the speaker's limitations—an artfulness that depends on artlessness, an eloquence that depends on inflection and emphasis. His speeches rely on the same stagger-stacking of phrases and refrains that characterizes popular songs and sermons. "We've been through a lot together in the last four years," he told the Las Cruces crowd. "We've accomplished a great deal. But there's only one reason to look backward at the record. And that is who best to lead us forward. That's what I want to talk about. Want to remind you we have much at stake in this election." He began gathering momentum in a steady crescendo that he let build until he was cut off by applause: "We have more to do to move America forward. We have more to do to create jobs and improve our schools. We have more to do to fight terror and protect the homeland. We have more to do t'spread freedom and peace. We've made much progress. I'm here to tell you. I'm ready for the job. I'm ready to accomplish it all."

Bush's voice has a surprising range: he can get a shouting attack going, and

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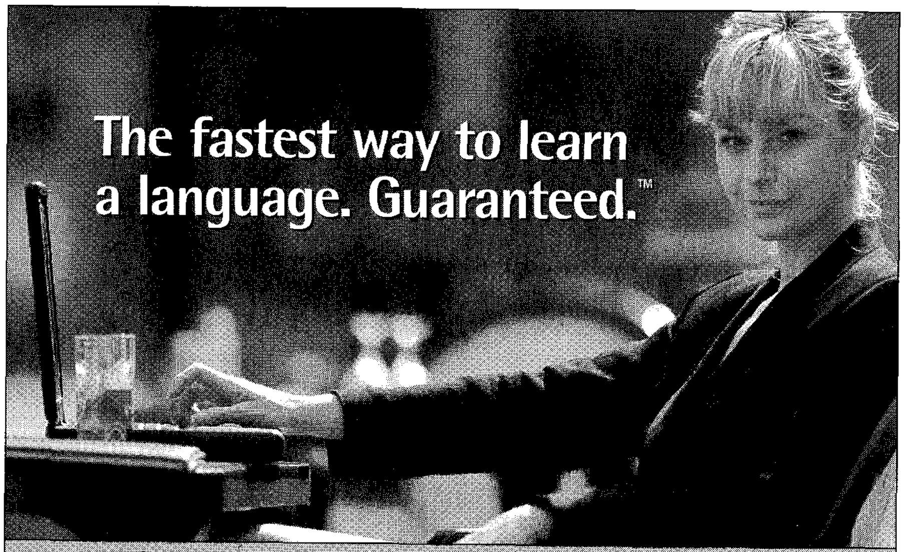
he can fall suddenly quiet to create emphasis and declare his seriousness. But the most effective quality is the harsh staccato that overcomes him when he speaks about his wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, and the boundless, all-encompassing, and perhaps eternal war on terror. He acquires a drill sergeant's punctiliousness—pro-noun-cing ev-er-y syl-lab-le, hit-ting ev-er-y con-son-ant, singing out the sibilants, and bending words, drawing them out, or isolating them between stark silences, with some of the weird sonic zing of Bob Dylan's diction. He leans in over the microphone, and to make no mistake about his message he reads from a script: "See, our—our fu-ture de-pends on our willing-*ness* to *lead* in the world. If America shows uncertainty and *weak*-ness in this decade, the world will drift toward"—pause—"tragedy"—pause. "This will not hap-pen on my watch." Bush's right hand, held out flat, beats steadily up and down, patting the lectern in accompaniment to his robotic rhythm. He is nothing if not insistent.

The best sendup of Bushspeak was published by the Washington *Post* cartoonist Tom Toles this spring. It was a drawing called "George W. Bush Press Conference Refrigerator Magnet Set," and showed an icebox door arrayed with a patchwork of words and phrases: "I want to say / I mean / clearly / the situation was / a / tough week / tough / dangerous / because the / terror / terrorism / threat was / a nation / that was dangerous / because of / weapons / programs / activities / we're still looking / but even / though / I was briefed / a lot / steadfast / and strong / about / historical / killer / terrorist / suiciders / who would / fly it into buildings / which was / a gathering threat / in / easy hindsight / that / empty words / would embolden / dangerous people / hidden in a turkey farm / where / I was tired of swatting flies / so / I want to be clear."

Bush has created a language of his own—as austere and strange as that of David Mamet or Samuel Beckett, with whom he shares a taste for speaking in spare absolutes that can sound simultaneously profound and absurd. "The world changed on a terrible September morning, and since that day we have changed the world," he said, and, as he



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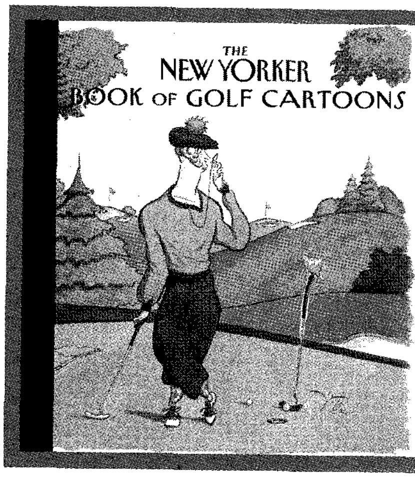

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enumerated the changes, he kept returning to a refrain: "And America and the world are safer." In Iraq, he said, "I saw a threat." September 11th had taught him not to let a threat materialize. Congress and the U.N. agreed with him that Saddam Hussein had to be brought to heel. "The world spoke," Bush said. Saddam remained defiant. America acted. "Knowing what I know today, I would have made the same decision," he proclaimed, and with that he launched into an attack on Kerry's shifting positions on Iraq.

Bush's performance on the stump is more a rap than a speech, a sequence of talking points strung together by applause lines. In style and substance, his discourse is saturated in churchiness: he touts the rights of the unborn, pooh-poohs same-sex marriage, speaks of marshalling the "armies of compassion" and transforming America into a "culture of responsibility" and an "ownership society" by changing "one heart and soul, one conscience at a time." But, for all his God talk, he is remarkably lacking in humility. No fault, no blame, no regret, no room for shame attends him as he goes about changing the world. Nor does he appear to entertain the possibility that the changes he is imposing could be anything but improvements. To hear him tell it, the economy is terrific, public education is thriving, health care is better than ever, terrorists are on the run, democracy is spreading throughout the Middle East, and everywhere America is living up to what he describes as its "calling from beyond the stars to stand for freedom." Because Bush does not appear able to recognize his own errors, much less admit them, he is incapable of self-correction. Indeed, he boasts tirelessly of his resolve and steadfastness, making a virtue of rigidity. Like it or lump it.

"O.K., next time around let's ease up on the vibrato."

Bush's motorcade withdrew to Las Cruces's tiny desert airfield at mid-morning; he was off to give the same performance at rallies in Farmington and Albuquerque before flying home to the White House for the night. Not far from Air Force One, on the tarmac, a Kerry-Edwards campaign plane waited for John Edwards, who was holding a rally at noon in the historic town square of Mesilla, just a few miles from where the Bush crowd was dispersing. The last time that Republican and Democratic rallies coincided in Mesilla, in August of 1871, sharp whiskey and sharp words resulted in brawls and gunplay that left nine men dead and as many as fifty wounded. The memory of that massacre provides a heartening reminder that there is a good deal of both hype and plain ignorance behind the claim, widely upheld among the political classes this year, that we are in the throes of the bitterest, most polarizing electoral contest in American history. Sure, as both the Bush and the Kerry camps keep saying, much is at stake. Sure, the race has become plenty ugly. But what makes it most discouraging is not the divisiveness but the falseness and the foolishness of so much of the debate—and, thus far, it is Bush, the self-styled heir to such great statesmen as Churchill and Truman, who has contributed most to lowering the tone.

Four years ago, Bush ran for President as a champion of compassion at home and humility abroad. After the September 11th attacks, he recast himself as a man of action, a warrior, whose basic message to the world is: They messed with the wrong guy. In a video clip shown at the Republican Convention, he said, "I think the best part of this job is to set in motion big changes of history—it's un-

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believably exciting to be in a position to do that." He has done so by force of arms, and also by force of words. For Bush, rhetoric is reality, and he operates as if things were as he says they are. If reality does not conform, he remains undeterred, and on message—as with his insistence that even if he'd known that there were no weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, he would have invaded and occupied the place anyway. Indeed, as his Presidency has progressed, and his policies have failed to create the circumstances he has proclaimed—whether in regard to the economy, education, prescription drugs, the hunt for Osama bin Laden, nation-building in Afghanistan, or war and occupation in Iraq—the gap between his grandiose, self-glorifying rhetoric and our anxious and unsettling reality has grown steadily wider.

THE ALARM

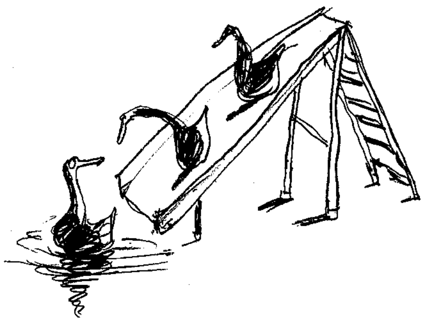
The hundreds of windows filling with faces
Because of something that happened on the street,
Something no one is able to explain,
Because there was no fire engine, no scream, no gunshot,
And yet here they all are assembled,
Some with hands over their children's eyes,
Others leaning out and shouting
To people walking the streets far below
With the same composure and serene appearance
Of those going for a Sunday stroll
In some other century, less violent than ours.

—*Charles Simic*

That gap was on full display last week at Madison Square Garden, where the Republicans devoted more time to heaping scorn—and a good deal of calumny—on John Kerry than to laying out their vision for four more years of Bush. Although the President himself showed up, according to tradition, only on the final night, the Convention was the ultimate festival of Bush rhetoric. The agenda, which was designed to create an air of Party unity, reflected an effort to appeal to predominantly moderate undecided voters and also to rally the Party's conservative base. Cabinet members most intimately identified with controversial Bush policies (Attorney General John Ashcroft, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, and Rumsfeld's deputy, Paul Wolfowitz) were nowhere to be seen. Instead, prime-time hours were given over to figures better known for being ideologically out of step with the President than for hanging around with him (John McCain, Rudy Giuliani, Arnold Schwarzenegger), who found common ground in their enthusiasm for Bush as a war leader.

It is not apparent that most Americans think of themselves as living in a nation at war, or that a sense of being engaged in a struggle to the death with an unseen but all-threatening enemy is the defining political experience of our time. But that has been the premise of the Bush Presidency since the day when, as he insists on putting it, "everything changed," and that was the dominant theme of the Bush Convention. Indeed, the pageant at the Garden was as much a tribute to September 11th as it was to Bush himself—and the commemoration of that date had a lugubrious, cultish quality.

During the culture wars of the early nineties, Republicans deplored the bullying political correctness that came from the intertwining of victimology and identity politics, and yet in the construct of recent history promoted by the White House, and by speaker after speaker and video after video at Madison Square Garden, America's great wound was featured as a sort of national treasure—the ultimate and all-justifying source of legitimacy of the Bush Presidency. So the constant invocations of mass death and devastation were proffered to the conventioneers and their television audience not only as a bad thing but also, perversely, as something to cherish, even to celebrate, as a source of unity and purpose. Giuliani, in whose life story September 11th is a very good very bad day, set the tone on opening night by recycling the bullying, jingoist credo that Bush originally extracted from Ground Zero: "Either you are with us or you are with the terrorists." Nobody needed to be told where that put Kerry and his supporters, especially after Zell Miller, the bilious, hatchet-faced senator from Georgia, delivered a keynote rant in which he declared it tantamount to treason for Kerry to campaign against Bush.



So it went: blood and fire and God and country and "Amazing Grace." It was a proper war party at the Garden, charged with the language of Christian martyrology, and Bush could not have been more at home on closing night, when he strode out on a catwalk that had been built to lead him to a special altar in the round, which placed him in the middle of the floor, amid the masses, "a man of the people." That was the idea, anyway. In fact, he looked about as populist there as a Roman emperor, and he was not at ease. The burden upon him, and upon his speech, was to explain to Americans what he has in mind to do for them if he gets a second term. It was not a memorable speech, and it did not quite answer that question. It was an expanded, beefed-up version of his standard stump speech, with many of the same punch lines. His domestic agenda was a grab bag of mostly recycled ideas for reforming Social Security, health-care policy, education, and the tax code. He was vague about how any of these things might be accomplished, much less paid for, and although he enunciated with zealous care every word that appeared on the tele-

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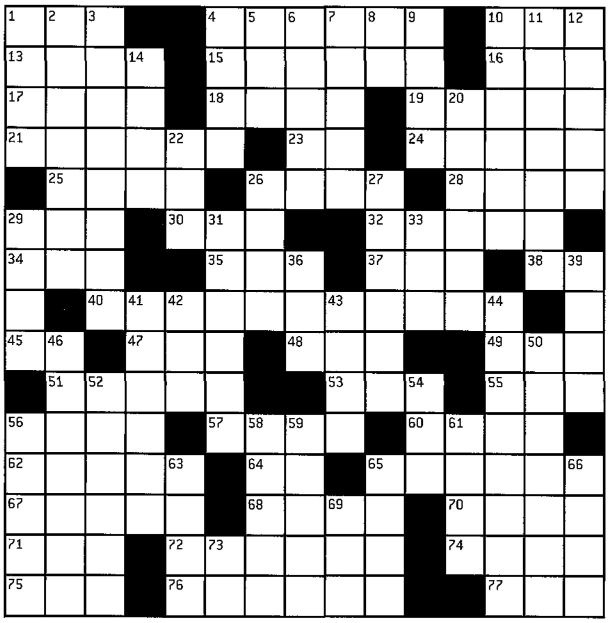
THE NASDAQ QQQ CROSSWORD QUIZ

by Kelly Ann Buchanan

THE BALL'S IN YOUR COURT.

Complete the NASDAQ QQQ Crossword Puzzle correctly and you will be entered to win a trip for two to the 2005 NASDAQ-100 Open tennis tournament next spring in Key Biscayne, Florida. Two Grand Prizes (each valued at approximately $2,200) include round-trip airfare, box seat tickets to six tournament sessions, and four-star hotel accommodations. To enter, mail in completed puzzle, and then visit www.NewYorkerReaderlink.com after November 1, 2004 for puzzle solution. See Crossword Puzzle Contest Rules and Regulations in this issue.



ACROSS

1. ____ feature for active investors—that 19A can be sold short on the opposite of the answer to 76A
4. NASDAQ-100 Index company: ____ Communications, Inc.
10. On the keyboard of a Dell (NASDAQ-100 Index company)
13. Fairly quick letters
15. Corporation on the NASDAQ-100 Index [bkwds.]
16. Backed into a parking space of a NASDAQ-100 Index company
17. Wave sound in Windows Media in Microsoft (NASDAQ-100 Index company)
18. Registered broker-dealer that is the distributor for the NASDAQ-100 Trust: ____ Distributors, Inc. [bkwds.]
19. The NASDAQ-100 Index Tracking ____ [bkwds.]
21. NASDAQ-100 Index listee: First ____ Group Corp.
23. Up ____ down (how QQQ might move in value)
24. Quality sound systs. in the sixties
25. NASDAQ symbol for Lam Research Corporation
26. Products of NASDAQ-100 Index company Intersil Corp.
28. Ginger (piquant Spice Girl)
29. ____ sMART, Inc. (NASDAQ-100 Index company)
30. Reversed letters to make any cow queasy
32. PDF packager on the NASDAQ-100 Index
34. Quite a large vase
35. "Cold as ____" (frequently heard Foreigner song)
37. 100 shares = Round ____ [bkwds.]
38. Q. "Do you know the initials of the star of 'I'll Take Manhattan'?" A. "Yes, and they are ___ ___."
40. Something to do do do
45. Quirky kid in "The Family Circus"
47. Ms. Sills of exquisite talent, to pals [bkwds.]
48. Last day of trading in the workweek, for short
49. Patterson-____ Energy, Inc. (NASDAQ-100 Index company)
51. Merging companies do it
53. Quaid, Dennis and Randy: what they do for a living
55. NASDAQ-100 Index listee: ____ Systems, Inc. [bkwds.]
56. Untranquil sounds, in reverse
57. "Quick, run ...Mauna ____ spewing." (rather subdued reaction in Hawaii Volcanoes National Park)
60. "Ivy, ____ climb up the quoins very nicely." (green-thumbed one's quip)
62. Combined with 72A: Stop-____ [bkwds.]
64. QB's stomping grounds before college ball, for short
65. NASDAQ-100 Index listee
67. Queen of daytime television
68. In rev., it would explore Mercury only if it were the planet ...not the NASDAQ-100 Index company
70. Question in geography class: "Is ____ a country of Southeast Asia?" [bkwds.]
71. Funder of the arts, established in '65 (art class quiz question, perhaps)
72. See 62A (QQQ can be used for them)
74. Q. "Would 9:30 ___ ___ the (New York) time of day that the NASDAQ Stock Market Regular Trading Session starts?" A. "Yes."
75. Q. "What's a unit of work in the cgs system of units called?" A. "An ____."
76. QQQ is exempt from the rule that requires shares to be sold short only on a what, in reverse?
77. Computers 101 query: "Professor, is ___ ___ shortened word that can be used when referring to programs, such as Word and Excel, created by the NASDAQ-100 Index company headquartered in Redmond, Washington?"

DOWN

1. "The African Queen" star, to Spencer
2. Press ____ (how the list of annual additions and deletions of the Index Securities is announced, in reverse)
3. During regular trading hours, 19A may be bought and sold at them: ____ prices [bkwds.]
4. Poet of "Requiem," "Soliloquy in Circles," and "The Squab"
5. Tool for investors: NASDAQ-100 ____-Market Indicator [bkwds.]
6. NASDAQ-100 Index company: ____ Incorporated [bkwds.]
7. Australian tennis player who has competed in the NASDAQ-100 Open: Nicole ____ [bkwds.]
8. Legendary quest, with Dorado
9. Quantity of a hundred thousand
10. Not subsequently [bkwds.]
11. Software Corporation on the NASDAQ-100 Index [bkwds.]
12. Q. "When the NASDAQ symbol for 56D is reversed, what is it?" A. "______ believe."
14. Show appreciation for an "Avenue Q" show [bkwds.]
20. NASDAQ-100 Index listee [bkwds.]
22. Listed with a business tel. number [bkwds.]
26. The ____ of Being a Broker (name of a quiz on the basics of brokering, perhaps)
27. Corporation on the NASDAQ-100 Index [bkwds.]
29. Quentin Tarantino movie, with Fiction
31. It goes with "Systems, Inc." on the NASDAQ-100 Index
33. In reverse, QQQ symbol for Shares Outstanding
36. QQQ is the most actively traded one in the world, for short
39. NASDAQ symbol for Biogen Idec Inc.
41. Corporation on the NASDAQ-100 Index
42. Qualified animal doc
43. 19A can be purchased for them (for short) and they can be tax deferred
44. NASDAQ-100 Index listee
46. Goes with "Networks, Inc." on the NASDAQ-100 Index
50. NASDAQ-100 Index listee
52. On the NASDAQ-100 Index: ____ Ltd. [bkwds.]
54. Q. "What's the name of a French shooting match?" A. "It's called a ____."
56. Smurfit-____ Container Corporation (NASDAQ-100 Index company)
58. Picturesque place: Yellowstone National Park extends into this state, in reverse
59. The QQQ symbol QVA stands for Net ____ Value
61. Words before the date on a company's balance sheet, in reverse
63. Queen Nefertiti's makeup [bkwds.]
65. Q. "Stuff ___ ___ Tung-p'o, the Sung dynasty poet—do you know it?" A. "I wish it could be yea, but nay is what I must say."
66. Quite intelligent ancient Greek philosopher: Zeno of ____
69. Uniquely talented French artist
73. "The Quick and the Dead" actor (initials)

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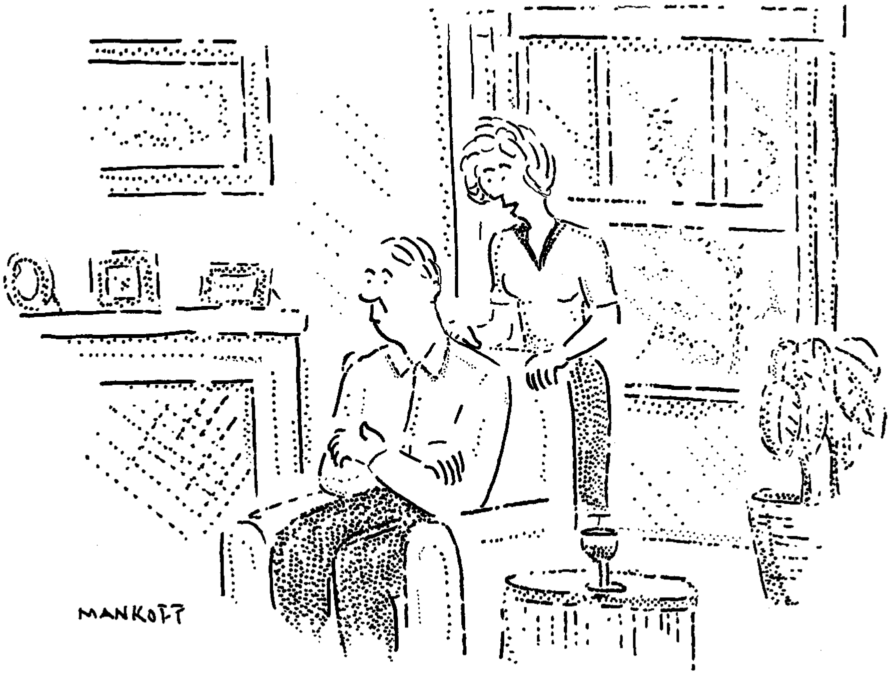


"Wow, I never realized your unhappiness was so nuanced."

• •

prompters, he read too slowly, without any particular conviction, until he got to the final pages of the speech, which dealt with September 11th, terror, and war. Then he came alive.

The words Osama bin Laden, North Korea, and Iran had hardly been spoken at the Convention, and they did not pass Bush's lips. About Iraq's troubles since Saddam's capture he was equally silent. Yet he vowed to make the world safer, and, as he waxed abstract, that prospect seemed to move him. "Freedom is not America's gift to the world," he intoned, as he does at every campaign stop. "It is the Almighty God's gift to every man and woman in this world." He spoke of "the resurrection of New York City," and how in the future visitors to Ground Zero will say, "Here buildings fell, and here a nation rose." And then, a few moments later, the balloons dropped, the confetti blizzard blew, the music swelled, and out came Laura, out came the Cheneys, out came all the kids and grandkids, and, love them or hate them, everybody watching seemed to agree that the Republicans had just had a hell of a successful Convention.

Of course, the same was said about the Democrats a month earlier. But Bush and his crew had pretty much wiped away Kerry's advantage, even before they gathered in New York. They had fought him dirty, with the lying Swift Boat Veterans' ads, and they'd fought him mean, caricaturing and taunting him, jabbing and lashing at him with sharp tongues. They'd ganged up and piled on, and they'd made no apologies. In fact, they'd enjoyed every minute of it.

"Some folks look at me and see a certain swagger, which in Texas is called walking," Bush said at the Garden. "Now and then, I come across as a little too blunt—and for that we can all thank the white-haired lady sitting up there." He indicated his mother. That was the joke in his speech, the self-deprecating part, but the President wasn't kidding. Kicking ass is just his nature. And, while he had been effectively tied with or trailing his challenger all year, and still was behind on many issues and in many states, an early post-Convention poll showed him opening a national lead beyond the margin of error. Even so, both candidates must now recognize that neither of them inspires any great enthusiasm in a majority of the electorate. Neither can expect to win on his merits. Rather, for each the best hope is to make the other one lose—and, for the moment at least, Bush had succeeded in turning a referendum on himself into a referendum on the other guy. ♦

Advertisement

NASDAQ QQQ
CROSSWORD
PUZZLE CONTEST

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

2. Contest starts September 6, 2004 and ends October 31, 2004. All contestants must be 18 years of age or older and a legal resident of the 50 United States or District of Columbia as of the date of entry.

3. One (1) entry per person. All entries must be received by October 31, 2004. All submitted entries become the property of Condé Nast Publications, Inc. and will not be acknowledged or returned.

4. Contestants may enter the contest by completing and submitting the NASDAQ Crossword Puzzle or a photocopy thereof found in the September 13, 2004 issue of *The New Yorker* along with name, address, telephone in an envelope addressed to *The New Yorker* Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. Sponsors are not responsible for entries that are late, lost, misdirected, postage due, illegible, incomplete, or mutilated. Sponsors in their sole discretion reserve the right to disqualify any person tampering with the entry process or otherwise in violation of the rules.

5. Two Grand Prize winners will be selected at random from correct puzzle entries received on or about November 1, 2004. Each Grand Prize includes round-trip coach airfare for two from a major commercial airport near winner's home in the U.S. to Miami International Airport, a three-night stay (double occupancy) at a four-star hotel, two box seat tickets to six tennis sessions at the NASDAQ-100 Open tennis tournament held March 23–April 3, 2005, in Key Biscayne, FL, dinner for two at a local Key Biscayne restaurant, and ground transportation to and from the airport. All decisions of the judges are final. Approximate retail value of each Grand Prize is $2,200, depending upon exact itinerary. Income and other taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. Winners will receive a written notification.

6. Subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Void outside of the 50 United States and District of Columbia, and where prohibited.

7. The odds of winning depend on the number of correct entries received. No substitution for prize except by Sponsors, in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted.

8. Employees of Condé Nast Publications, Inc. and NASDAQ ("Sponsors") and their immediate families are not eligible to enter.

9. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use winners' names and likenesses for editorial, advertising, and publicity purposes without further compensation, except where prohibited. The winners may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and winner and travel companion a Liability/Publicity release within 10 days of attempted date of notification or alternate winners may be chosen.

10. For names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: "NASDAQ Crossword Puzzle Contest Winners List," *The New Yorker* Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square, 21st floor, New York, NY 10036 after November 1, 2004, but before May 1, 2005.

NASDAQ - QQQ®

SHOUTS & MURMURS

RUNNING MATES

BY PAUL RUDNICK

July 7, 2004—I didn't want it to happen. I didn't see it coming. I'm a husband. I'm a father. I'm the President of the United States of America. I'm freedom's go-to guy. But today, while I was watching one of my ads, that spot attacking him for being all flippity-floppity on Iraq, I realized, beyond a shadow of a doubt: Oh, my God, I'm in love with John Kerry.

July 8, 2004—I hoped that once I'd written it down, once I could actually see the words in these most secret diary pages, my undeniable feelings would, I don't know, just somehow vanish. I mean, I've never even thought about another fellow that way, not ever—O.K., Ted Kennedy at the pool in those sopping madras trunks. I'm only human. But this is different. This is oddly . . . sacred. Those liquid, burden-of-decency basset-hound eyes. That long, luscious, Leno 'n' Lincoln jaw. That cinder-block-thick, brushed-chrome hair. Who cares what really happened in Vietnam? That dense, silvery helmet could make any nation feel safe. I'm so ashamed. And I've never felt more alive.

July 11, 2004—I couldn't keep it to myself, not one second longer. I had to tell someone I trusted absolutely, someone who I thought just might understand—Rumsfeld. I said, "Don, I have something to tell you. Something powerful. Something true. I'm madly, hopelessly, soul-quiveringly in love with John Kerry." He stared at me. Had I made a terrible mistake? And then he grasped my forearm and whispered, in that low, husky, irresistibly ruthless voice, "Mr. President—you, too?" Then he opened the briefcase he always keeps handcuffed to his wrist and showed me all of his most treasured photos—J.K. in shirtsleeves, his tie loosened; a young J.K., radiant in fatigues; J.K. at the Convention podium, offering that dashing "Reporting for duty" salute. Donald and I were clutching each other's shoulders, hopping up and down, squealing, wondering which of us he'd choose. "Oh, but you're so much smarter and tougher," I insisted. "But you were a cheerleader," he told me, ruefully. "That's true," I admitted, trying not to sound smug. "Stop smiling like that," Donald snapped, grabbing the pictures back.

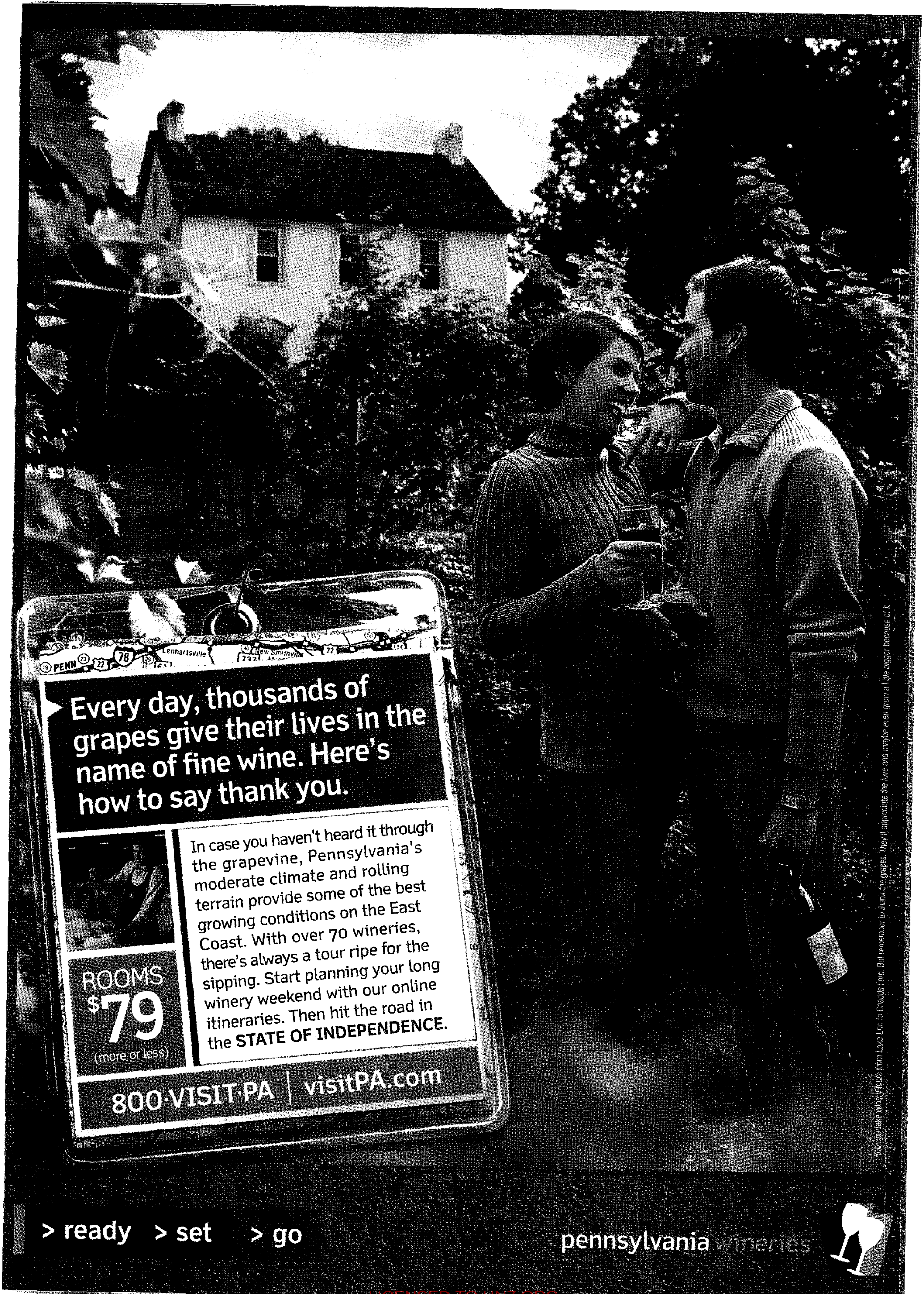
July 21, 2004—I had to tell Laura. It was the right thing, the only decent thing, to do. I knew there'd be tears, and I knew she'd need Entenmann's. But I sat her down and I said, "Babe, we've had a good, long run. You made me quit boozing, you've watched me jog, you've shown me what books are for. But we can't live a lie—I love John Kerry." She took a deep, sharp breath. Could she ever forgive me? Could she make any sort of life for herself? "That bitch," she finally hissed. "I knew it. I knew he wanted you. I'm just a small-town Texas librarian; how am I supposed to compete with that?" She called out to the twins, "Jenna! Barbara! Get in here! Your dad's in love with Kerry!" "Duh," said Barbara. "Double duh," echoed Jenna. "Should we call him Uncle John, or just Other Dad?" "Everyone in this family is a drunken pig," Laura seethed, lunging for another box of Munchkins.

August 5, 2004—I'm giddy, I'm like a child, like a butterfly, like a land mine—if only Osama could share this happiness, and soar on a jihad of love! I called my folks and I told 'em, "Mom, Dad, I'm in love with John Kerry and nothing can stop me!" There was a brief pause, and then I heard my mother say, "I win the bet." "Are you sure about this, son?" my dad asked. "Remember when you were in love with that Barbara Eden person?" "But I found out she wasn't a real genie," I protested. "John, though—he's pure magic!" Mom sighed heavily, the way she did after she found out I was elected. "Are you going to do the right thing?" my dad demanded. "Are you gonna marry him?" "Of course!" I all but sang. "I'm going to pass a constitutional amendment, just for the two of us! Nobody else! I want it to be special."

August 11, 2004—I've figured it all out—we'll be co-Presidents. We won't even need an election! Whenever we have to make a decision, like to invade the bad Korea, or to allow people to deduct servants as family members, I'll just gaze across the breakfast table and ask, "Honey, what do you think?" And he'll twinkle impishly—I'll teach him how—and he'll say, "Sweetheart, you know best." "No, *you*," I'll insist, roguishly. "Stop it," he'll pretend to bark, his eyes telling a different story. And then we'll take turns drafting policy, and if one of us disagrees we'll just cock a thumb at the other guy and chirp, "Hail to the Chief!"

August 14, 2004—There's only one thing left to do, the final step on my escalator to ecstasy: I'm going to tell him. I've got his top-secret, ultra-personal campaign cell-phone number, and I've planned it all out. If Teresa answers, I'll be really polite. I'll just say, "Could I please speak to John? And, remember, whatever happens, you're still really rich." And then he'll get on the line and I'll say playfully, "Guess who this is!" And after he tries "Will Ferrell?" or "Whoopi?" I'll blurt, "No, Silliness! It's the President!" And he'll ask, "How do I know it's really you?" And I'll say, joyfully and honestly, looking the phone straight in the eye, "Because—I love you!" And he'll gasp and then, the words aching with emotion, he'll plead, "Don't say something like that. Not unless you really mean it." "Of course I mean it," I'll declare. "I've never meant anything so much in my entire life! This morning Ashcroft asked me if I was high on painkillers!" "Oh, George," he'll coo. "I've hoped . . . I've dreamed . . . but I've never dared to imagine that you might feel this way, too! Can we head down to your ranch and pretend to clear brush together?" "Name the date!" I'll crow. It's going to be so incredible; he's gonna make me the happiest guy since, since—well, all I can say is, this is so Yale! I'm picking up the phone, I'm dialling, it's ringing, he's answering! Wish me all the lovingest luck in the world, here I go!

August 15, 2004—I hate him. ♦



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RECOLLECTIONS

SUMMER AFTERNOON

Last weeks of childhood.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

From 1933 to 1941, when I was between the ages of seven and fifteen, I spent nine summers in a big white house in the Adirondacks. The house had no electricity, no heat, and no gas for cooking, but it had a great many bedrooms, and our four-person New Jersey family ballooned to fill them. Aunts, uncles, cousins, friends of my parents (with or without children), friends of my older brother, and friends of mine came for visits of varying length, and the long, classic American summer, which began with our arrival a few days before the Fourth of July and lasted through Labor Day, became the whole of life for me.

Each morning, we drove ten miles, in three or more cars, to Westport on Lake Champlain, where we played tennis and swam, or sailed, or aquaplaned behind an ancient, breakdown-prone Chris-Craft. Then back to the Big House for lunch, served by George, our houseman, whose duties ranged from filling the kerosene lamps and hauling blocks of sawdust-covered ice for the two iceboxes to assassinating the porcupines that invaded the kitchen porch and, once or twice every summer, planted a dozen quills in the unteachably inquisitive nose of Ivan the Terrible, our moronic Labrador. After a long adult siesta, we went down to the pond, in the farmer's field below the house, where the older kids commandeered a flotilla of small boats (two rowboats, a kayak, a canoe, and various inflatables) for naval warfare, while the grownups lounged on a makeshift sand-and-grass beach and Ivan, barking non-stop, swam frantically from one capsized warship to another, trying to rescue survivors. If you let him get too close, his nails would leave deep scratches down your back; the trick was to get behind him, grab his thick, heavy tail, and let him pull you to shore. Ivan was a big presence in our summers up there, partly because he kept running away and having to be fetched, for a price, from some distant farm or household. This happened in New Jersey, too. My father once had a dream in which he spoke very sternly to Ivan after one of these escapades, saying, "Ivan, where have you been?" and Ivan replied, "I've been to Montclair."

The pond, the farm, the Big House, and the mountain behind it all belonged to the Milhollands, whom my mother had known as a child. John E. Milholland, the son of an Irish immigrant, had made a fortune around the turn of the last century by backing a system of pneumatic underground mail tubes. His system was installed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, and Chicago, and its success propelled his wife, Jean (known as Mater), into London society and sent Inez and Vida, their daughters, to Vassar and their son, John Angus, to Harvard. Old John E., who had grown up in a log cabin in the Adirondack township of Lewis, bought five thousand acres of land adjoining his ancestral home, fenced in fifteen hundred of them, which he stocked with deer and elk, and built several houses, including the Big House, whose fourteen bedrooms were meant to accommodate the international statesmen and religious leaders attending conferences at the Norman castle he was planning to build, about a third of the way up the mountain.

The castle never got built, because in 1918 Woodrow Wilson vetoed the mail-tube appropriation bill. Mail delivery reverted to the trucking industry, and Milholland's financial house of cards collapsed. But in 1910, when Milholland was still on the rise, he became friendly with my mother's father, a Southern-born journalist and lecturer who was then the editor of William Randolph Hearst's New York *Journal*, and as a result my mother's family was

The author diving into Lake Champlain, near the Big House, around 1938.

COURTESY CALVIN TOMKINS

invited to spend that summer and several succeeding ones in the Green Cottage at Meadowmount, as the Milhollands called their land.

Mother's diary for those years records many of the same activities we enjoyed more than two decades later at Meadowmount—tennis, swimming in the pond ("in corset and brassiere") and in the Bouquet River, making ice cream, playing charades or croquet or Run Sheep Run with visiting friends and relatives—along with her recurrent anxieties over whether she would ever be attractive to boys.

She was fascinated by the beautiful and imperious Inez Milholland, a recent Vassar graduate, who would soon emerge as a militant advocate for women's suffrage. Sex to her was a distant and threatening mystery. "Watched a black fly sitting on the back of another," she writes in 1912, "and am pretty sure and afraid that there must be some such contact between man and woman—it worries me—I dread it—but maybe not when I know."

Her childhood diaries break off seven years later, on the eve of her wartime marriage to my father, a newly commissioned lieutenant in the U.S. Army's aviation branch, and she has not yet let him kiss her on the lips. "I understand, dear," he tells her (in the next-to-last entry), when she says she wants to wait until their wedding night. "Those are the things you say that make me love you." They worked it out somehow. My father survived the war, and their fifty-nine-year marriage always seemed pretty alive to me, in spite of widely spaced alcoholic collapses on his part and mother's Victorian morals, which, he complained, allowed her to undress at night in front of an open window but never in front of him.

I sometimes wonder if my brother and I, who logged seven marriages between us, were any less burdened by residual Puritan codes than our mother had been. From the age of eleven on, at any rate, my erotic daydreams seemed to elicit as much guilt as pleasure. Most of them centered on Margaret Layton. The Laytons (I've changed their names here) lived next door to us in suburban New Jersey, and Chip Layton was my closest friend, so I could never let on that I had impure thoughts about his kid sister. When I was thirteen and Maggie was a year younger, we used to horse around on her living-room sofa, trying to tickle each other, until one day she got up suddenly and left, and we never played that game again. I think I fell in love with her then, although I vowed to myself, and to the little five-year diary I started keeping, that "I have no more craving for Maggie. I don't even like her and am trying to avoid her. My chief interest is firearms." I still dreamed, though, of getting her to Meadowmount in the summer.

That next summer—the summer of 1940, when I was fourteen—I was mad for horses. My father rented two from a stable in Westport, and a local carpenter built stalls for them in a shed behind the Big House. I cleaned out the stalls and fed and watered the horses before breakfast, and brushed their coats and tails and checked their hooves for stones, and in the afternoons I rode all over the countryside on dirt roads. Lucy Sharpe, a black mare nearly seventeen hands high, was a retired trotter; we were told she had won a lot of harness races at county fairs. She was actually what they called a single-footer, and when she settled into that amazing gait you just sat on her back and did nothing at all, no posting or anything, the movement was so smooth. The other horse was a much smaller brown-and-white pinto named Trixie. When my father rode with me—he came up from the city on weekends in July, and spent three weeks with us in August—he'd take Lucy Sharpe and I'd be on Trixie, but whenever I could I rode Lucy. My father ran his own business, a building-materials firm with an office in Manhattan and a factory in Newark; it was successful enough to pull us and several other family members through the Depression, but I often had the feeling that he would rather have done something else. People said Dad looked like Clark Gable. He was good at many things, including tennis and business, but he liked to quote what Samuel Johnson was supposed to have said to a widow whose husband had just died, leaving her his small print shop and nothing else: "Do not worry, madam, for if business were difficult, those who do it could not."

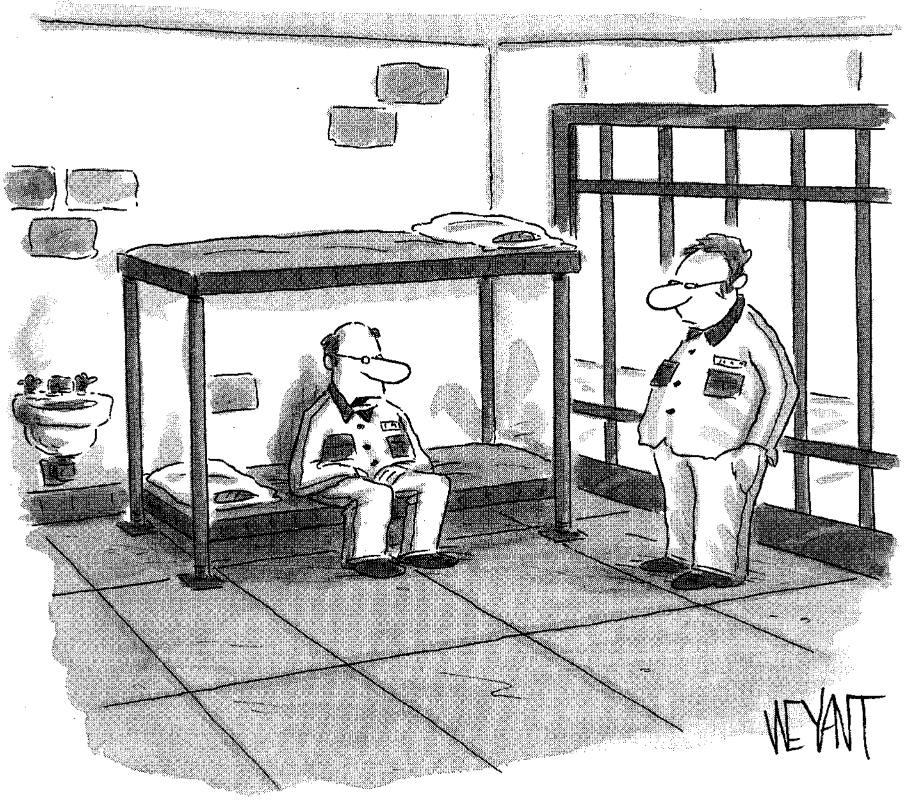
My brother Fred, who was seven years older than I was, had a driver's license, and spent his time in a tan Buick convertible named Herman, which he'd persuaded our parents to buy him, secondhand, for his nineteenth birthday. He had girlfriends in Westport, and they drank Cuba libres, and batted around on the country roads with the top down and Fred sitting up on Herman's backrest steering with his feet—he called it "Huguenauting," for reasons I never questioned.

All that summer, I petitioned to get the Layton kids to Meadowmount. Their summer place was in Vermont, across Lake Champlain. I wrote a couple of letters to Chip and one to Maggie, who wrote back. There was a hut in the pine woods about fifty yards from the Big House, a real log cabin, with two cots and extended families of mice, and I told Maggie that she and I could sleep out in it. She wrote, in her round schoolgirl capitals, that she, too, looked forward to our sleeping in the hut "togeather," and for some reason the misspelling struck me as incredibly intimate. My mother did invite the Laytons to visit, but Chip didn't want to leave Vermont, and I could hardly ask Maggie to come alone.

The summer after that was our last one at Meadowmount. Pearl Harbor had closed down our childhood. Fred was planning to enlist in the Army at the end of July—he'd been rejected by the Air Force because he was colorblind—but he would have three weeks in the Big House with us and so would his fiancée, whose gluelike adhesion to him made us all uncomfortable. Mother confided her own thoughts to the journal that she had started keeping again, after a thirty-year hiatus, because she was afraid that our life as a family was ending. She found herself "trying to imprint every last thing about Fred, indelibly, on my mind—his infectious laugh, his expressive face, his beautiful bronzed body, his tenderness, his affectionate nature, his clear hazel eyes, his huge, knotty hands, the scar on his cheek which becomes a dimple when he smiles."

One of the surprises in reading my mother's later journals, which I finally did only a few years ago, was finding that she had a favorite son and it wasn't me. Fred is "the spirit of the house"—reckless and irresponsible, and also generous, tenderhearted, and loving. He'd been kicked out of Exeter, for drinking, and out of Williams College, in his freshman year, for cutting all his chemistry labs, but he was always eager (too eager, I thought) to admit his mistakes and promise he'd do better. In Mother's diary, Tad (my nickname) is steady and reliable, but reserved, and "selfish" in his relations to the family. Some of this had to do with my stuttering. The childhood stammer that my parents and my third-grade teacher once considered charming had become a humiliating handicap, and the worst blockages, the times when I'd struggle and turn red and no sound would come out, always happened around my father. Dad's effortless authority and his dry, somewhat sarcastic wit intimidated me, because I was so sure I could never match it, but on the other hand my stutter seems to have intimidated him—a primary cause for it right there.

I kept to myself a lot that summer. I'd get up at six, go downstairs, and wait for George, the houseman, to finish setting the table for breakfast so that he could play tiddledywinks with me on the living-room rug. I always won. It's the only game for which I've shown a pronounced natural talent. George was the ideal opponent, an ever-hopeful but unembittered loser. "The sign of the sea spider is on you," he'd say, pointing a long finger as I defied his curse and rattled my last red chip into the cup. After breakfast, I'd head for the stable, which now housed my own glossy bay mare, a fifteenth-birthday present from my parents. Her name was Bohemian Girl.



"So much for listening to one's muse."

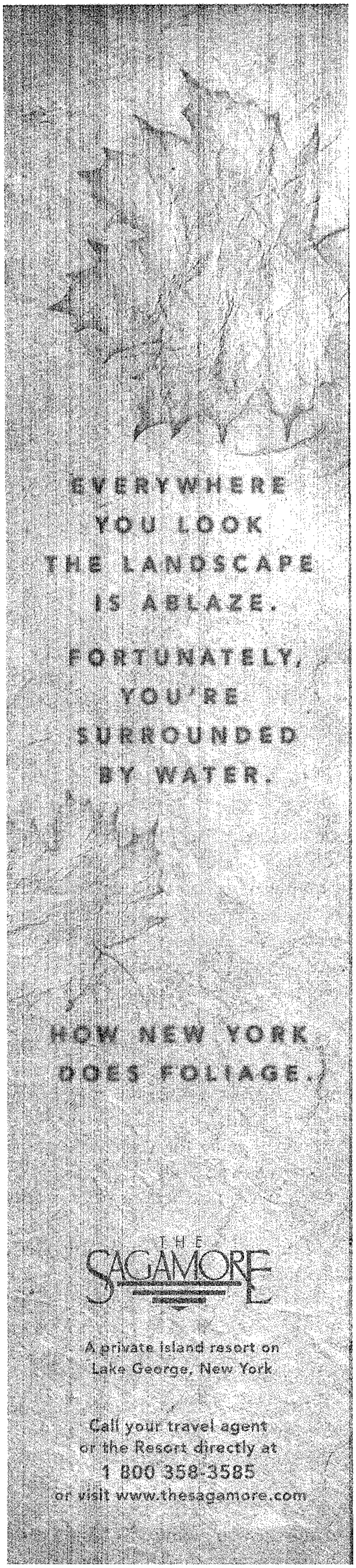
She was introspective and moody, like me, and I was training her to jump over low brush piles, in the meadow that lay about a hundred yards up the mountain behind the Big House.

Fred left on July 27th, to enlist in the Army. Mother wept "endlessly," according to her diary, although I never saw her in tears—I kept my distance. It pains me to read the recurring references to my selfishness in her journals, but there is some consolation in knowing that at the end of her life it was to me that she entrusted the nearly three thousand pages of yellow foolscap, I guess because I was more "responsible," and had become a writer. "Tad is buoyant and obstreperous," she writes on August 6th, "and I know the answer—Fred Sr's absence makes him less anxious and less conscious of his difficult speech, and Fred Jr's absence leaves him head of the household, top man." But there was another reason. Chip and Maggie Layton were arriving on the twelfth, for a five-day visit. Mrs. Layton drove them down from Vermont, and stayed the night. Chip and I broke out our private jokes and secret handshakes, and more or less ignored Maggie, who retaliated by acting mature and sticking close to her beautiful, serene mother. Vida Milholland, Inez's sister, came over for dinner that night. A ruddy, ample, exuberant woman who lived in a cottage on the other side of the mountain, Vida had abandoned a career as an opera singer after Inez's early death in 1916, but she sang whenever she was asked, and after dinner that evening she gave us an hour-long concert, accompanied by my mother on the piano. She had a big, dramatic voice, which was always overshadowed, for me, by her ability to keep smiling beatifically the whole time. I'd warned Chip about that, which made him highly susceptible. Vida got through "Plaisir d'Amour" without our breaking up, but after that we fled to the hut and spent the night there, smoking my cache of stolen Lucky Strikes, imitating Vida's smile, and gasping with laughter.

Before breakfast the next morning, Mother took me aside and said Chip and I had to be more considerate of Maggie. She was my guest, too, and we should include her in our activities. This seemed like the perfect opening for me to suggest, magnanimously, that tonight I would sleep out in the hut with Maggie. Mother smiled. We couldn't do that, she said. Certain conventions had to be respected because otherwise people would be upset, and one of the conventions was that boys and girls who weren't related to each other didn't sleep together in huts. "Who would be upset?" I asked, sounding pretty upset myself.

"Well, your grandmother would be," Mother said. I still didn't understand, or claimed not to, but when it became clear that my increasingly querulous arguments weren't making a dent in Mother's gentle opposition, I stamped out of the room, embarrassingly close to tears. I went to the stable and began rebrushing Bo's lustrous coat, which I had already brushed before breakfast. Bo danced away from the punitive brushstrokes, snorting and looking around to see what was going on. Five minutes later, Maggie appeared at the stable door, without Chip, and asked if I needed any help. Maggie had her own pony in Vermont, and her bedroom walls at home were plastered with illustrations of Arabians and Appaloosas, but for some reason it hadn't occurred to me that Bo might provide a link to Maggie and a barrier to Chip, who thought horses were stupid and boring. I let her comb out Bo's mane and tail, and the tension I'd been feeling around her since she and Chip arrived drained away. By the time we all got in the station wagon to go to Westport that morning, Maggie and I were kidding around and giving each other Indian burns, and Chip, moving away from us on the back seat, had his nose in "Les Misérables," the book he'd unwisely selected from the school summer-reading list without checking the number of pages.

As a tennis partner, Maggie had drawbacks. She rushed around the court with great enthusiasm but little finesse, flubbing balls right and left and doubling over with laughter when she swung and missed one entirely. She had a boisterous laugh that I sometimes found quite irritating. Maggie and I played doubles against my mother and Chip, and they beat us easily. Being a sore loser, I blamed Mag-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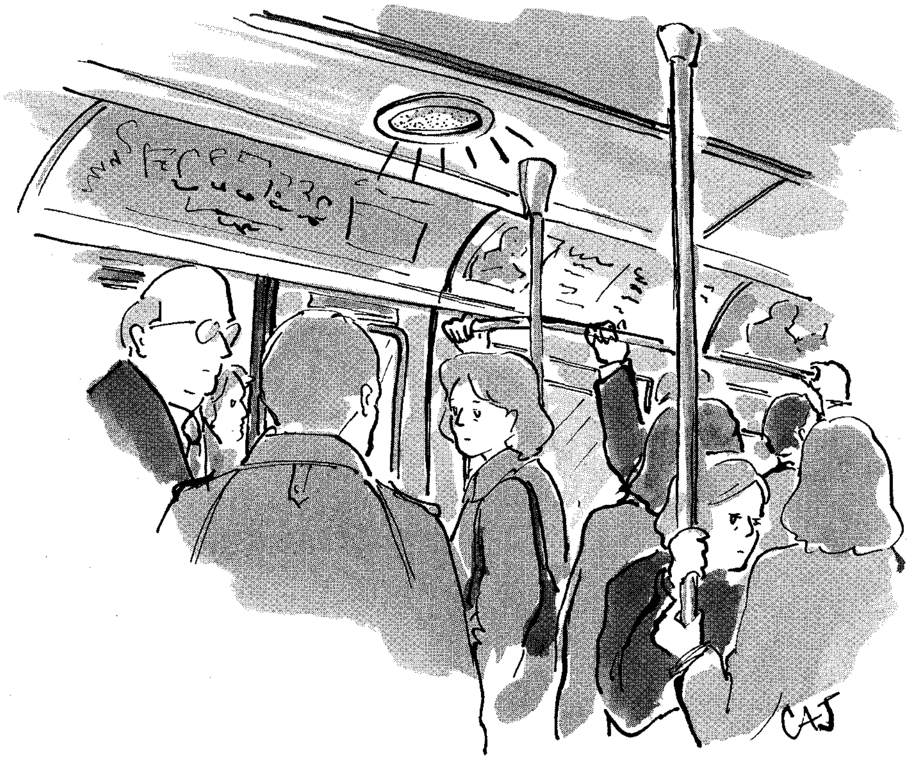


"Owing to a bomb scare at Times Square, we're being held in the station. Please remain numb."

• •

gie and went back to ignoring her on the way home. At lunch, though, I kept sneaking looks at her across the table. Maggie was pretty in a completely unself-conscious way. She had her mother's gray-green eyes and thick eyebrows, but not her mother's pale-gold hair; Maggie's hair was light brown and thick, and she wore it in a long braid that reached below the middle of her back. She had perfect skin, lightly tanned, with no freckles and two small moles that I knew well, one on her neck and the other on her left shoulder, visible when she wore a bathing suit.

Chip and I ganged up on Maggie at the pond that afternoon. We splashed her and capsized whatever boat she was in and pushed her off the dock when she wasn't looking, and she fought back gamely for a while, pushing each of us off the dock a couple of times. She was almost as strong as we were. Eventually, she got tired of the rough stuff, and went off and threw a soggy tennis ball for Ivan, who had retired from lifesaving the year before. Chip and I dove in and came up under the overturned canoe, and stayed there for a while, hanging on to the crossbraces and talking. Mother, who hated it when Fred did this, sent Maggie out to make sure we hadn't drowned. She surfaced under the canoe, and we all hung there for a minute or so, my legs casually brushing Maggie's underwater, but then, conscientious as always, she swam off to reassure Mother.

I had planned to take Bo to the upper meadow in the late afternoon so Maggie (and Chip, if he came) could watch me putting her over the jumps, but while we were still at the pond black clouds piled up and ended the dazzling weather we'd been having for more than a week. We barely made it back to the Big House before the storm hit—sheets of rain, with high winds and rolling thunder. It rained all night. Mother let me light the fire in the huge living-room fireplace, and after supper we toasted marshmallows. Ivan managed to steal one of them; his facial contortions, trying to get the sticky stuff off his teeth, convulsed Chip. It kept raining, off and on, for the next two days. We wore sweaters, and played indoor games: slapjack, Chinese checkers, Go Fish. Maggie would usually come out to the stable when I fed Bo or cleaned her stall. Afterward we'd sit on a bale of hay for a while, not saying much.

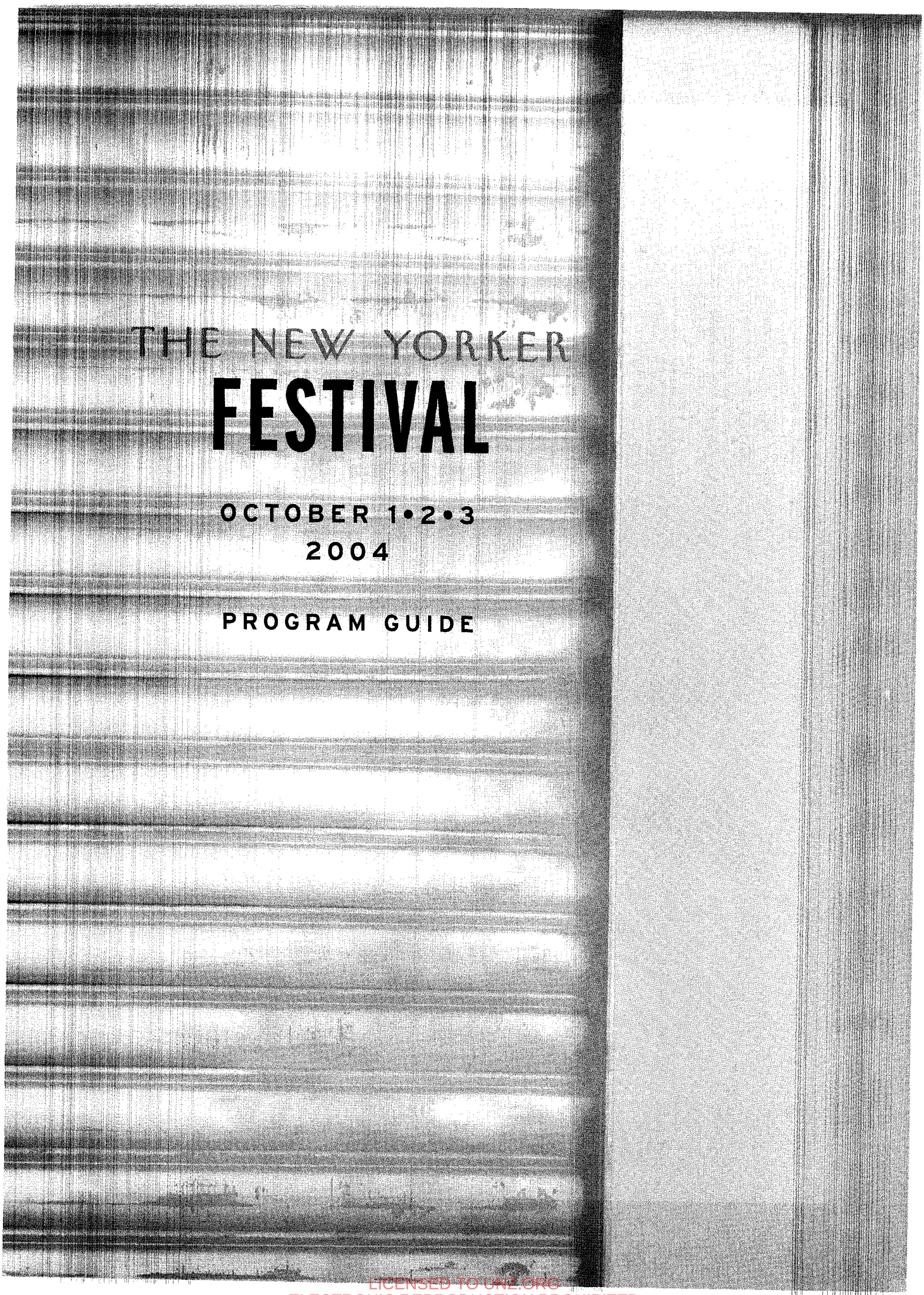
On Saturday afternoon, Mother dropped the three of us at the movie house in Westport while she did the grocery shopping. When we walked outside after the movie, the clouds were breaking up and the sun was trying to get through. Suddenly euphoric, we raced to where Mother was waiting in the station wagon, jumping over benches and running in circles and picking up clumps of wet leaves to throw at each other.

There was no tennis the next morning—the red clay courts were too soft from the rain—so we went to the pond. After lunch, I announced that Bo hadn't been exercised for three days, and I was taking her up to the meadow for a long workout. "Can I come?" Maggie asked eagerly.

"O.K.," I said. I looked at Chip, and said, "How ab-ab-about it?" Chip shook his head emphatically, and said he had to read his damned book. As Maggie and I headed off to the stable, Mother reminded us that Maggie wasn't used to being on a full-sized horse and shouldn't go over any jumps. I told Mother to keep Ivan in the house until we got back. Ivan loved going to the meadow, but he barked and ran between Bo's legs, and sometimes got himself kicked.

My memory of the rest of this day may be somewhat unreliable, for a reason that will be obvious. The trail up there was narrow and fairly steep. I walked in front, leading Bo, who was skittish after three days of idleness. She held her head very high and shied at everything that moved, including butterflies. It was one of those August days after rain when gusts of furious wind keep invading the stillness. I didn't talk to Maggie until we came out of the dense stands of hemlock and white pine and into the wide meadow, under the bluest sky in the history of the world.

I rode first, explaining that I wanted to calm Bo down. Maggie wrinkled her nose to indicate that this wasn't neces-



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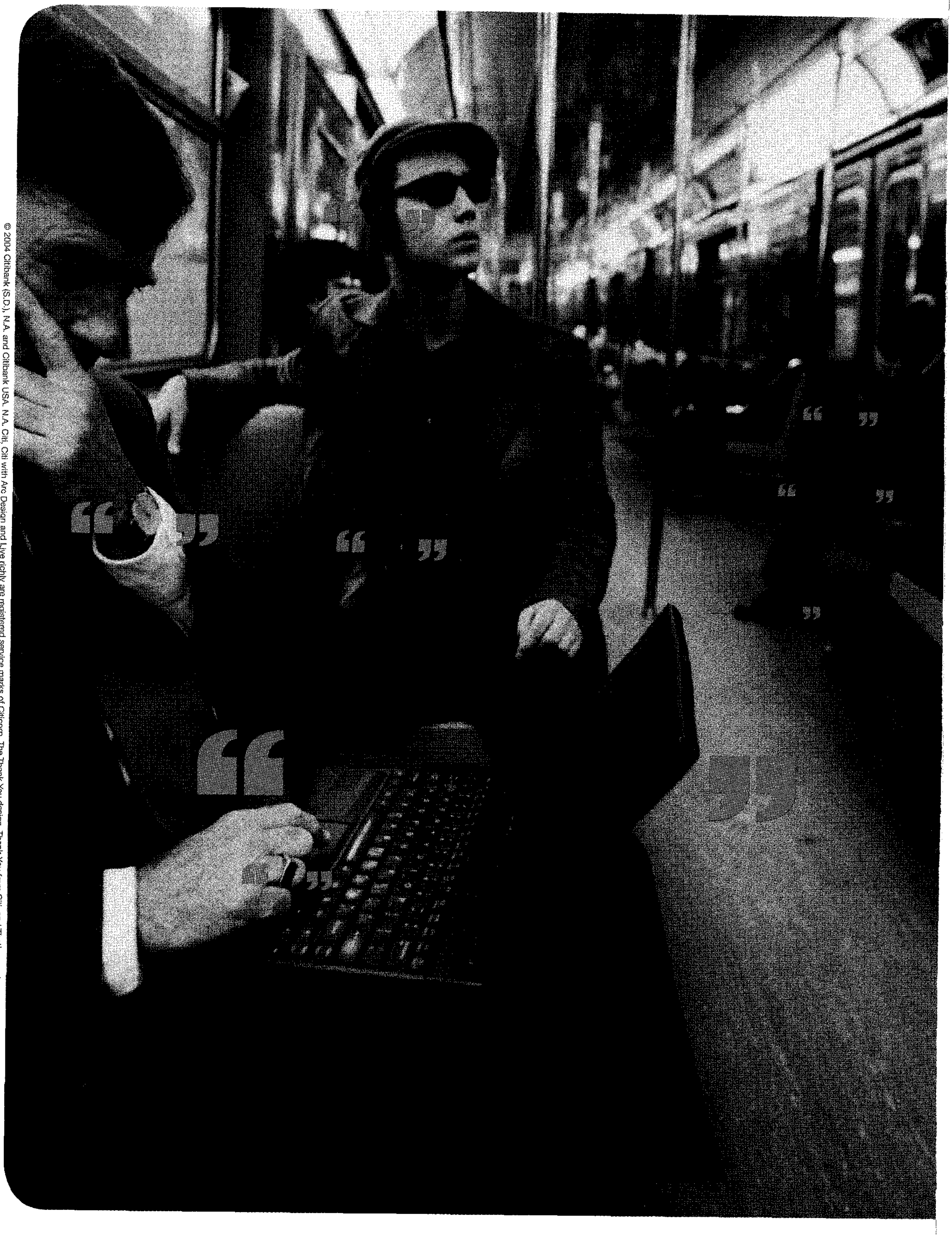

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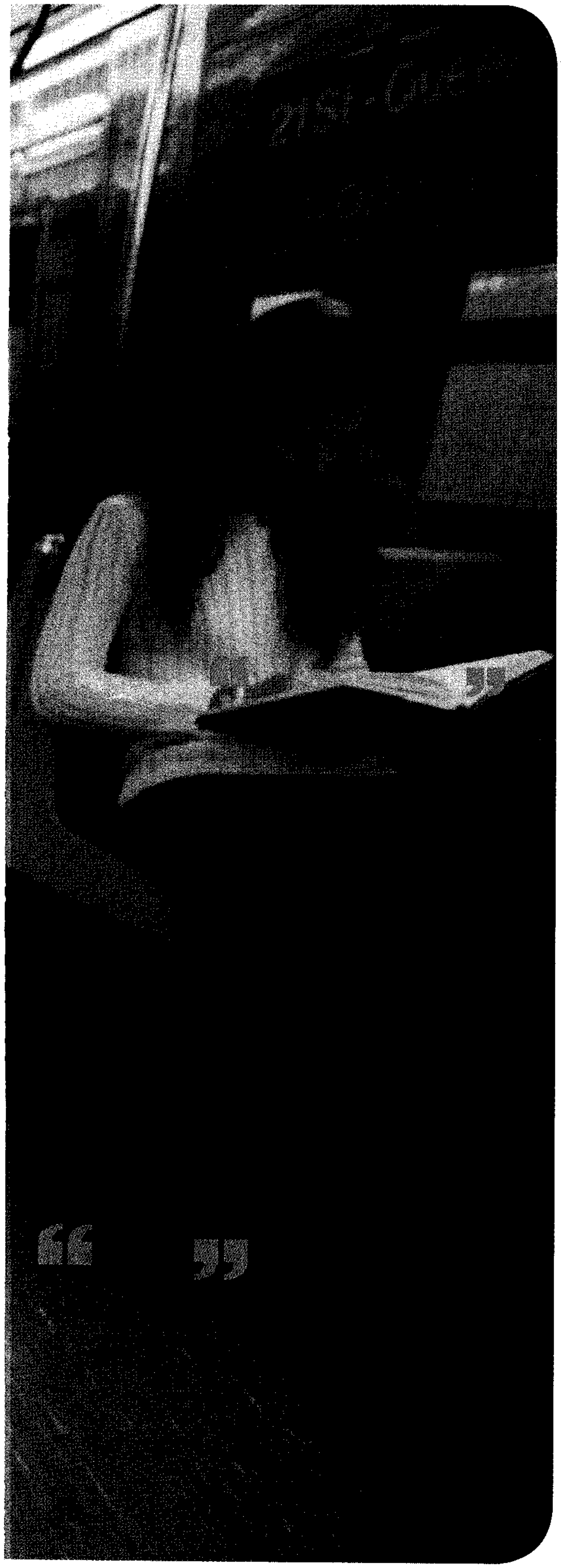

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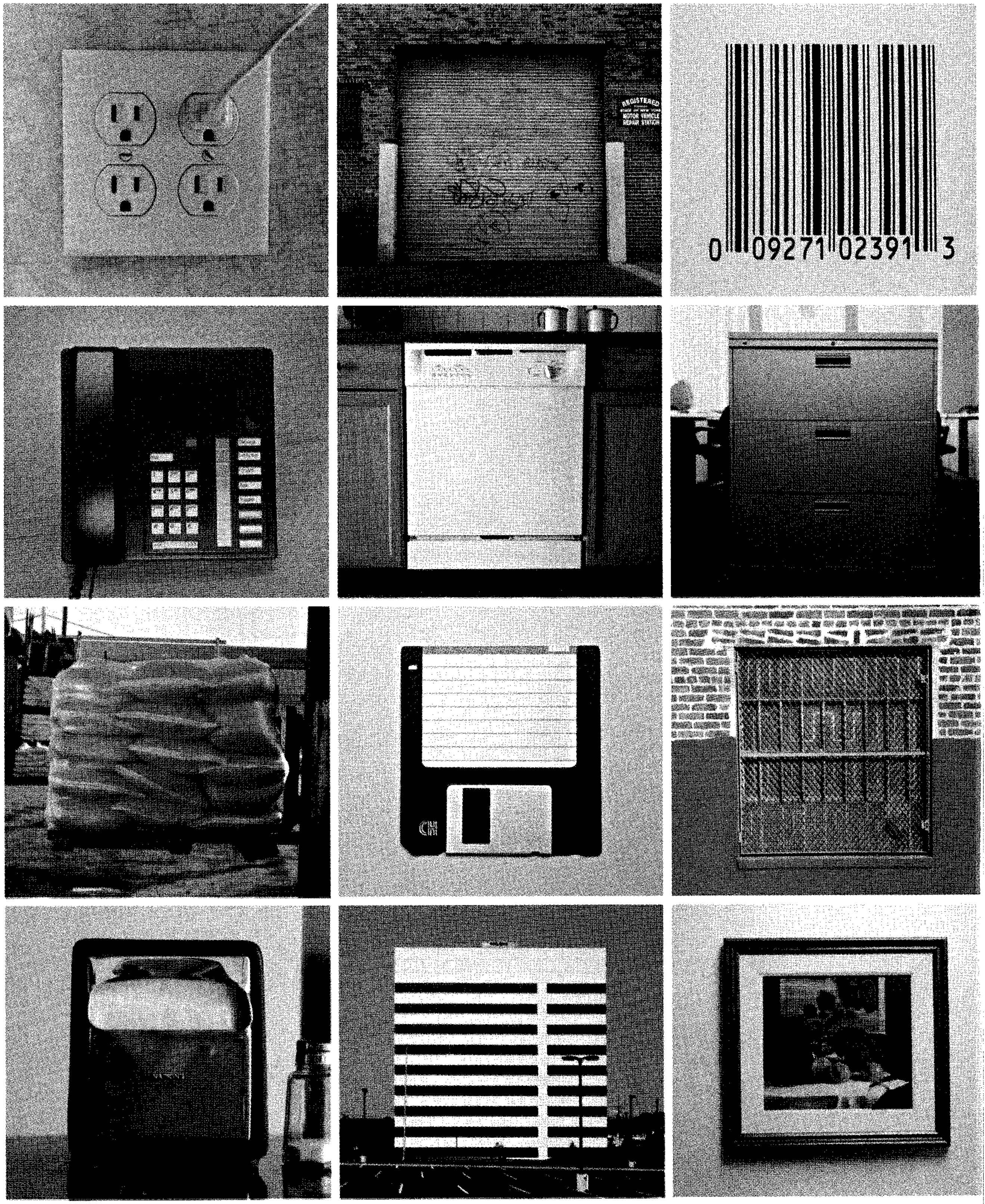
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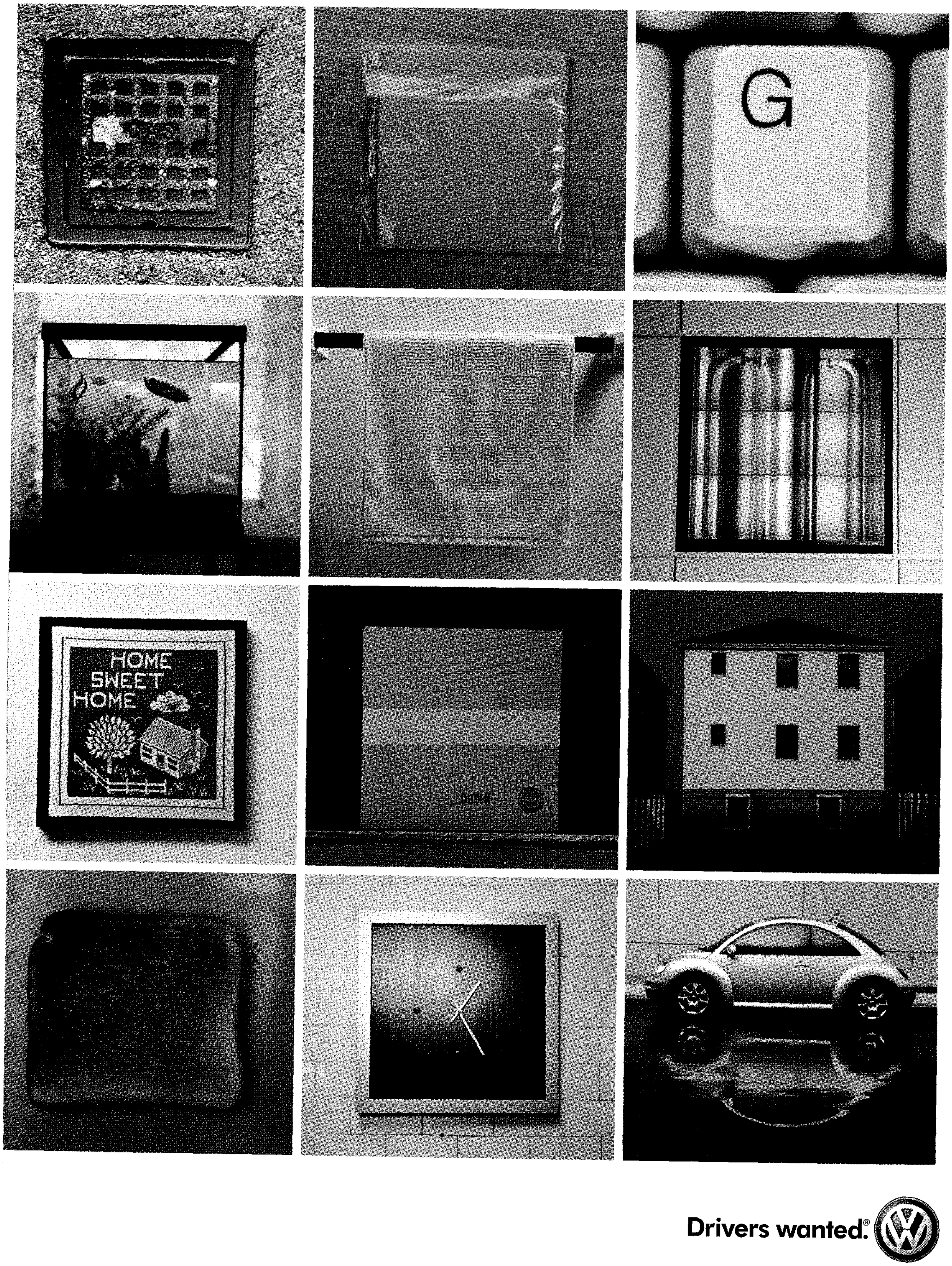
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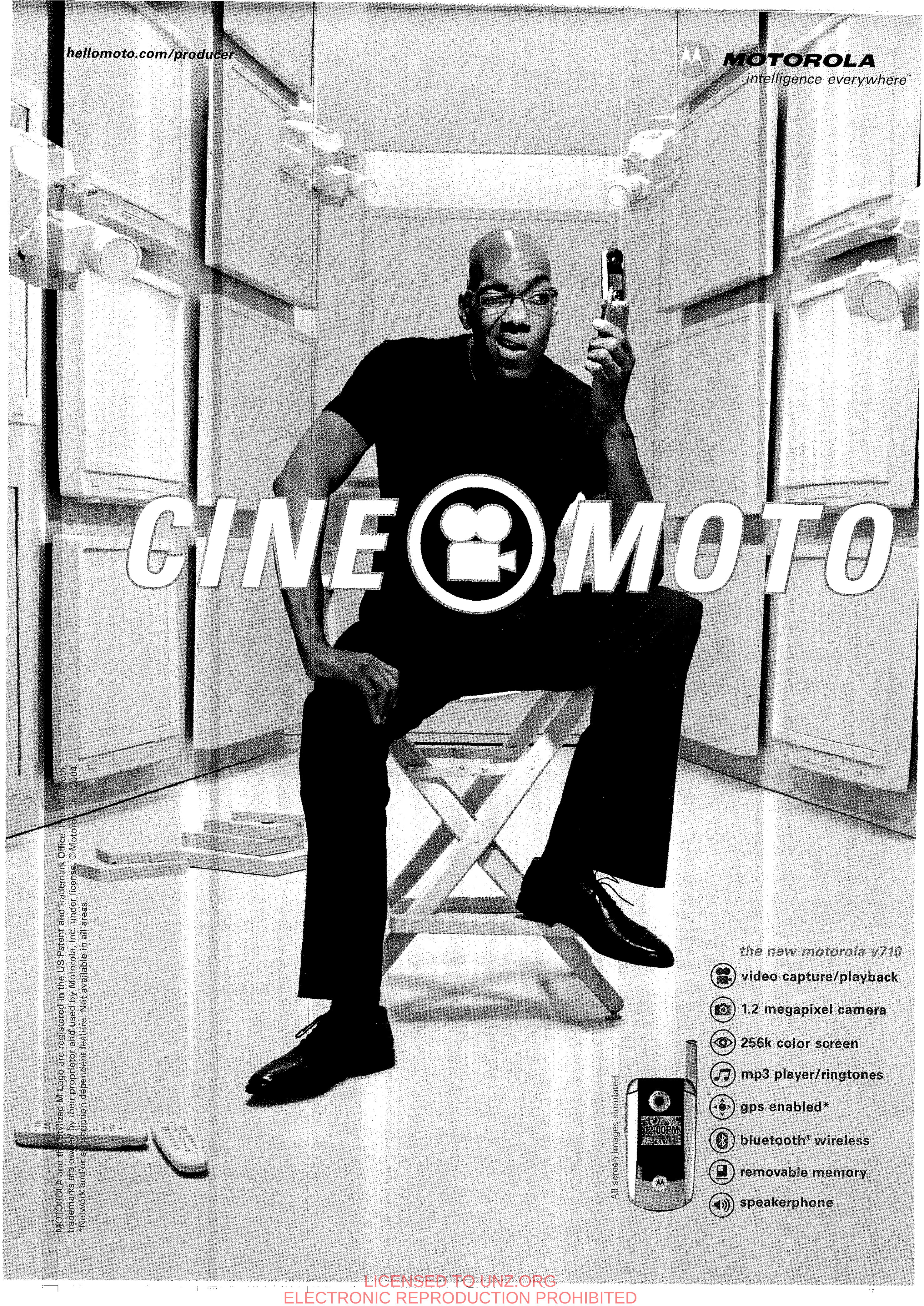
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WELCOME BACK

THE [illegible]

The fifth annual New Yorker Festival, a weekend celebration of arts and ideas, returns October 1st through October 3rd, once again offering an eclectic lineup of readings, talks, discussions, and excursions with some of today's most gifted and provocative writers, artists, filmmakers, actors, comedians, cartoonists, gourmands, journalists, and statesmen. This year's Festival puts a special emphasis on politics and the extraordinary world events of the past year, with discussions ranging from prospects for peace in the Middle East to the race for President.

Friday is Fiction Night, showcasing established *New Yorker* contributors like Salman Rushdie, Lorrie Moore, E. L. Doctorow, and Martin Amis, along with rising stars such as Lara Vapnyar, Jonathan Safran Foer, and Nicole Krauss, to name a few. For the nonfiction portion of the evening, the magazine's veteran investigative reporter Seymour M. Hersh discusses the war in Iraq with *The New Yorker's* editor, David Remnick, at Town Hall.

On Saturday, *New Yorker* writers and editors sit down with the cultural figures who enlighten and entertain us. As the Presidential campaign enters its final weeks, Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings, and Dan Rather analyze campaign media coverage; bi-partisan panels address political advertising and the future of neoconservatism; other panels focus on the political power of art, literature, and rock and hip-hop. Interviews, both early and late, bring out directors (Wes Anderson, Sir Richard Eyre), musicians (Cat Power, Kate and Anna McGarrigle), actors (Jamie Foxx, Frances McDormand), the Flying Karamazov Brothers, in a special performance as well, and more.

Sunday, the final day of the Festival, offers several About Town excursions, including Calvin Trillin's popular walking tour of Chinatown cum dim-sum feast; a ride on the famous Coney Island Cyclone roller-coaster followed by some of the best Brooklyn pizza; and a bagels and lox breakfast with Mark Morris. There are master classes in humor writing, fiction, and illustration; a convocation of *New Yorker* humorists; and a free screening of "Duck Soup" with the *New Yorker* film critic Anthony Lane.

Find all the details on the following pages . . .

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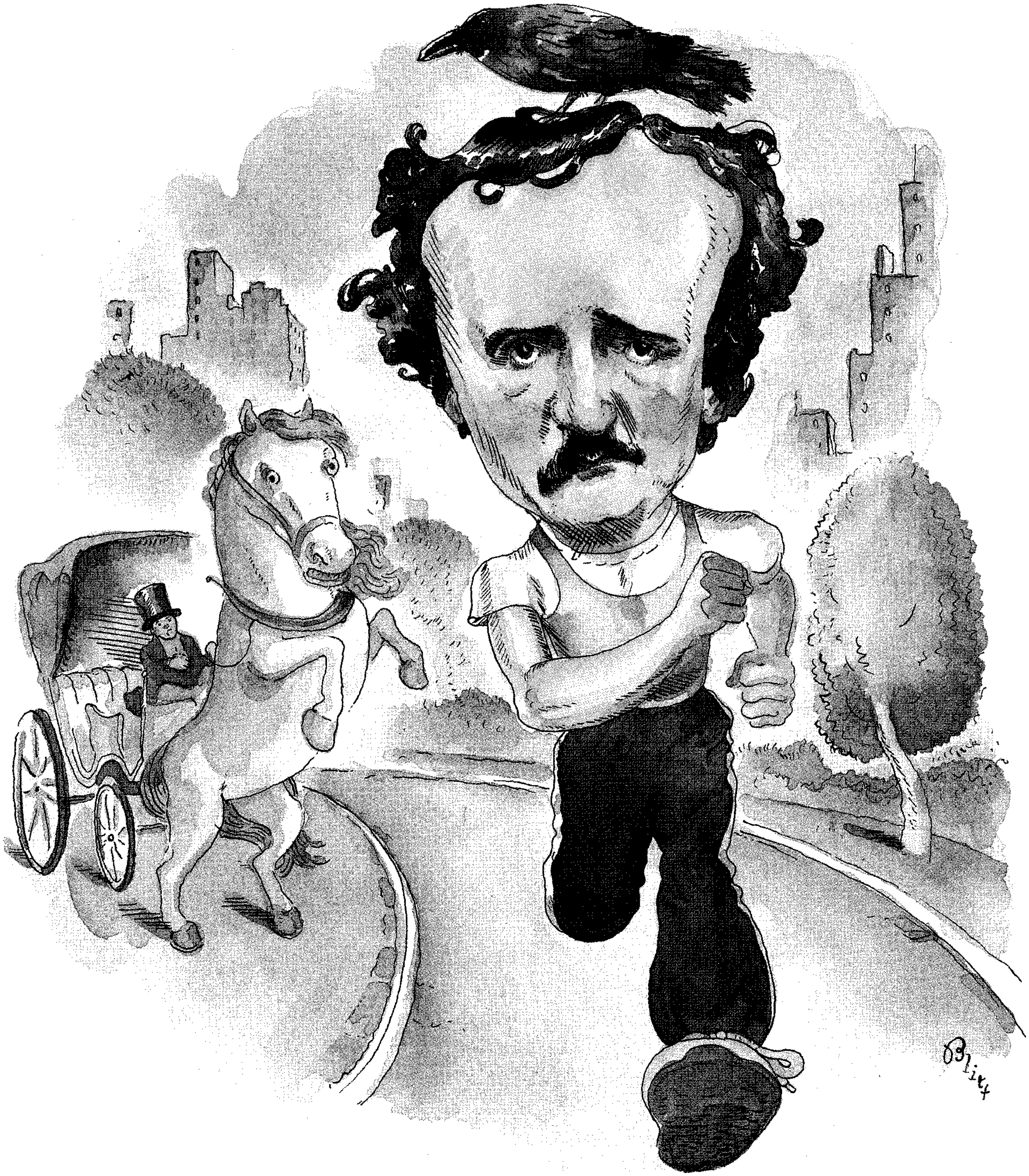

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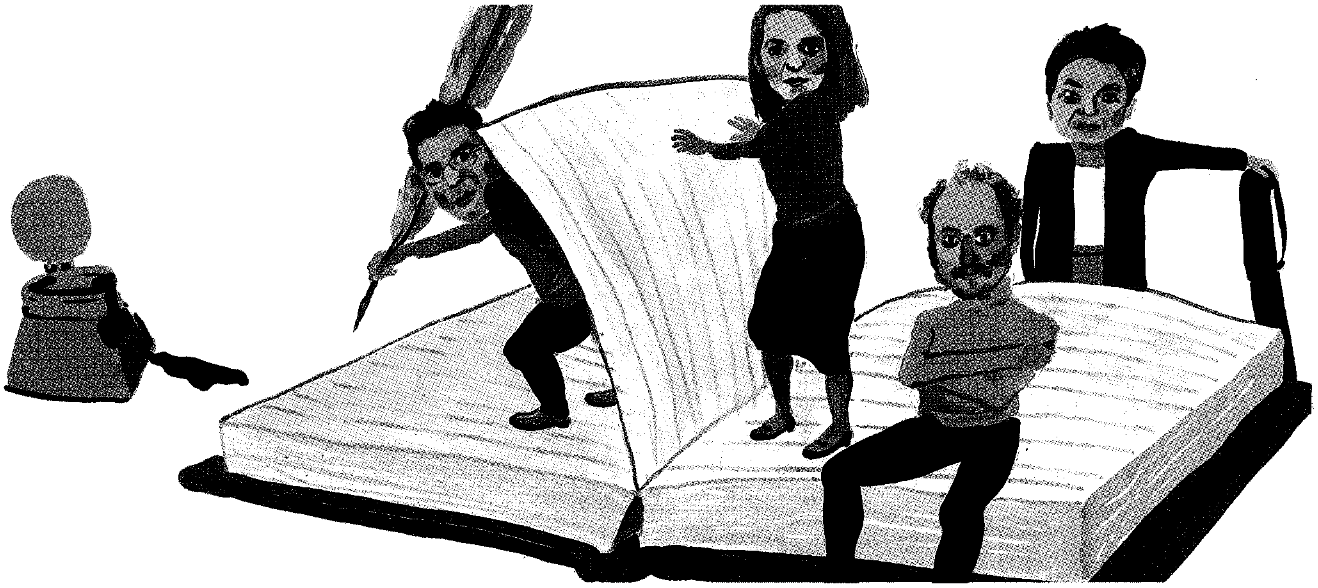
An evening of paired readings by writers whose work has appeared in The New Yorker. Tickets are $15. A conversation between Seymour M. Hersh and David Remnick at Town Hall. Tickets are $25.



Jonathan Safran Foer, Lorrie Moore, Jeffrey Eugenides, and Chang-rae Lee

FICTION NIGHT

Jonathan Safran Foer and Martin Amis

Jonathan Safran Foer made his fiction début in *The New Yorker's* 2001 Summer Fiction Issue with "The Very Rigid Search," which was part of his first novel, "Everything Is Illuminated." The editor of the anthology "A Convergence of Birds: Original Fiction and Poetry Inspired by the Work of Joseph Cornell," he is currently collecting blank sheets of paper from writers for his Empty Page Project and working on a second novel, "Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close."

Martin Amis is the author of numerous books, among them the novels "Money," "London Fields," "The Information," and "Yellow Dog"; "The War Against Cliché: Essays and Reviews 1971-2000"; and "Experience: A Memoir." "Vintage Amis," a collection of excerpts from his fiction and nonfiction, was published in January. He has been contributing to *The New Yorker* since 1992; his most recent story, "In the Palace of the End," appeared in the March 15th issue.

7 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Tessa Hadley and Tobias Wolff

Tessa Hadley published her first work of fiction, "Accidents in the Home," at the age of forty-five, three months after her critical study "Henry James and the Imagination of Pleasure" came out. A second novel, "Everything Will Be All Right," was published the following year, in 2003. She teaches English and creative writing at Bath Spa University College and is currently working on a third novel and on a play, "The Wendy House," for BBC Radio. Her most recent *New Yorker* story, "Mother's Son," appeared in the August 30th issue.

Tobias Wolff is the author of two memoirs—"This Boy's Life," which won a Los Angeles Times Book Prize for Biography and was adapted for film, and "In Pharaoh's Army: Memories of the Lost War"—a novella, "The Barracks Thief," which won a PEN / Faulkner Award for Fiction; three short-story collections, among them "The Night in Question"; and a novel, "Old School," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. He was the editor of "The Best American Short Stories 1994."

7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Jhumpa Lahiri and E. L. Doctorow

Jhumpa Lahiri's début short-story collection, "Interpreter of Maladies," won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and the Hemingway Foundation / PEN Award for a first book of fiction in 2000. *The New Yorker* won a National Magazine Award for Fiction the same year for her story "The Third and Final Continent." Her first novel, "The Namesake," parts of which first ran in the magazine, was published last year. Her most recent *New Yorker* story, "Hell-Heaven," appeared in the May 24th issue.

E. L. Doctorow's many books include the novels "Welcome to Hard Times," "The Book of Daniel," "Ragtime," "City of God," "World's Fair," which won a National Book Award, and "Billy Bathgate," which won a National Book Critics Circle Award; the essay collection "Reporting the Universe"; and, most recently, the story collection "Sweet Land Stories," which includes four stories that first appeared in *The New Yorker*. He was awarded a National Humanities Medal in 1998.

7 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

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FRIDAY | OCTOBER 1 | 2004

Antonya Nelson and Jeffrey Eugenides

Antonya Nelson is the author of the novels "Talking in Bed," "Nobody's Girl," and "Living to Tell," and of many short-story collections, among them "In the Land of Men," "Family Terrorists," "The Expendables," and "Female Trouble." She has received a Rea Award for the Short Story and a Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction, among many other prizes. A contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1991, her most recent story, "Eminent Domain," appeared in the January 26th issue.

Jeffrey Eugenides is the author of the novels "The Virgin Suicides," which was made into a feature film directed by Sofia Coppola, and "Middlesex," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, and which won the 2003 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction. He is at work on a third novel.

7 P.M. Crash Mansion
199 Bowery

ZZ Packer and Lorrie Moore

ZZ Packer made her fiction début in *The New Yorker's* 2000 Summer Fiction Issue with "Drinking Coffee Elsewhere," the title story of her first collection of stories. Her work has been anthologized in "The Best American Short Stories 2000" and "25 and Under: Fiction." She is the recipient of a Whiting Writers' Award and a Rona Jaffe Foundation Writers' Award.

Lorrie Moore, a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1989, is the author of the novels "Who Will Run the Frog Hospital?" and "Anagrams"; the story collections "Self-Help," "Like Life," and "Birds of America," which won the Irish Times International Fiction Prize; and a children's book, "The Forgotten Helper: A Christmas Story." She is this year's editor of "The Best American Short Stories," and has taught at the University of Wisconsin at Madison since 1984.

7 P.M. Altman Building
135 West 18th Street

Lara Vapnyar and Tatyana Tolstaya

Lara Vapnyar immigrated to the United States from Russia in 1994 and made her fiction début in *The New Yorker's* 2003 Début Fiction Issue. "There Are Jews in My House," her first collection of stories, was published last year and will be released in paperback in December. Her most recent *New Yorker* story, "Broccoli," appeared in the January 5th issue.

Tatyana Tolstaya and Lara Vapnyar

Tatyana Tolstaya is the author of the story collections "On the Golden Porch" and "Sleepwalker in a Fog"; a novel, "The Slynx"; and a book of essays, "Pushkin's Children: Writing on Russia and Russians." She was born in St. Petersburg.

7 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street

Sherman Alexie and Dave Eggers

Sherman Alexie grew up on the Spokane Indian Reservation, in Wellpinit, Washington. His several books include the short-story collection "Ten Little Indians," which was released in paperback in April, and the story and poetry collections "The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven," which he adapted for the film "Smoke Signals," and "The Business of Fancydancing," which he adapted for film and also directed.

Dave Eggers is the author of the memoir "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, and the novel "You Shall Know Our Velocity!" His first collection of stories, "How We Are Hungry," was released in August. He is the editor of "The Best American Nonrequired Reading 2003" and the founder of the publishing house McSweeney's.

9:30 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Donald Antrim and Zadie Smith

Donald Antrim is the author of the novels "Elect Mr. Robinson for a Better World," "The Hundred Brothers," and "The Verificationist." He is currently working on a memoir about his relationship with his late mother, parts of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*, including his most recent piece, "The Kimono," which ran in the March 15th issue.

Zadie Smith's first novel, "White Teeth," won numerous prizes, including the Whitbread First Novel Award and the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for Fiction, and was adapted for a four-part television series; her second novel, "The Autograph Man," won the Jewish Quarterly Wingate Literary Prize. She is at work on a third.

9:30 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street

Edwidge Danticat and Chang-rae Lee

Edwidge Danticat's books include the novels "Breath, Eyes, Memory"; "The Farming of Bones," which received an American Book Award in 1999; and "The Dew Breaker," which was published this year; and the story collection "Krik? Krak!," which was nominated for a National Book Award. Her

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work has been translated into twelve languages.

Chang-rae Lee is the author of the novels "Native Speaker," which won a Hemingway Foundation / PEN Award for a first book of fiction and an American Book Award; "A Gesture Life"; and "Aloft," which came out in March. A contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1995, his story "Daisy," part of "Aloft," appeared in the January 12th issue.

9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Nicole Krauss and Salman Rushdie

Nicole Krauss's first novel, "Man Walks Into a Room," was published in 2002. Her first story for *The New Yorker*, "The Last Words on Earth," appeared in the February 9th issue. She is at work on a second novel.

Salman Rushdie's many novels include "The Moor's Last Sigh," "The Satanic Verses" (each of which won a Whitbread Novel Award), "Shame," "The Ground Beneath Her Feet," "Fury," and "Midnight's Children," which won the Booker Prize for Fiction and also the Booker of Bookers Prize, a special award celebrating the Booker Prize for Fiction's 25th anniversary. His other books include "Step Across This Line: Collected Nonfiction 1992-2002" and a children's book, "Haroun and the Sea of Stories."

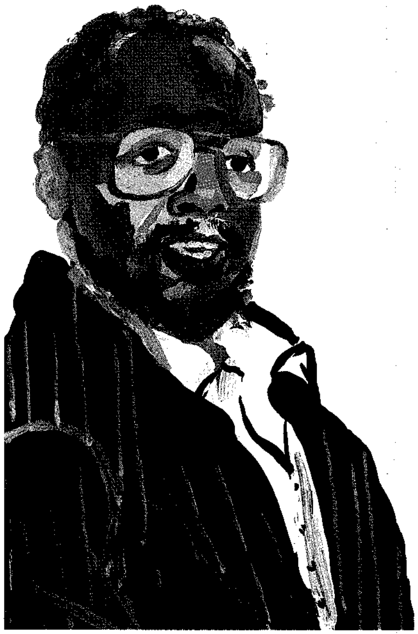
9:30 P.M. Altman Building
135 West 18th Street

Jonathan Lethem and Edward P. Jones

Jonathan Lethem is the author of six novels, among them "Gun, with Occasional Music," "As She Climbed Across the Table," "Motherless Brooklyn," which won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Fiction in 1999, and, most recently, "The Fortress of Solitude." His short-story collection "Men and Cartoons" comes out in November. He edited "The Vintage Book of Amnesia: An Anthology of Writing on the Subject of Memory Loss," and is the founding fiction editor of the journal *Fence*. His most recent *New Yorker* story, "Super Goat Man," appeared in the April 5th issue.

Edward P. Jones is the author of the novel "The Known World," which was awarded this year's Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and the National Book Critics Circle Award, and the story collection "Lost in the City," which won the Hemingway Foundation / PEN Award for a first book of fiction in 1993. His *New Yorker* story "Old Boys, Old Girls" appeared in the May 3rd issue.

9:30 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street


Edward P. Jones

George Saunders and Jonathan Franzen

George Saunders has been contributing essays, fiction, and humor pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1992. He is the author of two story collections, "Pastoralia" and "CivilWarLand in Bad Decline," and a children's book, "The Very Persistent Gappers of Frip." His most recent *New Yorker* story, "Adams," appeared in the August 9th & 16th issue.

Jonathan Franzen has been a contributor of essays, fiction, and fact pieces to *The New Yorker* for the past ten years. He is the author of three novels, including the best-selling "The Corrections," parts of which first appeared in the magazine, and which won the National Book Award in 2001. His most recent book, the essay collection "How to Be Alone," was published in 2002.

9:30 P.M. Crash Mansion
199 Bowery

IN CONVERSATION WITH

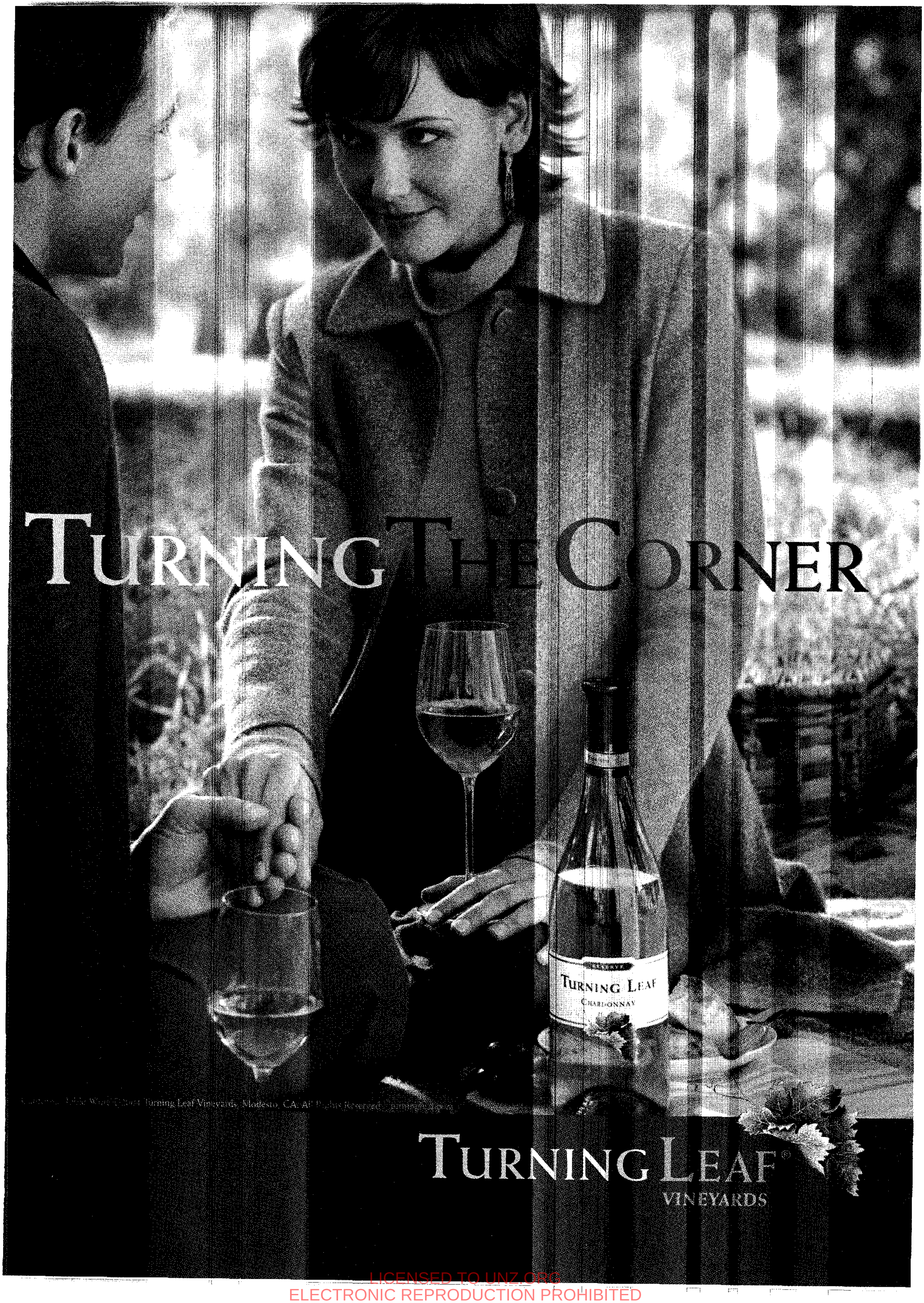
Seymour M. Hersh interviewed by David Remnick

A discussion of the aftermath of September 11th: the Bush Administration's "war on terrorism," the invasion of Iraq, the prison abuse scandal at Abu Ghraib, and what comes next. Mr. Hersh will also talk about his own career and the status of investigative journalism in America.

Seymour M. Hersh has been writing about American politics and foreign policy for *The New Yorker* since 1971. His books include "The Dark Side of Camelot," "The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House," which won the National Book Critics Circle Award and the Los Angeles Times Award for biography in 1983, "My Lai 4: A Report on the Massacre and Its Aftermath," and "Cover-Up," about the Army's secret investigation of My Lai 4, which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. He received the Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting in 1970 for his exclusive disclosure of the My Lai tragedy. His most recent book, "Chain of Command," about the Abu Ghraib prison scandal, much of which was first published in *The New Yorker*, is out in September. Three of his *New Yorker* Annals of National Security articles won the National Magazine Award for public-interest journalism this year.

David Remnick is the editor of *The New Yorker*.

7 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)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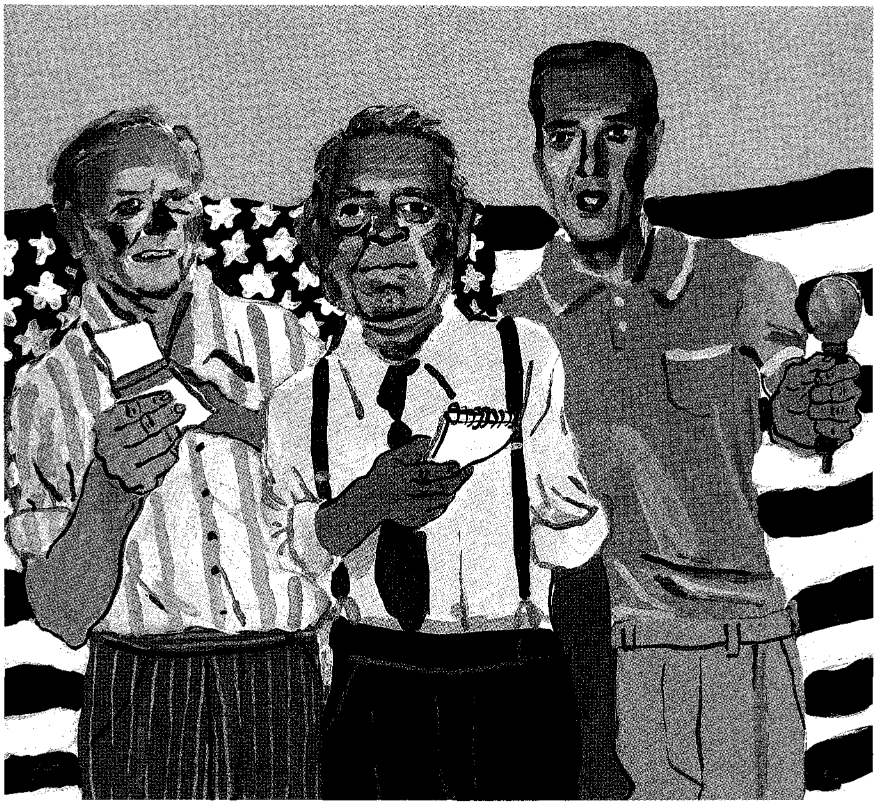
SATURDAY | OCTOBER 2 | 2004

A day of talks, interviews, and panel discussions, including a tribute to the poet Joseph Brodsky; a performance by the Flying Karamazov Brothers; and Late Shift evening events throughout the city. Tickets for daytime events are $20. Tickets for the Flying Karamazov Brothers are $30. Tickets for Late Shift events are $30. There will also be a free Cartoon Corner and book signings at Festival headquarters. (See pages 31 and 39 of the guide.)



Tom Brokaw, Dan Rather, and Peter Jennings

PANELS

From Where We Sit

The campaign and network news.

Ken Auletta, moderator. With **Tom Brokaw**, **Peter Jennings**, and **Dan Rather**.

Ken Auletta has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1977 and has written the Annals of Communications column since 1992. His many books include "Three Blind Mice: How the TV Networks Lost Their Way," "World War 3.0: Microsoft and Its Enemies," and the forthcoming "Media Man: Ted Turner's Improbable Empire," which is out in September. That book grew out of his 2001 Profile of Mr. Turner, which won a National Magazine Award. A collection of his *New Yorker* articles, "Backstory: Inside the Business of News," was published in January. His most recent article, "Big Bird Flies Right," about PBS's quest for "balance" in its political coverage , ran in the June 7th issue.

Tom Brokaw joined NBC News in 1966 and has been the sole anchor and managing editor of "NBC Nightly News" since 1983. He has covered every Presidential election since 1968 and anchored NBC's Presidential-election coverage for every cycle since 1984. He is the author of the books "The Greatest Generation," "The Greatest Generation Speaks," "An Album of Memories," and "A Long Way from Home."

Peter Jennings joined ABC News in 1964 and has been the anchor and a senior editor of ABC's "World News Tonight" since 1983. He is also the anchor of the special series "Peter Jennings Reporting." From 1978 to 1983, he was the foreign-desk correspondent for ABC News and the foreign-desk anchor for "World News Tonight." He established the first American television news bureau in the Arab world while serving as ABC News bureau chief in Beirut, Lebanon. He is the co-author, with Todd Brewster, of the books "The Century" and "In Search of America," and anchored the ABC News series based on the books.

Dan Rather joined CBS News in 1962. He has been the anchor and managing editor of "CBS Evening News" since 1981 and a correspondent for "60 Minutes II" since 1998. He is the author of the books "The Palace Guard," "The Camera Never Blinks: Adventures of a TV Journalist," "I Remember," "The Camera Never Blinks Twice: The Further Adventures of a Television Journalist," "Deadlines and Datelines," and, most recently, "The American Dream."

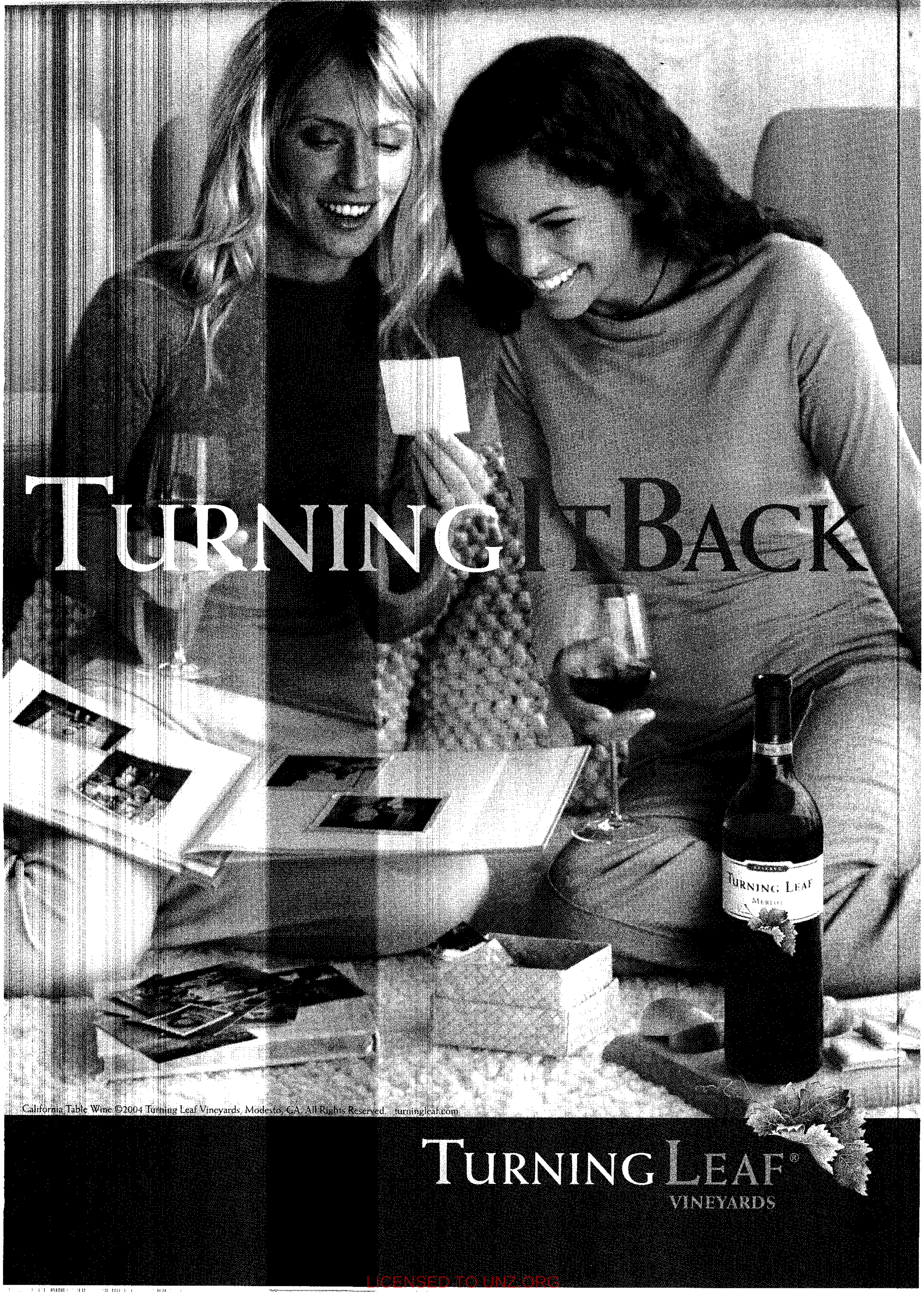
10 A.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
(Net proceeds from this event will benefit the collections of the New York Public Library and the Make Noise for the Library campaign.)

The Way We Film Now

Documenting reality.

David Denby, moderator. With **Jeffrey Blitz**, **Andrew Jarecki**, **Jehane Noujaim**, and **Frederick Wiseman**.

David Denby began contributing to *The New Yorker* in 1993 and became a staff writer and film critic in 1998. He is the editor of "Awake in the Dark: An Anthology of Film Criticism from 1915 to the Present" and the author of "American Sucker," which came out in January, and "Great Books: My Adventures with Homer, Rousseau, Woolf, and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Other Indestructible Writers of the Western World," which will be re-released next year. Parts of both of his books first appeared in the magazine.

Jeffrey Blitz's first feature film, the documentary "Spellbound," which follows the stories of eight children competing in the National Spelling Bee, won fifteen awards at film festivals around the world and received an Academy Award nomination for Best Documentary Feature. He is a graduate of the U.S.C. School of Cinema-Television, where he won the school's Presidential Fellowship, an award given for leadership and vision in filmmaking.

Andrew Jarecki's first feature film, "Capturing the Friedmans," won sixteen major international prizes, including the Grand Jury Prize at the 2003 Sundance Festival and the New York Film Critics Circle award, and was nominated for an Academy Award. He has also made several short films, and co-wrote and performed the theme song for the television show "Felicity," on the WB Network. He was a co-founder and C.E.O of Moviefone.

Jehane Noujaim directed the 2004 documentary "Control Room," which premièred at the 2004 Sundance Film Festival this year. Her films include "Mokattam" and "Startup.com," which she co-directed, with Chris Hegedus, and which was named best documentary by the Directors Guild of America and the International Documentary Association. She also produced the MTV documentary series "Unfiltered." She grew up in Cairo and moved to the United States in 1990.

Frederick Wiseman has made thirty-five films, mostly about American institutions, since the release of his first, "Titicut Follies," about the Bridgewater Prison for the Criminally Insane, in 1967. His subsequent films include "High School," "Law and Order," "Hospital," "Juvenile Court," "Welfare," "The Store," and, more recently, "Belfast, Maine," "Domestic Violence," and "La Dernière Lettre." He has just completed the film "The Garden," about Madison Square Garden, and is at work on a new film about the Idaho state legislature. He was awarded the Dan David Prize in 2003.

10 A.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Literature and Politics

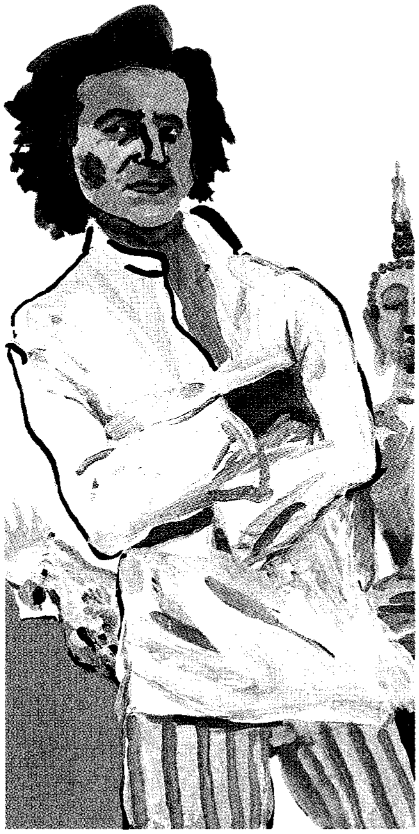
Do world events have a place in fiction?

Deborah Treisman, moderator. With **Edwidge Danticat**, **Dave Eggers**, **Cynthia Ozick**, and **Orhan Pamuk**.

Deborah Treisman became the fiction editor of *The New Yorker* last year.

Edwidge Danticat was born in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and grew up in Brooklyn. She is the author of the short-story collection "Krik? Krak!" and the novels "Breath, Eyes, Memory," "The Farming of Bones," and "The Dew Breaker." She is the editor of "The Butterfly's Way: Voices from the Haitian Dyaspora in the United States" and "The Beacon Best of 2000: Great Writing by Women and Men of All Colors and Cultures."

Dave Eggers is the author of "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius," "You Shall Know Our Velocity!," and "How We Are Hungry." He is working on a biography of Dominic Arou, a "Lost Boy" refugee from Sudan who lives in Atlanta. In 2002, he founded 826 Valencia, a writing lab for San Francisco youth.



Bernard-Henri Lévy

Cynthia Ozick's many books of fiction, essays, and criticism include "The Shawl," "The Pagan Rabbi and Other Stories," "The Messiah of Stockholm," "The Puttermesser Papers," "Quarrel & Quandary," which won a National Book Critics Circle Award for Criticism, and, most recently, "Heir to the Glimmering World," which is out in September. The title story of "The Shawl" was first published in *The New Yorker* and was the first story to be awarded the Rea Award for the Short Story. Her *New Yorker* essay "Who Owns Anne Frank?" received the 1998 National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism.

Orhan Pamuk, whose work has been translated into more than twenty languages, is Turkey's best-selling novelist. An English translation of his most recent book, "Snow," was released in the U.S. in August. His other books include "The White Castle," which won the 1990 Independent Award for Foreign Fiction, "The Black Book," "The New Life," and "My Name is Red." He wrote the screenplay for "Gizli Yüz" ("The Secret Face"), which is based on a story from "The Black Book."

10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Art and Politics

Opposing values?

Adam Gopnik, moderator. With **Clive James**, **Bernard-Henri Lévy**, **Simon Schama**, and **Anna Deavere Smith**.

Adam Gopnik has been writing for *The New Yorker* since 1986. In 1998, he received a George Polk Award for Magazine Reporting for his Paris Journal essays, many of which were collected in his best-selling book "Paris to the Moon." One of them, "Like a King," also won a National Magazine Award for Essays. He edited "Americans in Paris: A Literary Anthology," which came out in March. In 1990, he co-curated, with the late Kirk Varnedoe, "High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" for the Museum of Modern Art. An essay about

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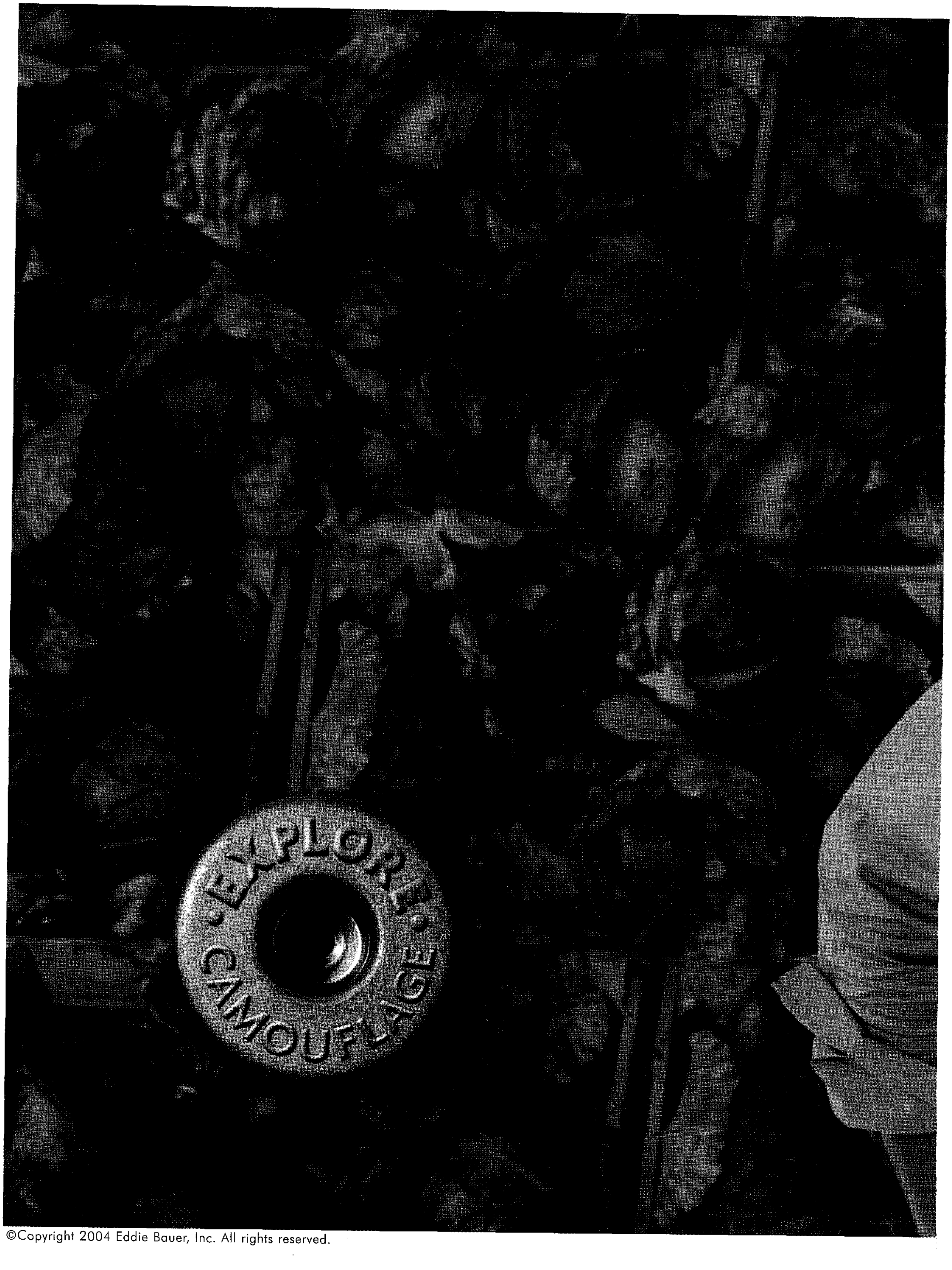
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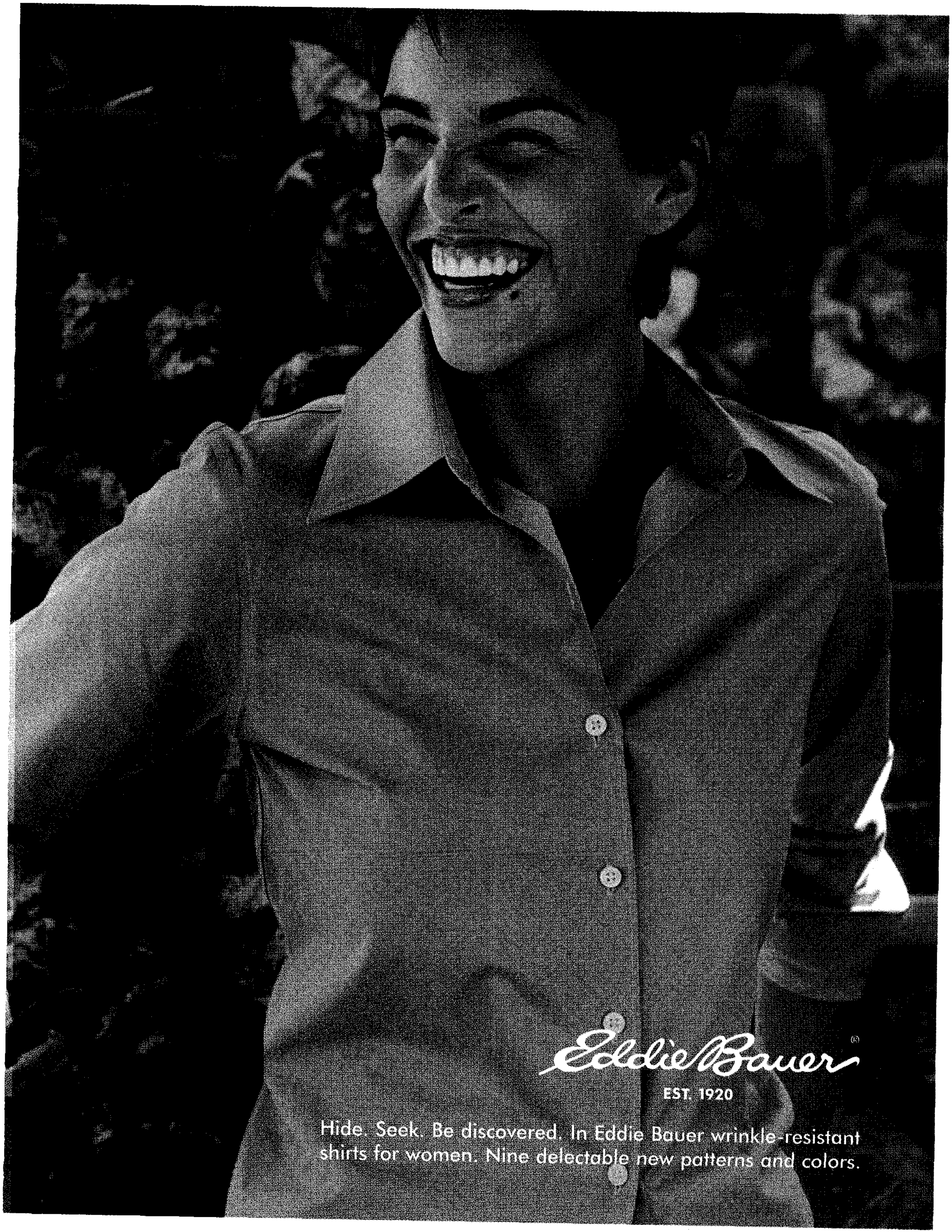
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Varnedoe's final months, and his practice as a coach and a teacher, "Last of the Metrozoids," appeared in the May 10th issue.

Clive James's many books include three volumes of memoirs, now collected as "Always Unreliable"; a treatise on modern celebrity, "Fame in the Twentieth Century"; a compendium of his ten years as a television critic, "On Television"; the novels "Brilliant Creatures," "The Remake," "The Man from Japan," and "The Silver Castle"; a collection of poems, "The Book of My Enemy"; and six collections of critical essays, among them "As of This Writing." He has hosted numerous studio shows and specials for British television, and has been a contributor of poetry, reviews, and articles to the *The New Yorker* since 1987.

Bernard-Henri Lévy was born in Algeria and grew up in Paris. One of France's leading philosophers, he is the author of more than twenty books, among them "Barbarism with a Human Face," "Sartre: The Philosopher of the Twentieth Century," and, most recently, the best-selling "Who Killed Daniel Pearl?" and "War, Evil, and the End of History," which came out in paperback in April. He is the editor of "What Good Are Intellectuals: 44 Writers Share their Thoughts," and the writer and director of the documentary films "Bosna!" and "Le Jour et la Nuit."

Simon Schama has been contributing to *The New Yorker* since 1994. His 1995 essays on Mondrian, Rembrandt, and the "Haute Couture" show at the Metropolitan Museum won the National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism. A collection of his *New Yorker* essays on art, "Hang-Ups," will be published in November in the U.K. His many other books include "The Embarrassment of Riches: An Interpretation of Dutch Culture in the Golden Age," "Dead Certainties: Unwarranted Speculations," "Landscape and Memory," and the trilogy "A History of Britain," which was adapted for the BBC series of the same title. He is a University Professor of Art History and History at Columbia University.

Anna Deavere Smith was nominated for two 1994 Tony Awards for her one-woman play "Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992," based on the aftermath of the Rodney King beating. Her one-woman play "Fires in the Mirror: Crown Heights, Brooklyn, and Other Identities," was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1993. Two other plays, "House Arrest" and "Piano," were published together in paperback in April. Her film-acting credits include "The American President" and "The Human Stain." She is also the author of "Talk to Me: Listening Between the Lines." She received a MacArthur fellowship in 1996 and currently teaches at New York University.

1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Political Rockers

Musicians with a message.

Sasha Frere-Jones, moderator. With **Carrie Brownstein**, **KRS-ONE**, **Krist Novoselic**, and **Henry Rollins**.

Sasha Frere-Jones became *The New Yorker's* pop-music critic in 2004. He is also a musician, and since 2003 has performed with the band the Sands. Previous to that, he performed with the band Ui, whose albums include "Answers," "Lifelike," and "Sidelong." In 1998, he released "Standing Upright on a Curve," a solo guitar album.

Carrie Brownstein is the lead guitarist and a vocalist for Sleater-Kinney, the indie rock band that she formed with Corin Tucker in 1994. Inspired by the feminist riot-grrl movement, the band's albums include "Sleater-Kinney," "Call the Doctor," "Dig Me Out," "All Hands on the Bad One," and "One Beat." Ms. Brownstein appeared in the 2002 film "Group" and is an advocate for gay and reproductive rights.

KRS-ONE's most recent album, "Keep Right," was released in July. In the mid-nineteen-eighties, he co-founded Boogie Down Productions with the d.j. Scott La Rock; B.D.P. made its début album, "Criminal Minded," in 1987. Subsequent albums include "By All Means Necessary," "Edutainment," and "Sex and Violence." KRS-ONE's song "Stop the Violence" inspired the Stop the Violence Movement, a coalition of hip-hop artists against violence. In 2001, he worked with UNESCO to promote peace through hip-hop and helped to present the Hip-Hop Declaration of Peace at the United Nations.

Krist Novoselic was the bass player for the band Nirvana, which he formed with Kurt Cobain in 1987. The band's albums include "Bleach," "Nevermind," "In Utero," and "Incesticide." In 1995, he founded the Joint Artists and Music Promotions Political Action Committee. He runs the Web site www.fixour.us, which advocates meaningful electoral reform, and is a board member of Music for America, a political/music non-profit organization. His first book, "Of Grunge and Government: Let's Fix This Broken Democracy," is out in September.

Henry Rollins joined the band Black Flag as vocalist in 1981. In 1987, after the band's breakup, he formed the Rollins Band. He owns the publishing company 2.13.61, which has released more than a dozen books, several CDs and DVDs of his own, as well as the work of Henry Miller, Iggy Pop, Nick Cave, and others. He has appeared in several movies and TV shows, including "Bad Boys II," "Heat," and "The Drew Carey Show." He recently visited U.S. troops stationed in Kyrgyzstan, Qatar, Afghanistan, Kuwait, Iraq, and Honduras, on behalf of the U.S.O.

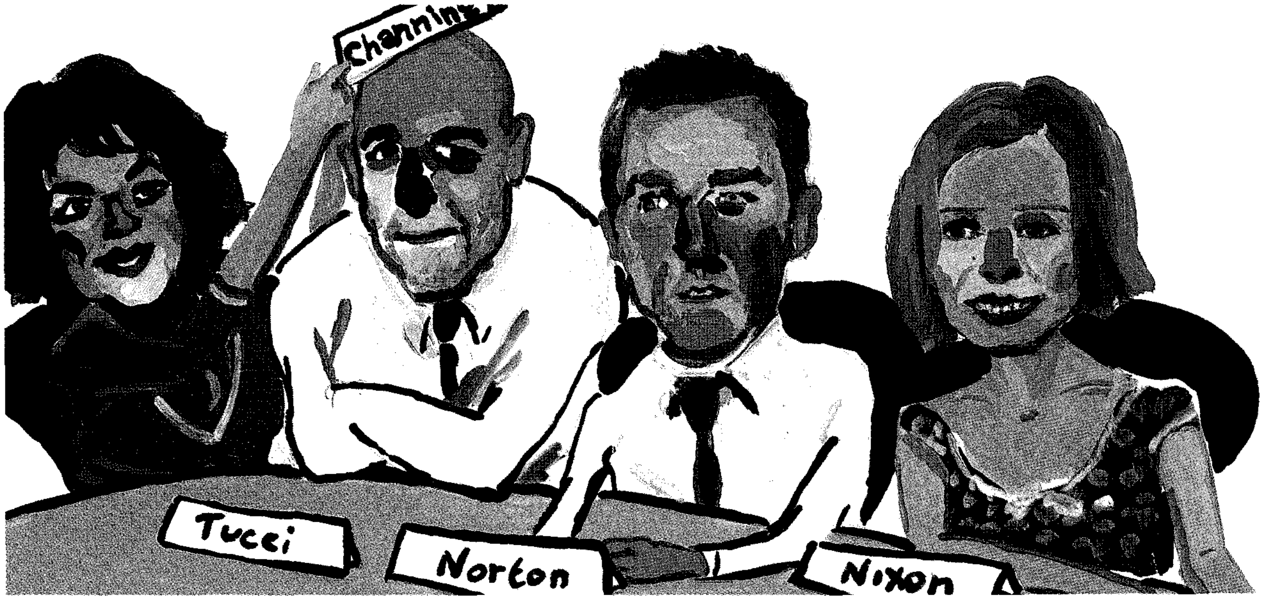
1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Political Advertising

The selling of the candidate.

Jeffrey Toobin, moderator. With **Donna Brazile**, **Donny Deutsch**, **Frank Luntz**, and **Mark McKinnon**.

Jeffrey Toobin has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1993. His books include "Too Close to Call: The Thirty-Six-Day Battle to Decide the 2000 Election," "A Vast Conspiracy: The Real Story of the Sex Scandal that Nearly Brought Down a President," and "The Run of His Life: The People v. O. J. Simpson." He is also the senior legal analyst for CNN and was formerly an Assistant United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York and an associate counsel in the Office of



Stockard Channing, Stanley Tucci, Edward Norton, and Cynthia Nixon

Independent Counsel Lawrence E. Walsh. His Annals of Law article "Kerry's Trials" appeared in the May 10th issue of the magazine.

Donna Brazile served as Al Gore's 2000 campaign manager, making her the first African-American woman to run a major Presidential campaign. She is the author of a memoir, "Cooking with Grease: Stirring the Pots in American Politics," which came out in June; a weekly contributor on "Inside Politics" and "American Morning," on CNN; and the founder and executive director of the National Political Congress of Black Women. She received the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation's Award for Political Achievement in 2002.

Donny Deutsch is the chairman and C.E.O. of Deutsch Inc., one of the largest advertising agencies in the United States, whose clients include Snapple, Coors, Revlon, and Mitsubishi Motors. He was a lead member of Bill Clinton and Al Gore's communications team during the 1992 campaign and is the host of "The Big Idea with Donny Deutsch," on CNBC. He was one of the first charter inductees into the American Advertising Federation's Advertising Hall of Achievement and was named one of the top hundred and one leaders in advertising of the past hundred and one years by the Ad Club of New York. He is working on a book about how to manage creative people, which is due out next year.

Frank Luntz is the president of the polling and communications firm the Luntz Research Companies and was the pollster for Newt Gingrich's 1994 Republican campaign effort, Contract with America. He is the host of the "America's Voices" segments on MSNBC and was a primary and election-night commentator for MSNBC's "The News with Brian Williams" in 2000, as he will be for "Hardball" for this year's election. He was featured in Nicholas Lemann's October 16, 2000, *New Yorker* article, "The Word Lab," about people who generate politically effective phrases and rhetorical strategies for candidates.

Mark McKinnon, as the director of media and advertising for President Bush's reëlection effort, is responsible for all the campaign's advertising. He served in the same capacity during the 2000 election and has worked in Presidential campaigns in South America and Africa as well. He is a partner in the public-affairs consulting firm Public Strategies and is the president of Maverick Media.

4 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues
(Net proceeds from this event will benefit the collections of the New York Public Library and the Make Noise for the Library campaign.)

The Method

Acting: onstage and onscreen.

John Lahr, moderator. With **Stockard Channing**, **Cynthia Nixon**, **Edward Norton**, and **Stanley Tucci**.

John Lahr has been *The New Yorker's* senior theatre critic since 1992. His books include the best-selling "Notes on a Cowardly Lion," a biography of his father, Bert Lahr; "Light Fantastic: Adventures in Theatre"; and "Show and Tell: New Yorker Profiles." He has won two George Jean Nathan Awards for Dramatic Criticism. He co-produced the film "Prick Up Your Ears," based on his biography of Joe Orton, and wrote the short film "Sticky My Fingers, Fleet My Feet," which won an Academy Award. In 2002, he co-authored "Elaine Stritch at Liberty," for which he won a Tony Award. He is at work on a biography of Tennessee Williams.

Stockard Channing plays Abigail Bartlet, the First Lady, on NBC's "The West Wing." In 2004,

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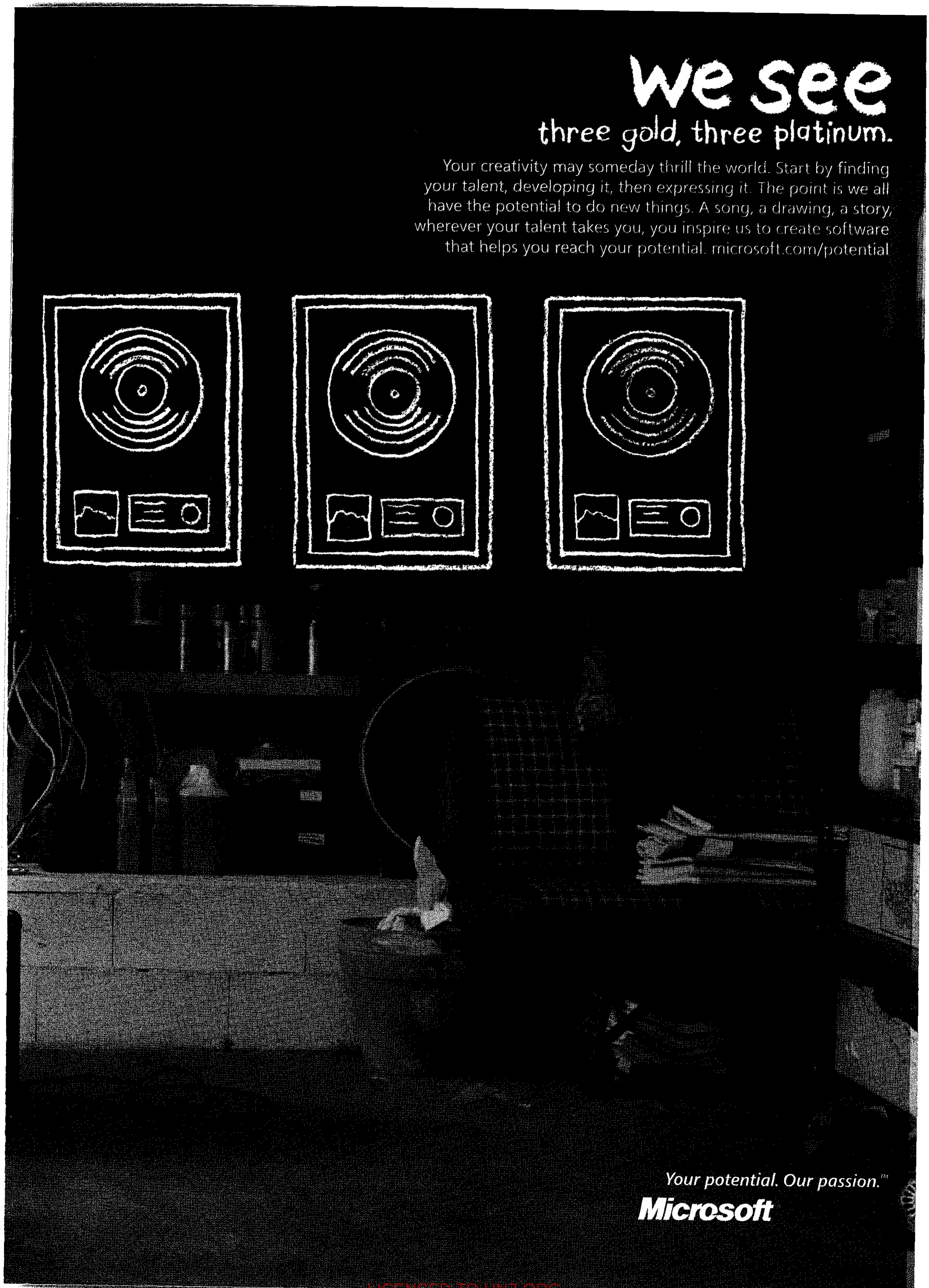
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she received her eleventh Emmy nomination and her fifth consecutive nomination for her role in the series, for which she won the Emmy in 2002. That year, she also won an Emmy for her role in the TV movie "The Matthew Shepard Story." In 1993, she was nominated for an Oscar and a Golden Globe for "Six Degrees of Separation," in which she reprised her Tony-nominated role from John Guare's Broadway play. Her other film credits include "Smoke," "The First Wives Club," "Le Divorce," and "The Fortune." Her other Broadway credits include "The Lion in Winter," "The House of Blue Leaves," and "Joe Egg," for which she won a Tony.

Cynthia Nixon has been nominated for four consecutive Golden Globe awards and for three consecutive Emmys for her role in HBO's "Sex and the City." She has appeared in many films, including "Amadeus," "The Pelican Brief," and "The Manhattan Project." Her Broadway credits include "The Women," "Indiscretions" (for which she received a Tony nomination), and "The Philadelphia Story" (for which she won a 1981 Theatre World Award in her stage début). She has recently reprised her role as Alex Tanner in "Tanner on Tanner," a sequel to Robert Altman and Gary Trudeau's "Tanner '88," which airs in October on the Sundance Channel.

Edward Norton has starred in many films, including "Primal Fear," "Everyone Says I Love You," "The People vs. Larry Flynt," "American History X," "Fight Club," "Frida," "The 25th Hour," and "Keeping the Faith," which he also produced and directed. He has been nominated for two Academy Awards, for "American History X" and "Primal Fear," for which he received a Golden Globe Award. He recently won the Obie for his performance in the Off-Broadway play "Burn This," by Lanford Wilson. He is working on a screen adaptation of Jonathan Lethem's "Motherless Brooklyn."

Stanley Tucci's Broadway acting credits include "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune," "Execution of Justice," "The Iceman Cometh," "Brighton Beach Memoirs," and "The Misanthrope." His film acting credits include "Shall We Dance?," which opens October 15th, "The Terminal," "Road to Perdition," "Deconstructing Harry," and "Joe Gould's Secret," which he also directed, and "The Impostors" and "Big Night," both of which he co-wrote and co-directed as well. "Joe Gould's Secret" was based on the book of that title by the *New Yorker* writer Joseph Mitchell. Mr. Tucci's television acting credits include the HBO film "Winchell," for which he won both a Golden Globe and an Emmy Award.

4 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

The Future of Neoconservatism

Has the war in Iraq changed the thinking?

George Packer, moderator. With **Ken Adelman**, **Mark Danner**, **David Frum**, and **Katha Pollitt**.

George Packer has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 2003. That year, his pieces "War after the War" and "The Children of Freetown" each won an Overseas Press Club award. He is the author of "The Village of Waiting" and "Blood of the Liberals," which won a 2000-2001 Robert F. Kennedy Book Award, and of two novels, "The Half Man" and "Central Square." He is the editor of "The Fight Is for Democracy: Winning the War of Ideas in America and the World."

Ken Adelman, a former United Nations Ambassador and director of the U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency during the Reagan Administration, is currently a member of the Defense Policy Board. He has worked directly for Donald Rumsfeld three times since 1970. A regular columnist and commentator on Fox News, CNN, and NPR, he co-hosts the think-tank Web site TechCentralStation.com. He has been national editor of *Washingtonian* magazine for fifteen years and is the author of several books, including, with Norman Augustine, "The Defense Revolution: Strategy for the Brave New World," and, most recently, "Shakespeare in Charge: The Bard's Guide to Leading and Succeeding on the Business Stage." He and his wife conduct leadership training for top executives in their company, Movers and Shakespeares, which draws leadership lessons from Shakespeare.

Mark Danner has been a *New Yorker* contrib-

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utor since 1990. That year, his three-part series of articles on Haiti won the National Magazine Award for Reporting. The December 6, 1993, issue of the magazine was devoted entirely to his piece "The Truth of El Mozote," which won an Overseas Press Club Award and was the basis of his book "The Massacre at El Mozote: A Parable of the Cold War." A new book, "The Road to Illegitimacy: What Really Happened in the 2000 Florida Vote Re-Count," came out in July.

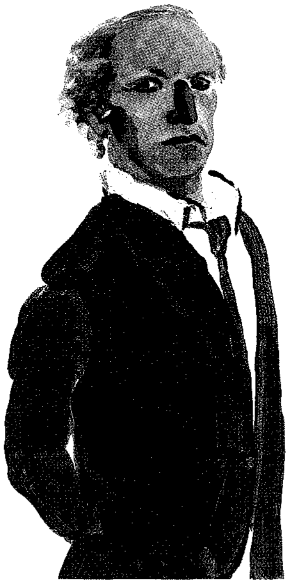
David Frum's books include "The Right Man: The Surprise Presidency of George W. Bush," "How We Got Here: The 70s, The Decade that Brought You Modern Life—For Better or Worse," and "What's Right: The New Conservative Majority and the Remaking of America." He is also the co-author, with Richard Perle, of the best-selling "An End to Evil: How to Win the War on Terror," which comes out in paperback in October. From January of 2001 to February of 2002, he was special assistant to the President for economic speech-writing. He is a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, a daily columnist for the *National Review Online*, and a panelist on NPR's "Left, Right, and Center."

Katha Pollitt writes the Subject to Debate column for *The Nation*, where she has been a contributor since 1980. Many of those pieces were collected in her 2001 book, "Subject to Debate: Sense and Dissents on Women, Politics, and Culture." A 1992 *Nation* essay, "Why We Read: Canon to the Right of Me," won a National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism. Her other books include "Reasonable Creatures: Essays on Women and Feminism" and the poetry collection "Antarctic Traveller," which won a National Book Critics Circle Award. She has been contributing poems, essays, and criticism to *The New Yorker* since 1975.

1 P.M. Times Square Studios
1500 Broadway

Remembering Joseph Brodsky

When Joseph Brodsky was exiled from the Soviet Union in 1972, after a youth that included a stint as a morgue worker and twenty months of hard labor—the charge was social parasitism, and Brodsky had famously responded that he wrote poetry when the judge asked his occupation—he had become something of a literary celebrity. Already considered the greatest Russian poet of his generation, Mr. Brodsky came to the United States and fell in love with the English language and the poets who wrote in it: W. H. Auden, Robert Lowell, Derek Walcott, and Mark Strand, to name only a few. Once censored in Russia, in this country he published a number of essay and poetry collections. Mr. Brodsky was known for irreverence, fierce humor, and a prodigious use of form and rhyme, but finally it was his sincerity and courage that enshrined him in the popular imagination. In 1987, he won the Nobel Prize for Literature; in 1991, when he became the Poet Laureate of the United States, he told the audience at the Library of Congress: "Poetry is not a form of entertainment, and in a certain sense not even a form of art, but our anthropological, genetic goal, our linguistic, evolutionary beacon." Mr. Brodsky, who died in 1996, spiritedly advanced that goal.


Joseph Brodsky

David Remnick, moderator. With **Nicole Krauss**, **Gary Shteyngart**, **Mark Strand**, **Tatyana Tolstaya**, and **Derek Walcott**.

David Remnick is the editor of *The New Yorker*.

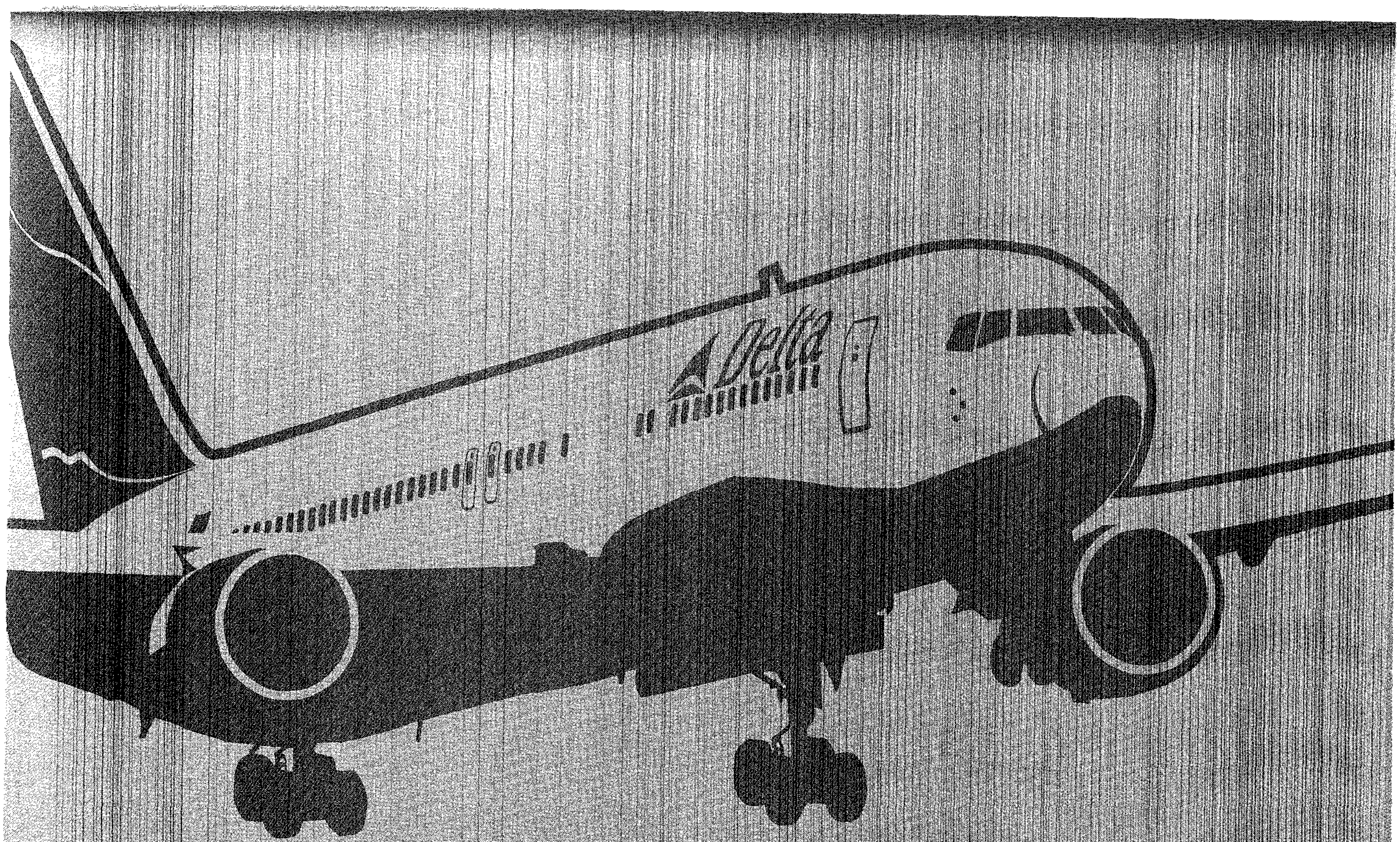
Nicole Krauss published her début novel, "Man Walks into a Room," in 2002. She is also a poet and was a finalist for the Yale Younger Poets prize. She recently made a documentary, "Joseph Brodsky, Etcetera, Etcetera," for BBC Radio 3.

Gary Shteyngart is author of the 2002 novel "The Russian Debutante's Handbook," which received the 2002 Stephen Crane Award for First Fiction and the 2003 National Jewish Book Award for Fiction. He was born in Leningrad and has lived in the United States since he was seven. He is at work on a new novel, "Absurdistan."

Mark Strand has been contributing poetry to *The New Yorker* since 1962 and is the author of more than ten collections of poems, among them "Blizzard of One," which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1999, "The Weather of Words: Poetic Invention," "The Continuous Life: Poems," "The Story of Our Lives, with the Monument and the Late Hour," and "Reasons for Moving." His other books include two volumes of prose, translations of the poets Rafael Alberti and Carlos Drummond de Andrade, and three books for children. He is the editor of many anthologies, including "The Golden Ecco Anthology" and "The Best American Poetry 1991." He was Poet Laureate of the United States from 1990 to 1991.

Tatyana Tolstaya was born in St. Petersburg and lived in the United States for ten years, before returning to Russia in 1998. Her books include the story collections "On the Golden Porch" and "Sleepwalker in a Fog," the essay collection "Pushkin's Children: Writing on Russia and Russians," and the novel "The Slynx." She is the great-grandniece of Leo Tolstoy.

Derek Walcott received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1992. His numerous poetry collections include "In a Green Night," "The Castaway and Other Poems," "Sea Grapes," "The Fortunate Traveller," "The Arkansas Testament," "The Bounty," and, most recently, "The Prodigal." He is also the author of several plays, among them "The Odyssey," "The Isle Is Full of Noises," "Remembrance and Pantomime," and "Dream on Monkey Mountain," which received an Obie in 1971. He is the founder of the Trinidad Theatre



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Workshop and the Boston Playwrights' Theatre and has taught at Boston University since 1981. He has been contributing poetry to *The New Yorker* since 1972 and was the subject of a Profile, "The Islander," by Hilton Als, which appeared in the February 9th issue.

4 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

WRITERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS

Robert Mankoff on Eighty Years of Political Cartoons

Robert Mankoff, a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1977, became the magazine's cartoon editor in 1997. He is the founder and president of the Cartoon Bank, and the editor of several collections, including "The New Yorker Book of Political Cartoons," "The New Yorker Book of New York Cartoons," which was published in May, and "The Complete Cartoons of The New Yorker," which comes out in September. His own books include "The Naked Cartoonist: A New Way to Enhance Your Creativity" and "It's Lonely at the Top."

12 Noon. Tishman Auditorium
New School University
66 West 12th Street

Malcolm Gladwell on the Power of Thinking without Thinking

Malcolm Gladwell became a staff writer for *The New Yorker* in 1996. He is the author of the best-selling "The Tipping Point: How Little Things Can Make a Big Difference," which grew out of articles that first appeared in the magazine. His Profile of Ron Popeil, "The Pitchman," received the 2001 National Magazine Award for Profiles; his 1997 *New Yorker* article "The Dead Zone," on the 1918 influenza pandemic, was the basis for the 2000 made-for-TV movie "Runaway Virus." Mr. Gladwell will discuss his new book, "Blink: The Power of Thinking without Thinking," which will be released in January.

4 P.M. Times Square Studios
1500 Broadway

The Flying Karamazov Brothers

SATURDAY NIGHT FAMILY SPECIAL

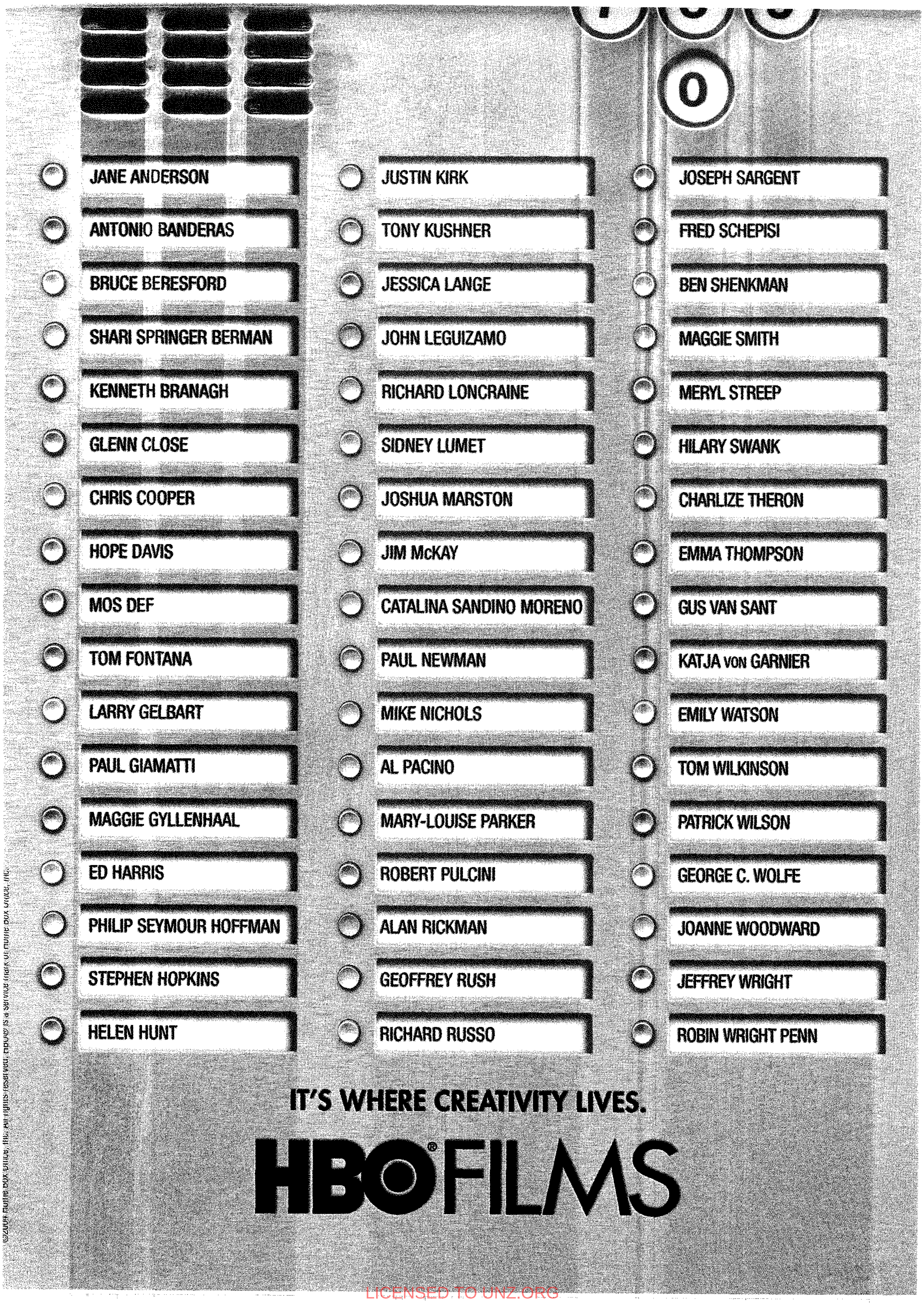
The Flying Karamazov Brothers in Performance

The New Yorker presents the **Flying Karamazov Brothers** in their New York début performance of "Life, A Guide for the Perplexed," based on the twelfth-century book by Moses Maimonides, with an interview afterward with **Edward Koren**.

The Flying Karamazov Brothers are currently touring their new show, "Life, A Guide for the Perplexed." Their previous work includes "adaptations" of Dostoyevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov," Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," and Shakespeare's "A Comedy of Errors" as well as "Juggling and Cheap Theatrics," "Theatre of the Air," and "Juggle & Hyde," which received a 1994 Olivier Award nomination during its run in London's West End. They have won an Obie Award for outstanding achievement in the Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway theatre and were featured in the film "The Jewel of the Nile." Their PBS special, "The Flying Karamazov Brothers: Stars of New Vaudeville," won an Emmy for Outstanding Entertainment Programming.

Edward Koren has contributed cover art and more than nine hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker* since 1962. His numerous books include "Well, There's Your Problem," "The Hard Work of Simple Living: A Somewhat Blank Book for the Sustainable Hedonist," "Quality Time: Parenting, Progeny, and Pets," and "What About Me?" Among the several children's books that he has illustrated are "How to Eat Like a Child, and Other Lessons in Not Being a Grown-Up," "Pet Peeves: or Whatever Happened to Doctor Rawff?," and "A Dog's Life." His most recent book for children, "Very Hairy Harry," came out last year.

7 P.M. The Kaye Playhouse
68th Street between Park and Lexington Avenues
(Tickets are also available at the Kaye Playhouse box office.)



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ANTONIO BANDERAS
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SHARI SPRINGER BERMAN
KENNETH BRANAGH
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BEN SHENKMAN
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EMMA THOMPSON
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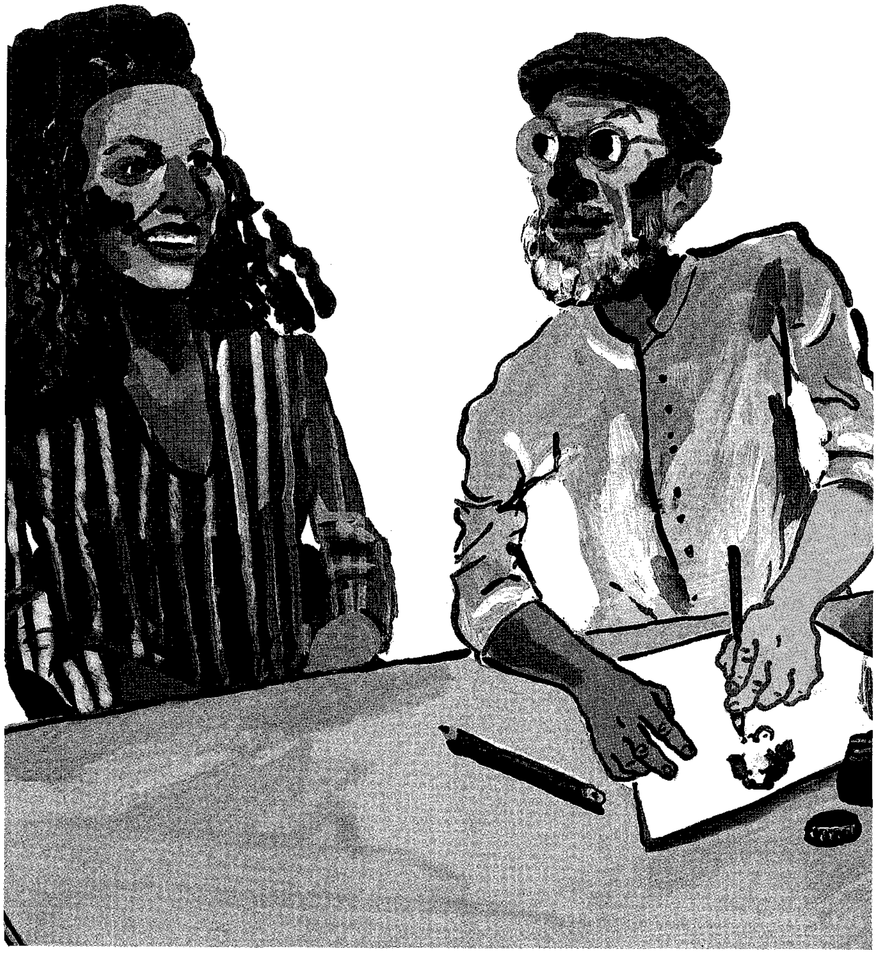


Aline Kominsky-Crumb and R. Crumb

John Lahr and Sir Richard Eyre

A life in theatre and film.

John Lahr is *The New Yorker's* senior theatre critic.

Sir Richard Eyre was the artistic director of the Royal National Theatre in London from 1988 to 1997. He produced more than a hundred plays, including "Guys & Dolls," "Futurists," "The Invention of Love," "Richard III," and "King Lear," and won numerous awards for his work. Several of his London productions also had Broadway runs, including "Skylight," "The Crucible," "Vincent in Brixton," and "Amy's View." He was knighted in 1997 and received the Laurence Olivier Theatre Award for outstanding achievement that year as well. His feature films include "Iris" and "Stage Beauty," which will be released October 8th. He is directing the musical stage adaptation of "Mary Poppins" for London's West End, which will open in December.

1 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

LATE SHIFT

Cat Power talks with Ben Greenman

Cat Power's albums include "The Covers Record," "Moon Pix," "What Would the Community Think," and "Dear Sir," and, most recently, "You Are Free," which featured the Foo Fighters' Dave Grohl and Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, and which was nominated for a 2003 Shortlist Music Award. She is working on a new album, currently untitled, to be released in early 2005. An upcoming DVD, "Speaking for Trees: A Film by Mark Borthwick," will be released in the fall and features Cat Power performing her music.

Ben Greenman is the editor of Goings On About Town and writes frequently about popular music. He is the author of two books of fiction, "Superbad" and "Superworse."

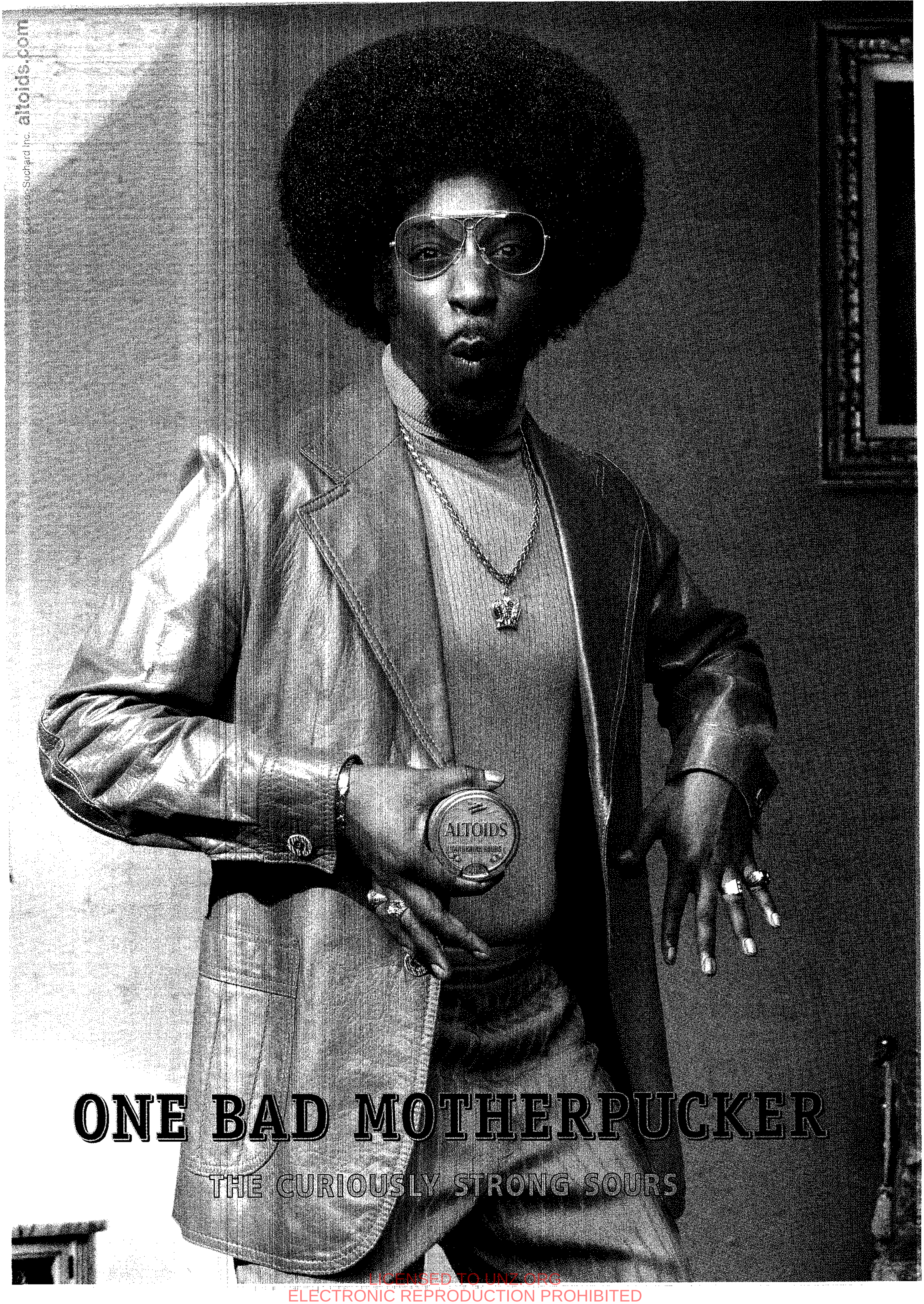
9 P.M. Eugene
27 West 24th Street

R. Crumb and Aline Kominksy-Crumb talk with Françoise Mouly

R. Crumb and Aline Kominksy-Crumb began their artistic collaboration in 1974 with the autobiographical comic-book series "Dirty Laundry." Robert Crumb published the underground series "Zap Comix" in 1968 and introduced the character Mr. Natural, among others. He went on to publish the comic-book series "Mr. Natural," "Home Grown Funnies," "Snoid," "Hup," "Funny Animals," and "Weirdo." His many books include "The R. Crumb Coffee Table Art Book," "Head Comix," "Fritz the Cat," and "R. Crumb: Interviews; Essays; Color Gallery; Drawings, Vol. 3," which came out in April. He is the subject of the documentaries "Crumb" and "The Confessions of Robert Crumb." Aline Kominsky-Crumb is the author of the book "Love That Bunch" and the editor, together with Robert and their daughter, Sophie, of "The Complete Dirty Laundry Comics." Robert Crumb has contributed illustrations to *The New Yorker* since 1989, and the work of the two Crumbs has appeared in the magazine since 1995. Their most recent contribution, "Harvey and Me," appeared in the June 7th issue.

Françoise Mouly is the cover-art editor of *The New Yorker*. She is the editor of "Covering The New Yorker: Cutting-Edge Covers from a Literary Institution."

9 P.M. Knitting Factory
74 Leonard Street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TURNING LEAF

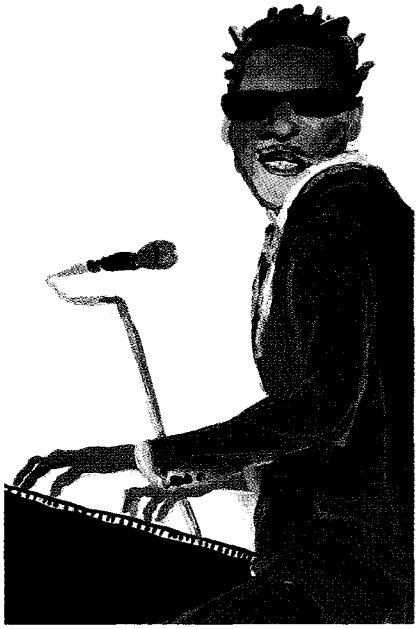
SATURDAY | OCTOBER 2 | 2004

Jamie Foxx talks with Andy Borowitz

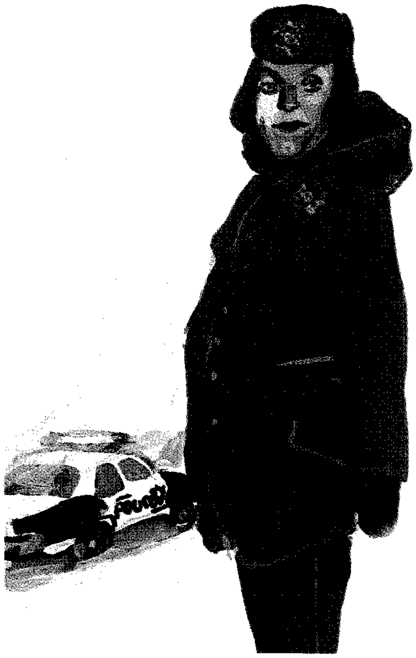
Jamie Foxx plays Ray Charles in the film "Ray," which opens nationwide October 29th. He also appeared in this summer's film "Collateral." Next year, he can be seen in "Stealth." His other films include "The Truth about Cats & Dogs," "The Great White Hype," "The Players Club," "Any Given Sunday," "Bait," "Held Up," "Ali," and "Breakin' All the Rules." He was a cast member of the TV comedy show "In Living Color," and starred in the sitcom "The Jamie Foxx Show," which he co-created and co-produced. In 2002, he starred in the HBO comedy special "Jamie Foxx: I Might Need Security."

Andy Borowitz has been a *New Yorker* contributor since 1998. His books include "Governor Arnold: A Photodiary of His First 100 Days in Office," which came out in January, and "The Borowitz Report: The Big Book of Shockers," which is out in October. He was the producer and creator of the TV series "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air," and produced the Academy Award-nominated film "Pleasantville."

9 P.M. The New Space
530 West 21st Street



Jamie Foxx



Frances McDormand

Frances McDormand talks with Joan Acocella

Frances McDormand's film-acting credits include "Blood Simple," "Mississippi Burning," "Almost Famous," "Wonder Boys," "Laurel Canyon," "Raising Arizona," "Fargo," for which she won an Academy Award for Best Actress, and, most recently, "Something's Gotta Give." Her stage credits include "The Sisters Rosensweig," "Far Away," the Wooster Group's "To You, The Birdie!," and "A Streetcar Named Desire," for which she received a 1998 Tony Award nomination for her performance as Stella, before going on to play Blanche at the Gate Theatre in Dublin. She will next appear in "Aeon Flux" and "Class Action."

Joan Acocella has been a dance critic for *The New Yorker* since 1998 and a contributor since 1992. She is the author of the books "Mark Morris" and "Willa Cather and the Politics of Criticism"; parts of both books first appeared in the magazine. Her Onward and Upward with the Arts article about Frances McDormand, "Out of Character," appeared in the March 3, 2003, issue.

9 P.M. Crash Mansion
199 Bowery

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Kate and Anna McGarrigle talk with Hendrik Hertzberg

Kate and Anna McGarrigle began recording folk music together in 1976. Their many albums include "Kate and Anna McGarrigle," "Dancer with Bruised Knees," "Matapedia," "The McGarrigle Hour," and an all-French album, "La Vache Qui Pleure," which was released last year. They were the subject of Caroline Leaf's 1981 documentary "Kate and Anna McGarrigle," and in 1994 were awarded the Order of Canada.

Hendrik Hertzberg was a *New Yorker* Talk of the Town reporter from 1969 to 1977, before moving to Washington, where he served as a speechwriter for President Jimmy Carter and as the editor of *The New Republic*. He returned to *The New Yorker* in 1992 as an editor and writer and is the principal contributor to the Comment section of the magazine. His book, "Politics: Observations & Arguments, 1966-2004," was published in July.

9 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street

Ben Stiller talks with Susan Morrison

Ben Stiller will appear in "Meet the Fockers" (the sequel to "Meet the Parents"), which comes out in December. He will also play the voice of the lion in next year's cartoon feature "Madagascar." His previous films include "Dodgeball: A True Underdog Story," "Starsky & Hutch," "The Royal Tenenbaums," "Zoolander," "Keeping the Faith," and "Reality Bites." He directed "Zoolander" (which grew out of a character he created for MTV awards shows), "The Cable Guy," and "Reality Bites." His television comedy show "The Ben Stiller Show" ran from 1992-93 and won a 1993 Emmy for comedy writing. He is currently working on a screen adaptation of "What Makes Sammy Run?"

Susan Morrison is the articles editor of *The New Yorker* and the editor of Talk of the Town and of Shouts and Murmurs.

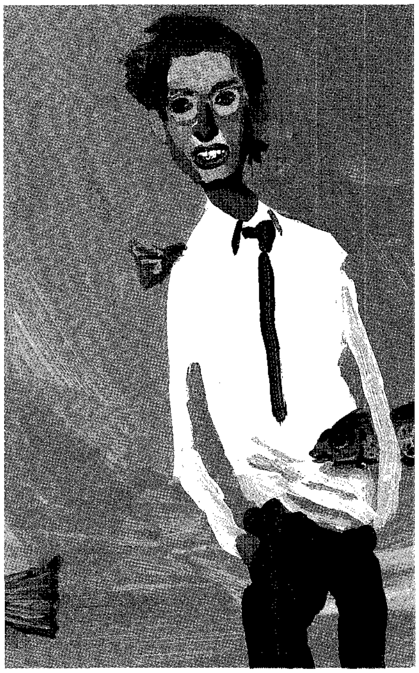
9 P.M. Bowery Ballroom
6 Delancey Street

Wes Anderson talks with Noah Baumbach

Wes Anderson has directed and written the films "Bottle Rocket" and "Rushmore," and directed and co-written, with Owen Wilson, "The Royal Tenenbaums," starring Gene Hackman and Anjelica Huston, which received an Academy Award nomination for Best Original Screenplay in 2001. "The Life Aquatic," starring Bill Murray and Owen Wilson, which he directed and co-wrote with Noah Baumbach, is scheduled for release in December.

Noah Baumbach has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1999. His film-writing and directing credits include "Kicking and Screaming" and "Mr. Jealousy." This spring, he began shooting his next film, "The Squid and the Whale," a drama about an eccentric Brooklyn family which stars Jeff Daniels and Laura Linney.

9 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street



Wes Anderson

CARTOON CORNER

Join *New Yorker* cartoonists Charles Barsotti, George Booth, Roz Chast, Michael Crawford, Matt Diffee, Sam Gross, Robert Mankoff, Victoria Roberts, Barbara Smaller, and Gahan Wilson for an afternoon of drawing and humor at The New Yorker Festival headquarters, Union Square Barnes & Noble Booksellers, 33 East 17th Street. Their illustrations appear in a new anthology, "The Complete Cartoons of The New Yorker." The artists will each spend an hour sharing the craft of cartooning and each cartoonist will be signing copies of the collection, as well as their own books.

SCHEDULE

SATURDAY		SUNDAY	
George Booth	12 Noon	Victoria Roberts	12 Noon
Roz Chast	1 P.M.	Charles Barsotti	1 P.M.
Barbara Smaller	2 P.M.	Sam Gross	2 P.M.
Robert Mankoff	3 P.M.	Gahan Wilson	3 P.M.
Matt Diffee	4 P.M.	Michael Crawford	4 P.M.

SUNDAY | OCTOBER 3 | 2004

A day of About Town excursions throughout the city; a panel discussion about the prospects for peace in the Middle East; Master Classes; a free Cartoon Corner as well as book signings at Festival headquarters (see pages 31 and 39 of the guide); and a celebration of humor from the pages of The New Yorker. Tickets for About Town excursions vary in price and are listed in the program notes below. Panel-discussion tickets are $20. Master classes are $30. Tickets for the Humor Revue are $35.

ABOUT TOWN

Bagels and Lox with Mark Morris

Mark Morris will talk with **Joan Acocella** at his Brooklyn dance studio about his life as a dancer and choreographer.

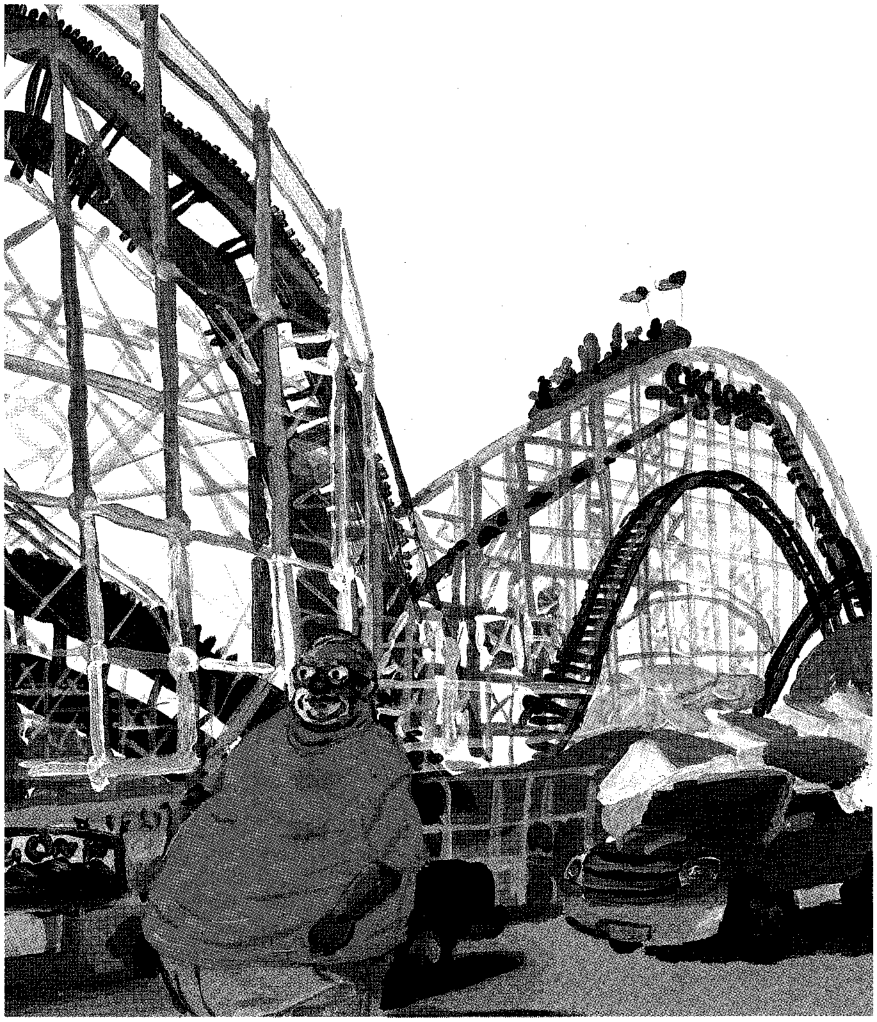
Mark Morris formed the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1980, and has since created more than a hundred works for the company. From 1988 to 1991, he was the director of dance at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, where he created "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato"; "Dido and Aeneas"; and "The Hard Nut." His ballet commissions include works for the San Francisco Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre. In 1990, he co-founded the White Oak Dance Project with Mikhail Baryshnikov. He is the subject of "Mark Morris' L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato: A Celebration," a volume of photographs and critical essays, including one by Joan Acocella. The thirty-thousand-square-foot Mark Morris Dance Center opened in 2001.

Joan Acocella has been a dance critic for *The New Yorker* since 1998 and a contributor of essays and literary criticism since 1992. Her books on dance include "Mark Morris," a biography and critical study, and "The Diary of Vaslav Nijinsky," which she edited. Her many reviews of Mark Morris's performances include, most recently, "Sylvia," which ran in the May 24th issue of the magazine.

11 A.M. $40
Mark Morris Dance Center
3 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn

Fasten Your Seat Belts

Following a private ride on the Cyclone, the famous Coney Island roller coaster, **Kevin Conley** will talk about the ups and downs of coasters over pizza at the renowned Totonno's Pizzeria Napolitano.



The Cyclone

Kevin Conley is a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and the author of "Stud: Adventures in Breeding," parts of which first appeared in the magazine. He is currently working on a book about stuntmen. His article on roller coasters appeared in the August 30th issue of the magazine.

11 A.M. $40
Astroland Amusement Park at Coney Island
1000 Surf Avenue, Brooklyn

Manhattan Unfurled for Kids

Matteo Pericoli will assist children in drawing the Manhattan skyline en plein air. Easels and art supplies will be provided.

Matteo Pericoli is the author and illustrator of "Manhattan Unfurled," which contains two twenty-two-foot-long accordion-style drawings of the island's East and West Sides, and "Manhattan Within," which contains a drawing in the same for-mat of a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree view of the Manhattan skyline from Central Park. In August, his first dos-à-dos binding for children, "See the City: The Journey of Manhattan Unfurled," was released. He has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1996.

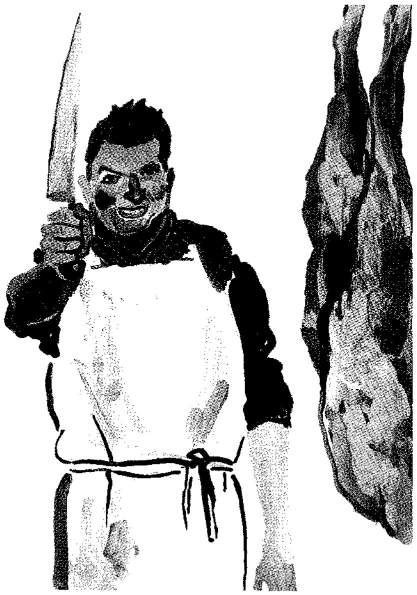
11 A.M. to 1 P.M. (Children five to ten years old) $25
2 P.M. to 4 P.M. (Children ten to fifteen years old) $25
The venue will be indicated on the tickets.

Cucina Toscana

Dario Cecchini and **Bill Buford** will prepare and serve meat and other dishes particular to Tuscany. Regional wines will also be served.

Dario Cecchini is one of Italy's most famous butchers. He owns the Antica Macelleria Cecchini, a butcher shop in Panzano, Chianti, which his family has run for more than two hundred and fifty years. He studied veterinary medicine before deciding to devote himself to the family business and applies the skills and knowledge he acquired in his study to his profession.

Bill Buford was the fiction editor of *The New Yorker* from 1995 to 2002, and is currently a staff writer. He is the author of "Among the Thugs" and the book "Heat," which comes out in November and is in part about the chef Mario Batali, whom he profiled in the August 19, 2002, Food Issue of the magazine. The piece won the James Beard Foundation Journalism Award for Magazine Feature Writing without Recipes. His piece about pasta appeared in the September 6th Food Issue.



Dario Cecchini

1 P.M. $75 The Culinary Loft
515 Broadway

Inside the Artists' Studio

Christo and **Jeanne-Claude** will talk with **Calvin Tomkins** about their forty-three years of making art together.

Christo and Jeanne-Claude's "The Gates, Central Park, New York City, 1979-2005," a work in progress since 1979 consisting of seventy-five hundred gates bridging the pedestrian walkways of the Park, will appear for sixteen days in February, 2005. "Over the River, Project for the Arkansas River, Colorado" has been in progress since 1992. Their previous works include "Wrapped Reichstag, Berlin, 1971-95," "The Pont Neuf Wrapped, Paris, 1975-85," "Running Fence, Sonoma and Marin Counties, California, 1972-76," and "Surrounded Islands, Biscayne Bay, Greater Miami, Florida, 1980-83."

Calvin Tomkins has been a staff writer since 1960. His twelve books include "The Bride and the Bachelors: Five Masters of the Avant-Garde," "Merchants and Masterpieces: The Story of the Metropolitan Museum of Art," "Living Well Is the Best Revenge" (re-issued by the Modern Library series in 1998), and "Duchamp: A Biography." His Onward and Upward with the Arts piece "The Gates to the City," about Christo and Jeanne-Claude's Central Park work, appeared in the March 29th issue of the magazine.

2 P.M. $30
The meeting place will be indicated on the tickets.
(Net proceeds from tickets to this event will benefit Nurture New York's Nature.)

Come Hungry

Calvin Trillin will once again conduct a gastronomic walking tour of Manhattan's Chinatown which will conclude with a dim-sum feast.

Calvin Trillin has been writing about political and cultural aspects of American life for the magazine for more than forty years. He is the author of twenty-three books, including several on the subject of food, such as "American Fried," "Alice, Let's Eat," "Third Helpings," and "Feeding a Yen: Savoring Local Specialties, from Kansas City to Cuzco," which was released in paperback in May. His comic poem "What Happened to Brie and Chablis?" appeared in the September 8, 2003, issue of the magazine. His piece on the South African fish snoek ran in the September 6th Food Issue.

11 A.M. $60
The starting point will be indicated on the tickets.

Dressing the Body

Harold Koda and **Judith Thurman** will discuss the evolution of the body through history and the clothes that have adorned it.

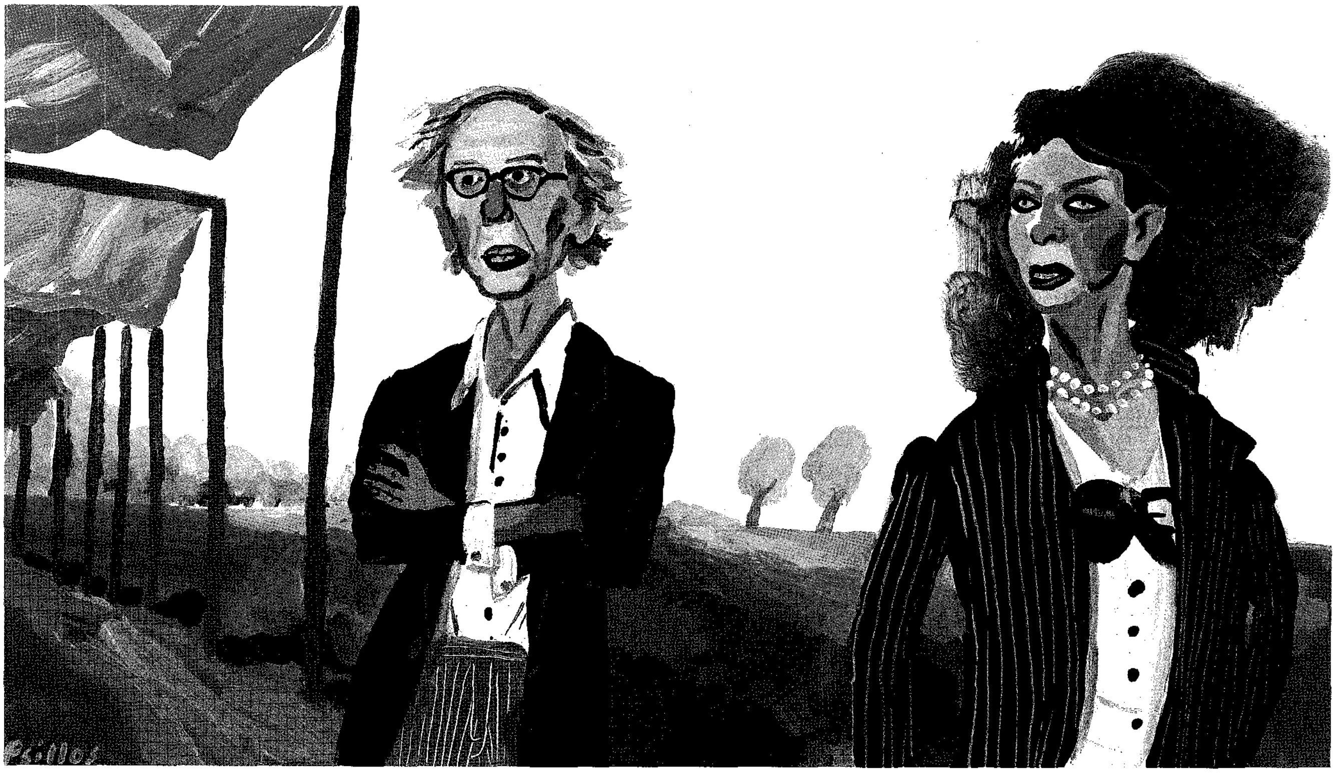
Harold Koda is the curator in charge of the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His recent exhibitions include "Dangerous Liaisons: Fashion and Furniture in the 18th Century," "Goddess," and "Extreme Beauty: The Body Transformed." He has received two special awards from the Council of Fashion Designers of America.

Judith Thurman has been contributing essays, reviews, and criticism to *The New Yorker* since 1987, and currently writes the In Fashion column. Her books include "Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette," which won a Los Angeles Times Book Award and was a finalist for the National Book Award and the National Book Critics Circle Award; "Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller," which won a National Book Award for Biography; and the poetry collection "Putting My Coat On."

11 A.M. $30
The Costume Institute
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street
(Net proceeds from this event will benefit the Costume Institute.)

Sunday Matinée with Anthony Lane

A screening of "Duck Soup," Leo McCarey's 1933 farce about war, starring Margaret Dumont



Christo and Jeanne-Claude

and Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo Marx, will be followed by a discussion with the *New Yorker* film critic.

Anthony Lane has been writing the Current Cinema column for *The New Yorker* since 1993. He is also a contributor of essays, book reviews, Talk of the Town stories, and long fact pieces, many of which are collected in his book, "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker." In 2001, three of his pieces won the National Magazine Award for Reviews and Criticism. His Life and Letters piece on P. G. Wodehouse, "Beyond a Joke," appeared in the magazine's Spring Humor Issue of April 19th & 26th.

3 P.M. [Free event; first come, first seated.]
Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

PANEL

The Middle East Conflict

Can there ever be peace?

Jeffrey Goldberg, moderator. With **Rashid Khalidi**, **Benny Morris**, **Ari Shavit**, and **Michael Tarazi**.

Jeffrey Goldberg joined *The New Yorker* as a staff writer in 2000. His Reporter at Large piece "The Great Terror," about the Iraqi use of chemical and biological weapons against the Kurdish population, won the Overseas Press Club Award for human-rights journalism. His two-part article "In the Party of God," about the terrorist organization Hezbollah, won the 2003 National Magazine Award for Reporting. His most recent article, "Among the Settlers," about Israeli settlers in the West Bank and Gaza, appeared in the May 31st issue. He is currently at work on a book about the possibility of reconciliation in the Middle East.

Rashid Khalidi is the author of "British Policy Towards Syria and Palestine, 1906-1914," "Under Siege: P.L.O. Decision-Making During the 1982 War," "Palestinian Identity: The Construction of Modern National Consciousness," and, most recently, "Resurrecting Empire: Western Footprints and America's Perilous Path in the Middle East," which was published in May. He is the Edward Said Professor of Arab Studies and the director of the Middle East Institute at Columbia University, and the editor of the *Journal of Palestine Studies.*

Benny Morris teaches Middle Eastern history at Ben-Gurion University, in Israel. He is the author of several books, among them "The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem, 1947-1949," "The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem Revisited," which came out in January, "Israel's Border Wars, 1949-1956: Arab Infiltration, Israeli Retaliation, and the Countdown to the Suez War," "Righteous Victims: A History of the Zionist-Arab Conflict, 1881-2001," and "The Road to Jerusalem: Glubb Pasha, Palestine, and the Jews."

Ari Shavit is a columnist for the Jerusalem daily newspaper *Ha'aretz*. His article "No Man's Land," about the Israeli exodus from Jerusalem in the face of the current intifada, appeared in the December 9, 2002, issue of *The New Yorker.*

Michael Tarazi is a legal adviser to the

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Negotiations Support Unit, which is part of the Negotiations Affairs Department of the Palestine Liberation Organization. He was born in Kuwait and became an American citizen in 1975. Before becoming an adviser to the P.L.O., he worked as a corporate lawyer in the United States and abroad. The Negotiations Support Unit was created in 1999 to support Palestinian-Israeli permanent-status negotiations.

1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

MASTER CLASSES

An afternoon of classes aimed at people with advanced interest in the topic.

Master Class in Humor Writing

With **Andy Borowitz** and **Bruce McCall**.

Andy Borowitz's books include "Who Moved My Soap?: The CEO's Guide to Surviving in Prison," "The Trillionaire Next Door: The Greedy Investor's Guide to Day Trading," "Governor Arnold: A Photodiary of His First 100 Days in Office," and "The Borowitz Report: The Big Book of Shockers." His Web site, Borowitzreport.com, has won five About.com Political Dot-Comedy Awards. He has been contributing humor pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1998.

Bruce McCall has been a contributor of art and humor to *The New Yorker* since 1979. His books include "The Last Dream-O-Rama"; the memoir "Thin Ice: Coming of Age in Canada," which was adapted for the documentary film "Thin Ice"; "Zany Afternoons"; and, most recently, "All Meat Looks Like South America: The World of Bruce McCall," much of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. His piece "Liberal Radio Network Employment Application" appeared in the March 29th issue of the magazine. He has just completed a mural for Delta Airlines, at Thirty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, in Manhattan, which is the largest outdoor painting in America.

10 A.M. Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square (Entrance on 43rd Street)

Master Class in Fiction

With **Sherman Alexie** and **George Saunders**.

Sherman Alexie is the author of several novels, poetry books, and short-story collections, including "Ten Little Indians," which was released in paperback in April. In 2002, he adapted for film and directed "The Business of Fancydancing," based on his story and poetry collection of the same title. In 1998, he wrote the screenplay for "Smoke Signals," based on his book "The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven."

George Saunders has been a contributor of stories, memoirs, and humor to *The New Yorker* since 1992. He is the author of the short-story collections "Pastoralia" and "CivilWarLand in Bad Decline," and also of a children's book, "The Very Persistent Gappers of Frip." He has taught in the Syracuse University Creative Writing Program since 1996. His story "Adams" ran in the August 9th & 16th issue of the magazine.

1 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square (Entrance on 43rd Street)

Master Class in Illustration

With **Arnold Roth** and **Gerald Scarfe**.

Arnold Roth has contributed cartoons and illustrations to *The New Yorker* since 1992. Since 2001, an exhibition of his work, "Arnold Roth: Free Lance, a Fifty Year Retrospective," has travelled through America and Europe, together with an accompanying book. His previous books include "Pick a Peck of Puzzles," "Arnold Roth's Crazy Book of Science," "Poor Arnold's Almanac," and "No Pain, No Strain." In 1983, he won the National Cartoonists Society's Reuben Award for Cartoonist of the Year. His Back Page illustration "It's Spring!" appeared in the May 3rd issue of the magazine.

Gerald Scarfe's books include "Heroes and Villains: Scarfe at the National Portrait Gallery," which accompanied a recent exhibition of his work at the gallery, and "Scarfe by Scarfe: An Autobiography in Pictures." He directed and designed the animation for "Pink Floyd—The Wall," and has designed costumes and sets for theatre, opera, and ballet. In 1994, he won a

SUNDAY | OCTOBER 3 | 2004

Laurence Olivier Award for his costume design for "An Absolute Turkey." He was the subject of the 2003 BBC documentary "Gerald Scarfe: Drawing Blood." He has been contributing art to *The New Yorker* since 1992.

4 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium

4 Times Square (Entrance on 43rd Street)

A HUMOR REVUE

Humor has been a mainstay of *The New Yorker* since the magazine's inception, in 1925. Harold Ross, *The New Yorker's* founding editor, characterized his magazine as "a comic weekly," featuring the work of such writers as Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, S. J. Perelman, A. J. Liebling, and Ring Lardner, among the country's greatest literary humorists. The magazine's tradition continues, with the contributions of such writers and artists as **Andrew Barlow**, **Noah Baumbach**, **Andy Borowitz**, **Christopher Buckley**, **Nancy Franklin**, **Steve Martin**, **Patricia Marx**, **David Owen**, **Paul Rudnick**, **Paul Simms**, and **Calvin Trillin**, all of whom will read selections from their own work. The work of several is included in "Fierce Pajamas: An Anthology of Humor Writing from The New Yorker."

Andrew Barlow's most recent contribution, "Something for Everyone," a parody of Coke and Pepsi, appeared in the March 1st issue. He is the co-author, with Kent Roberts, of "A Portrait of Yo Mama as a Young Man," which will be published next spring.

Noah Baumbach has been a contributor of humor pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1999. His most recent, "The Blockbuster Effect," appeared in the May 31st issue. "The Life Aquatic," which he directed and co-wrote with Wes Anderson, will be released in December.

Andy Borowitz has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1998, most recently of "New Year's Resolutions, Seven Months Later," which appeared in the August 9th & 16th issue. His new book, "The Borowitz Report: The Big Book of Shockers," is out in October.

ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM. TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 9TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM, AT ALL ticketmaster OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.

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THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL SWEEPSTAKES
OCTOBER 1•2•3

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- A 3-month lease of a Volkswagen New Beetle Convertible
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- One deluxe room for two at the Hotel InterContinental The Barclay
- A $500 gift card from Barnes & Noble
- A Motorola V 710 mobile phone
- A $500 gift certificate and a founder's down jacket from Eddie Bauer
- Two tickets to the New York première of HBO Films' "The Life and Death of Peter Sellers," and a collection of HBO Films DVDs
- An epic-sized cup of Altoids mints
- Two tickets to the 2005 New Yorker Festival
- Cocktails and conversation with a *New Yorker* cartoonist, hosted by Grand Marnier
- A signed copy of "The Complete Cartoons of The New Yorker"

The New Yorker Festival Headquarters

Barnes & Noble, Union Square
4th Floor

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Sweepstakes starts October 1, 2004, at 10 A.M. E.S.T., and ends October 3, 2004, at 5:59 P.M. E.S.T. Each contestant must be 18 years of age or older and a legal resident of the United States as of the date of entry. Void outside New York State. Contestants may submit one (1) entry per person. One grand-prize winner will be selected at random from entries received on or about October 31, 2004. All decisions of the judges are final. Subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. The odds of winning depend on the number of entries received. No substitutions for prizes except by sponsors, in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted. Employees of The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Volkswagen of America,Inc., Barnes & Noble, Microsoft, Eddie Bauer, Motorola, Turning Leaf, HBO, Delta, Intercontinental The Barclay, Grand Marnier, and Altoids and their immediate families are not eligible to enter. The New Yorker. Hotel accommodations and airline vouchers to be used for travel to and from Festival weekend, 2005. Winner will be responsible for insurance on the Volkswagen New Beetle Convertible. Complete rules and regulations will be included on entry forms at Festival Headquarters.

Christopher Buckley's novels and humorous works include "Wry Martinis," "No Way to Treat a First Lady," "Thank You For Smoking," and, most recently, "Florence of Arabia," which is out in September. He has been a *New Yorker* contributor since 1992. His most recent piece, "Man of Attack," a parody of Bob Woodward's book "Plan of Attack," appeared in the May 3rd issue.

Nancy Franklin joined the staff of *The New Yorker* in 1978 as a typist. In 1989, as an editor, she began contributing Talk of the Town stories and has since written Profiles, Comment, essays, and book reviews as well as humor pieces. For eight years beginning in 1994 she was a theatre critic; currently, she writes the On Television column. Her Shouts and Murmurs piece, "My Comeuppance" appeared in the February 9th issue.

Steve Martin has been contributing humor pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1998, most recently, "Studio Script Notes on 'The Passion,' " which appeared in the March 8th issue. Many of his *New Yorker* pieces are collected in his book "Pure Drivel." He is also the author of a novella, "Shopgirl," and of a novel, "The Pleasure of My Company," which is out in paperback in October. He is currently adapting his Off Broadway play, "Picasso at the Lapin Agile," for film.

Patricia Marx has contributed humor pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1984. She has written or co-written more than twenty books, including "Meet My Staff," "Now Everybody Really Hates Me," and "How to Regain Your Virginity." Her Shouts and Murmurs piece "Chain Letter" appeared in the July 12th & 19th issue.

David Owen's book "Copies in Seconds," a history of the Xerox machine, was published in August. His previous books include "The Man Who Invented Saturday Morning," and "The First National Bank of Dad: The Best Way to Teach Kids About Money." He has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1991. His article "Card Tricks," about Hallmark greeting-card writers, appeared in the April 19th Spring Humor Issue.

Paul Rudnick is the author of two novels, "Social Disease" and "I'll Take It," and many plays, including "Jeffrey," which won an Obie, an Outer Critics Circle Award, and the John Gassner Playwriting Award; "Valhalla," which was staged by the New York Theatre Workshop this year; and "I Hate Hamlet." His screenwriting credits include an adaptation of his play "Jeffrey," "Addams Family Values," and "In and Out." His Back Page contribution, "The Gospel of Debbie," appeared in the March 15th issue of *The New Yorker.*

Paul Simms's first piece for *The New Yorker*, "A Prayer," appeared in the July 5th issue. His most recent contribution, "New Details Surface," appeared in the July 26th issue. He was the creator of the television sitcom "NewsRadio."

Calvin Trillin has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1963. His most recent book, "Obliviously On He Sails: The Bush Administration in Rhyme," was published in June. His many humor books include "Deadline Poet," "Floater," and the best-selling "Tepper Isn't Going Out." His Profile of the South African satirist Pieter-Dirk Uys appeared in the May 10th issue of *The New Yorker.*

3 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

AT HEADQUARTERS

The New Yorker Festival headquarters is at the Union Square Barnes & Noble Booksellers, 33 East 17th Street. There you can find additional information on Festival programs. You may also purchase books by New Yorker and Festival contributors. The headquarters will be open Friday from 3 to 10 P.M., on Saturday from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sunday from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

ALL PROGRAMMING IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE. FOR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION, CALL 1-877-847-TNYF, OR VISIT WWW.NEWYORKER.COM. TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT 12 NOON E.S.T. BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 9TH, AT TICKETMASTER.COM, AT ALL ticketmaster OUTLETS, OR BY PHONE: CALL 1-877-391-0545.

Following is a schedule of Saturday and Sunday free book signings at Festival Headquarters. Schedule subject to change.

BOOK SIGNINGS

Saturday

11 A.M.

Susan Orlean — "My Kind of Place: Travel Stories from a Woman Who's Been Everywhere"
Calvin Trillin — "Obliviously On He Sails: The Bush Administration in Rhyme"

12 Noon

Edward P. Jones — "The Known World"
Derek Walcott — "The Prodigal"

1 P.M.

Ken Auletta — "Media Man: Ted Turner's Improbable Empire"
Tom Brokaw — "The Greatest Generation" (boxed set)

2 P.M.

Seymour M. Hersh — "Chain of Command: The Road from 9/11 to Abu Ghraib"
Hendrik Hertzberg — "Politics: Observations & Arguments, 1966-2004"

3 P.M.

Martin Amis — "Yellow Dog" and "Vintage Amis"
Jon Lee Anderson — "The Fall of Baghdad"

4 P.M.

Cynthia Ozick — "Heir to the Glimmering World"
Orhan Pamuk — "Snow"

5 P.M.

Matteo Pericoli — "Manhattan Unfurled," "Manhattan Within," and "See the City: The Journey of Manhattan Unfurled"
Gerald Scarfe — "Heroes and Villains: Scarfe at the National Portrait Gallery"

Sunday

11 A.M.

Edwidge Danticat — "The Dew Breaker"
Tatyana Tolstaya — "Pushkin's Children: Writing on Russia and Russians"

12 Noon

Jeffrey Blitz — "Spellbound" (DVD)
Andrew Jarecki — "Capturing the Friedmans" (DVD)

1 P.M.

Andy Borowitz — "The Borowitz Report: The Big Book of Shockers"
David Owen — "Copies in Seconds: Chester Carlson and the Birth of the Xerox Machine"

2 P.M.

Krist Novoselic — "Of Grunge and Government: Let's Fix This Broken Democracy"
Henry Rollins — "Broken Summers"

3 P.M.

Lorrie Moore — "The Best American Short Stories 2004"
Jhumpa Lahiri — "The Namesake"

4 P.M.

Ben Greenman — "Superworse"
James Surowiecki — "The Wisdom of Crowds: Why the Many Are Smarter Than the Few and How Collective Wisdom Shapes Business, Economies, Societies, and Nations"

VENUES

Please note that age restrictions apply for some evening events.

Altman Building
135 West 18th Street

Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Astroland Amusement Park at Coney Island
1000 Surf Avenue, Brooklyn

Barnes & Noble Booksellers
Union Square, 33 East 17th Street

Bowery Ballroom
6 Delancey Street
(Note: You must be 21 to be admitted to evening events at this venue.)

Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square (Entrance on 43rd Street)

The Costume Institute
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street

Crash Mansion
199 Bowery
(Note: You must be 21 to be admitted to evening events at this venue.)

Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Eugene
27 West 24th Street
(Note: You must be 21 to be admitted to evening events at this venue.)

Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre
425 Lafayette Street
(Note: For tickets to this event, please call 1-800-432-7250, or visit www.telecharge.com.)

Knitting Factory
74 Leonard Street

Mark Morris Dance Center
3 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn

Tishman Auditorium
New School University
66 West 12th Street

The Kaye Playhouse
Hunter College
68th Street between Park and Lexington Avenues
(Note: Tickets are also available at the Kaye Playhouse box office.)

The Culinary Loft
515 Broadway

The New Space
530 West 21st Street

Times Square Studios
1500 Broadway

Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Note: Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

SCHEDULE

FRIDAY OCTOBER 1

FICTION NIGHT

Jonathan Safran Foer and Martin Amis
7 P.M. Directors Guild of America

Tessa Hadley and Tobias Wolff
7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives

Jhumpa Lahiri and E. L. Doctorow
7 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation

Antonya Nelson and Jeffrey Eugenides
7 P.M. Crash Mansion

ZZ Packer and Lorrie Moore
7 P.M. Altman Building

Lara Vapnyar and Tatyana Tolstaya
7 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre

Sherman Alexie and Dave Eggers
9:30 P.M. Directors Guild of America

Donald Antrim and Zadie Smith
9:30 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre

Edwidge Danticat and Chang-rae Lee
9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives

Nicole Krauss and Salman Rushdie
9:30 P.M. Altman Building

Jonathan Lethem and Edward P. Jones
9:30 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation

George Saunders and Jonathan Franzen
9:30 P.M. Crash Mansion

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Seymour M. Hersh talks with David Remnick
7 P.M. Town Hall

SATURDAY OCTOBER 2

PANELS

From Where We Sit
10 A.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library

The Way We Film Now
10 A.M. Directors Guild of America

Literature and Politics
10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française

Art and Politics
1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française

The Future of Neoconservatism
1 P.M. Times Square Studios

Political Rockers
1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library

Political Advertising
4 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library

The Method
4 P.M. Directors Guild of America

Remembering Joseph Brodsky
4 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française

WRITERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS

Robert Mankoff on Eighty Years of Political Cartoons
12 Noon. Tishman Auditorium
New School University

John Lahr and Sir Richard Eyre
1 P.M. Directors Guild of America

Malcolm Gladwell Talks About the Power of Thinking without Thinking
4 P.M. Times Square Studios

CARTOON CORNER

12 Noon to 5 P.M. Barnes & Noble Booksellers
Union Square

SATURDAY NIGHT FAMILY SPECIAL

The Flying Karamazov Brothers
7 P.M. The Kaye Playhouse
Hunter College

LATE SHIFT

Cat Power talks with Ben Greenman
9 P.M. Eugene

R. Crumb and Aline Kominsky talk with Françoise Mouly
9 P.M. Knitting Factory

Jamie Foxx talks with Andy Borowitz
9 P.M. The New Space

Frances McDormand talks with Joan Acocella
9 P.M. Crash Mansion

Kate and Anna McGarrigle talk with Hendrik Hertzberg
9 P.M. Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre

Ben Stiller talks with Susan Morrison
9 P.M. Bowery Ballroom

Wes Anderson talks with Noah Baumbach
9 P.M. Directors Guild of America

SUNDAY OCTOBER 3

ABOUT TOWN

Bagels and Lox with Mark Morris
11 A.M. Mark Morris Dance Center

Fasten Your Seat Belts
11 A.M. Astroland Amusement Park at Coney Island

Come Hungry
11 A.M. The meeting place will be indicated on the tickets.

Dressing the Body
11 A.M. The Costume Institute
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Manhattan Unfurled for Kids
11 A.M. to 1 P.M. (five-to-ten-year-olds)
2 P.M. to 4 P.M. (ten-to-fifteen-year-olds)

Cucina Toscana
1 P.M. The Culinary Loft

Inside the Artists' Studio
2 P.M. The meeting place will be indicated on the tickets.

Sunday Matinée with Anthony Lane
3 P.M. Directors Guild of America

PANEL

The Middle East Conflict
1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library

MASTER CLASSES

Humor Writing:
Andy Borowitz and Bruce McCall
10 A.M. Condé Nast Auditorium

Fiction:
Sherman Alexie and George Saunders
1 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium

Illustration:
Arnold Roth and Gerald Scarfe
4 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium

A HUMOR REVUE

3 P.M. Town Hall

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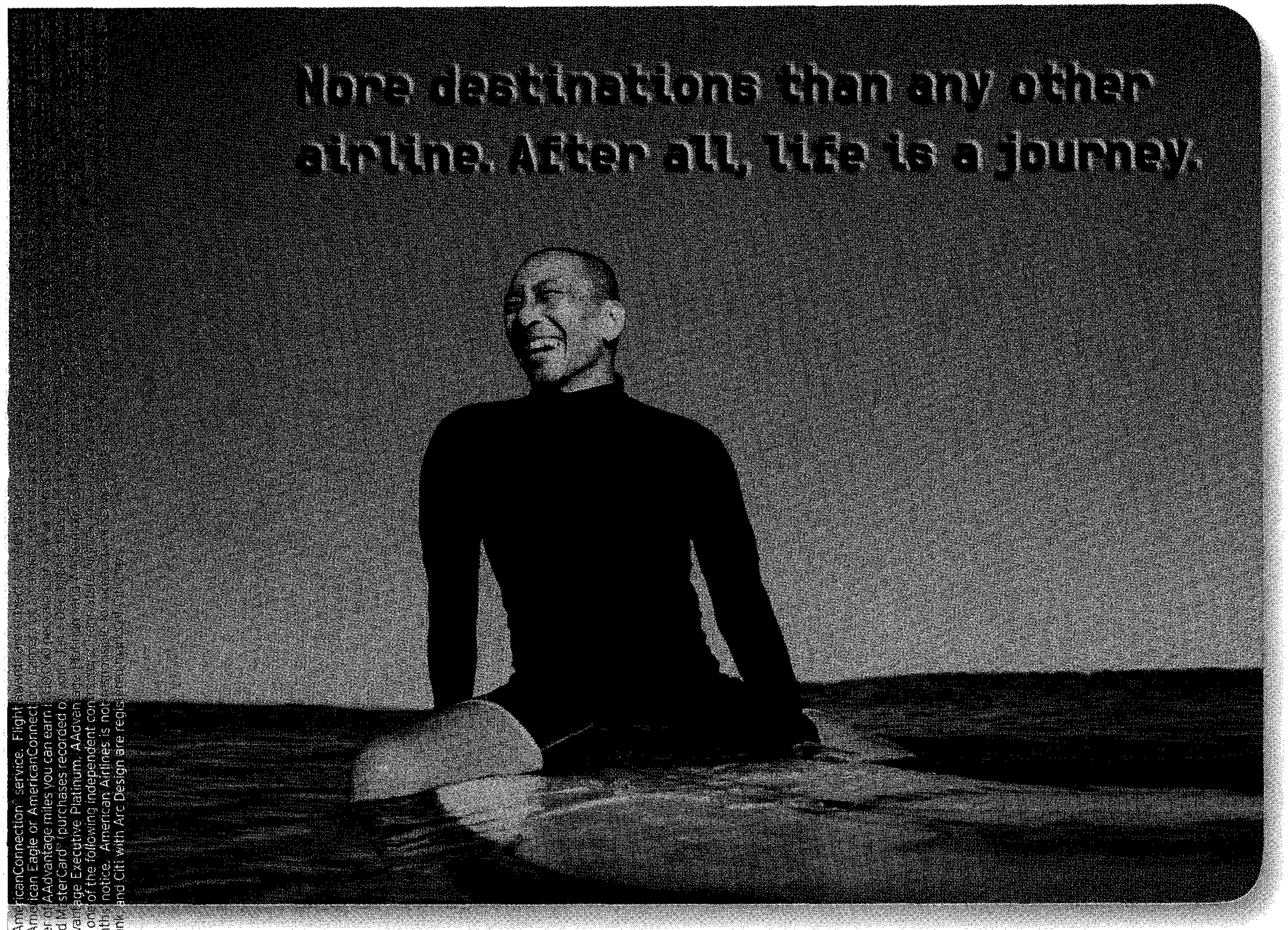
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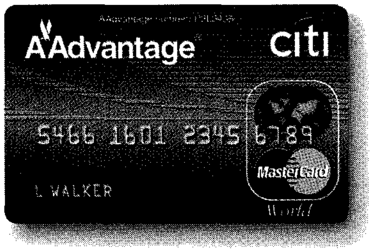

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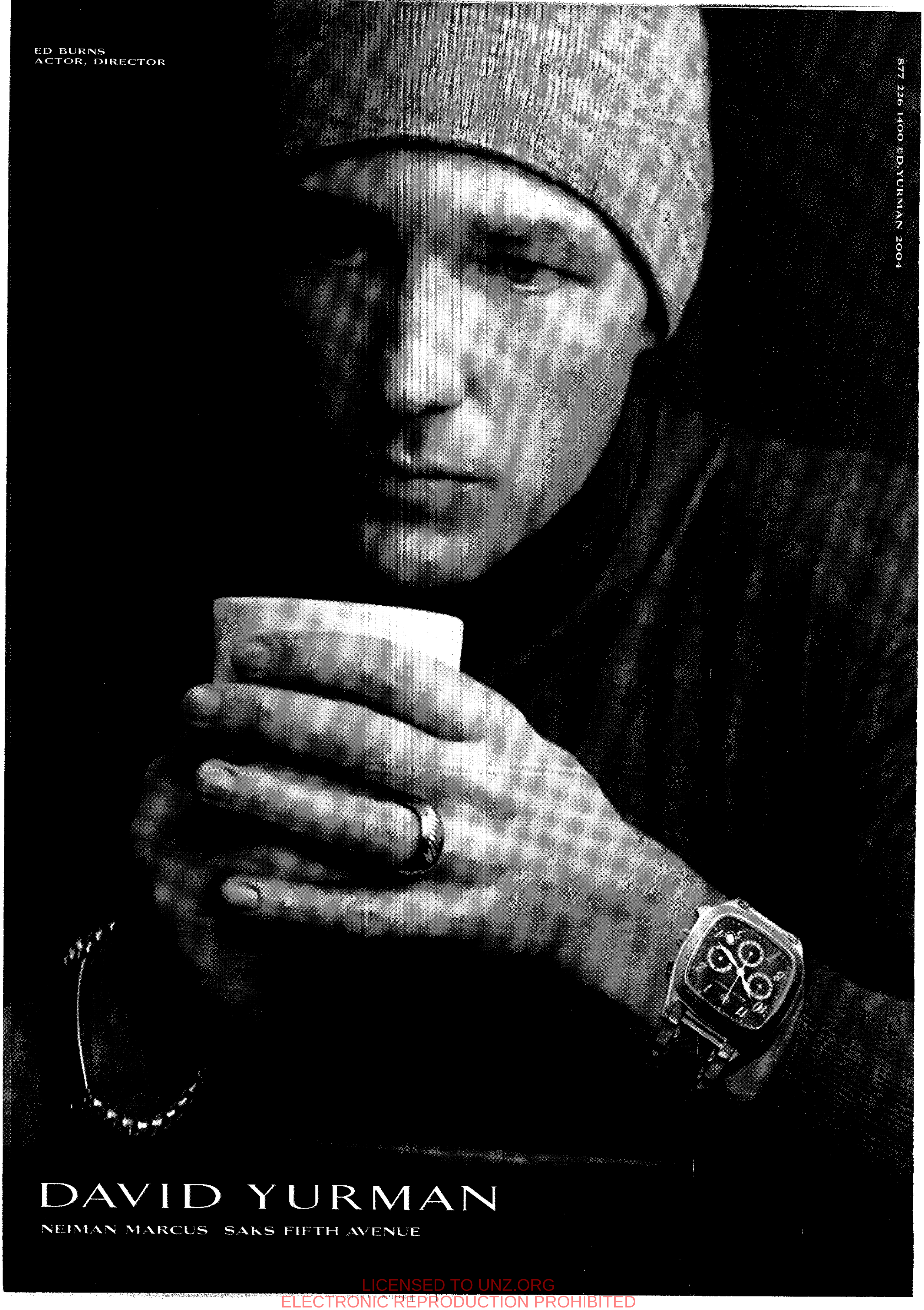
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NEIMAN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

sary, but she stood quietly at the edge of the field, chewing on a stalk of grass. I put Bo into a canter and made two leisurely figure eights around the meadow, crossing and changing leads in the middle, and followed up with a flawless approach to the first jump. The jump was made of piled-up pine boughs, about two feet high. Bo came in beautifully, slow and collected, but at the last moment she shied out and nearly tossed me. I circled her around and came in again, and this time she went over it, but tense as a spring, snorting and wild-eyed. Maggie clapped her hands, to my annoyance. Bo took the other jump in better style, but when I brought her around to the first one again she balked. She balked twice more before finally lurching over it. If I'd had a crop, I would have whaled her. I walked her around the meadow a couple of times, to cool her off, and then Maggie came over and started hopping up and down like a ten-year-old and saying, "Can I ride her now?" I slid down and handed her the reins.

Maggie threw herself into the saddle and adjusted the stirrups. She was wearing sneakers, and navy-blue shorts with a white stripe down the side, and a yellow Shetland sweater, and nothing on her head—we didn't bother with riding helmets in those days. Maggie and Bo were immediately comfortable with each other. She reached forward to stroke Bo's arched neck, and I could see Bo relax, ears pricked forward, tail swishing as she waited for a signal. They moved off at a brisk walk. After half a lap, Maggie nudged her into a trot. Bo was concentrating perfectly, no more nervousness or shying. She acted up a little when Maggie asked her to canter, but then she settled down and went into that slow, flowing gait that was such a delight for horse and rider. Round and round the meadow they went, four or five times, with Maggie giving me an ecstatic wave each time they went by, and then, just as though this had been part of the plan all along, they cut in toward a brush jump and sailed over it in one smooth motion. I started to yell out, but didn't. Bo took the other jump without breaking stride, ears twitching alertly, and circled around for the return trip. This time I watched Maggie instead of Bo. Her weight was a little too far back, I thought, but she seemed to know just what to do, rising forward to help Bo over, collecting her after each jump with only a slight pressure on the curb. Not a trace of the galumphing awkwardness she had shown on the tennis court. I felt jealous, and excited, and something else, too—proud, maybe. Maggie put her over both jumps again, and trotted back to where I was standing.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked her.

"In Vermont," she said, grinning. "I went to riding camp."

We took turns on Bo for the next forty-five minutes, working her fairly hard, with intervals of walking and a couple of pauses to let her drink from a spring in a stand of white birches. The gusty wind had died down, and the sun was hot. I loosened Bo's saddle and replaced the bridle with a rope halter I'd brought along. Maggie and I rubbed her down with handfuls of long, sweet grass, and turned her loose to graze—you could do that with Bo, after she'd been exercised. We rinsed our hands in the spring, and drank from it, and flopped down on the grass under the birches. Maggie took off her sweater. She had on a sleeveless, pale-green blouse that exposed the mole on her left shoulder. She stretched out on her back, with both hands under her head and one knee raised, and a stalk of grass in her mouth. I had a sudden, panicky feeling that she was waiting for me to say something, or do something.

For the longest time I couldn't manage a single word. It wasn't really a speech block. Usually when I got stuck on a word or a sound I could find another one to get me past it, but this time I had so many things racing around in my head that they kept colliding and cancelling each other out. I was speechless for five minutes or more, at any rate, and getting more panicky every second, and then, for some reason, I started telling Maggie about the Milhollands. I talked about old John E. Milholland and his pneumatic mail tubes, and about the castle he'd planned to build on this very meadow, with turrets and a moat. I went on to talk about Inez Milholland, who had ridden a white

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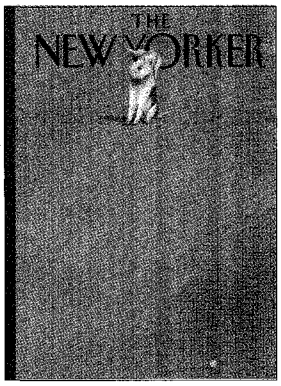

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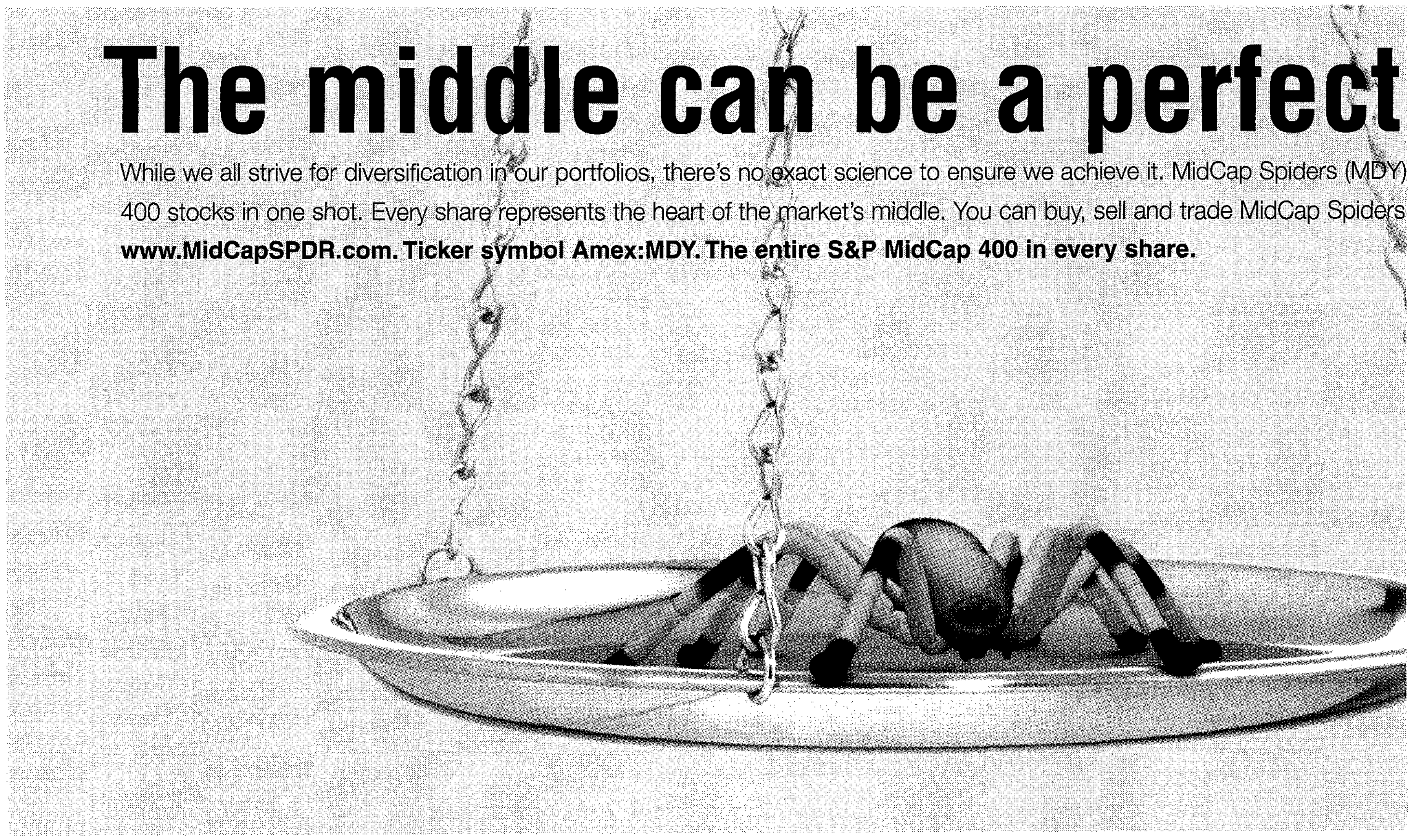
horse at the head of the great 1913 women's-suffrage parade down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., and who had collapsed and died in 1916, of aplastic anemia, while campaigning in California against the reelection of Woodrow Wilson because he had failed to support an amendment favoring women's right to vote. I told her about Inez's marriage to Eugen Boissevain, a wonderfully bighearted and supportive Dutchman who later, seven years after Inez's death, became the wonderfully bighearted and supportive husband of the poet Edna St. Vincent Millay. All these stories that I'd heard from my mother came pouring out of me with virtually no stuttering, just a momentary hesitation here and there, and the whole time I was talking I could feel Maggie watching me.

I ran out of words finally, and turned toward Maggie. She looked away first, and closed her eyes. The sun and shadow from the moving birch leaves played over her face, making lacy patterns. She was nibbling her piece of grass. Without thinking, I pulled the stalk out of her mouth and put the wet end in mine. Her eyes fluttered but stayed shut. I held the stem in my hand and began to stroke her face with the little furry tip, very lightly, following the hairline across her forehead and down her right cheek, circling her ear and noticing how the sun came right through the earlobe, turning it pink. She was smiling a little. I drew the tip down her neck and along one shoulder, out to the bend of her elbow and back to where her hand disappeared under her head, and then across to the other arm. I was leaning over her, just inches away. The furry tip kept moving lightly and smoothly, into the little hollow at the base of her neck and then down over the green blouse, hardly touching it, then down her left side and continuing along the outside of her bare thigh, up to the top of her raised knee and across to the other knee and back up the inside of the thigh to the cotton blouse again, more slowly this time, my heart beating alarmingly, and Maggie still smiling, eyes shut, not saying a word.

How long this went on I have no idea, and I'm equally hazy about how I came to be kissing her—holding my lips against hers, rather, without pressure—or how it happened that we started to roll slowly, me lying on top of her and pulling until she was on top, and then continuing to roll together on the damp ground, over and over, very slowly, our arms around each other and our bodies pressing tightly and my breathing getting faster. All that is a little unclear, but I remember exactly how it ended. Ivan the Terrible, the notorious escapee, burst through the tall grass and buried his triumphant nose in my left ear, and Bo, startled by Ivan and by the slow-rolling tangle of bodies at her feet, shied away with a loud, whinnying shriek.

Maggie, both knees pulled against her chest, was howling with laughter.


The middle can be a perfect

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The laughter still makes me cringe; I took it badly, of course, as some sort of humiliation. I went over to Bo and stood against her side for a minute or so. I tightened the girth strap and grabbed the halter and then, when I was in the saddle, gave her a vicious kick, and she took off like a rocket. Bo went from canter to gallop to dead run in about five seconds, snorting loudly, and then, all on her own, since I'd lost a stirrup and was clinging to a rope that didn't even connect with her mouth, she swerved erratically toward one of the brush jumps. She cleared it by about three feet, unencumbered by my weight. The next thing I remember is sitting up in my bed at the end of the upstairs hall in the Big House, saying goodbye to Chip and Maggie, who were leaving to go back to Vermont. I'd been out cold for sixteen hours, they told me, but, aside from a headache and what was diagnosed as a mild concussion, I seemed to be fine. Maggie scoffed at her own role as resident heroine. After I flew over Bo's head, she had run to the house to get help, and while George carried me down and then drove Mother and me to the doctor, Maggie took care of Bo.

Maggie and I stayed friends, or I guess it would be more accurate to say we became friends. She went to Wellesley, and a couple of years later she married an engineer and moved to Seattle. Every Christmas I get a snapshot of the whole family, although by now, with children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, it's a montage of three or more snapshots. Chip, who lost a leg as an infantryman in the Second World War, now spends summers in Vermont and winters in Florida, and we see each other too rarely. Fred went to work for Dad's firm after the war, expecting to take it over eventually, but the firm was sold to a large conglomerate, and Fred, who died three years ago, needed all his sweet-tempered optimism to stay afloat.

Vida Milholland sold the Big House in 1944 to Ivan Galamian, who was being spoken of even then as the finest violin teacher of his time. He taught at Juilliard, but every summer his Meadowmount School of Music attracted top students from around the country, as well as from Europe and Asia, and it has continued to do so since Galamian's death, in 1981. Driving through the Adirondacks last summer, my wife and I dropped by the school and met Judith Galamian, Ivan's widow, who is ninety-four. She remembered Vida well, but not happily. Vida hated selling the property, she said, and never came near it afterward. Mrs. Galamian told me that the upstairs bedrooms in the Big House were reserved each summer for the youngest female students. I like to think of one of them in my bedroom at the end of the long hall, listening to the sounds the wind makes in the pine boughs outside her window, thinking about her first solo recital at Carnegie Hall. ◆

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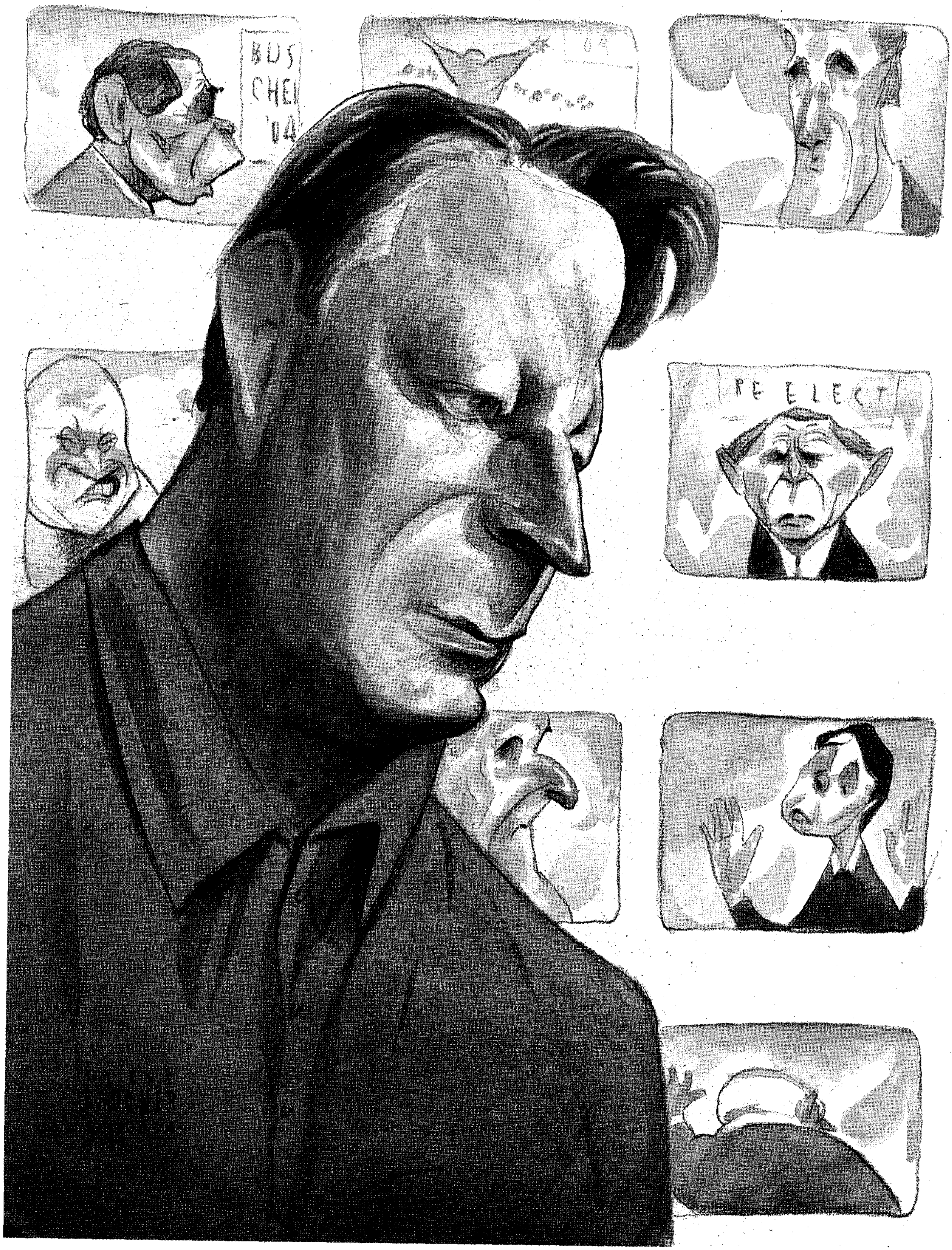
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RE ELECT

"I think he is a bully," Gore says of Bush, "and, like all bullies, he's a coward when confronted with a force that he's fearful of."

PROFILES

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

Al Gore lives on a street in Nashville.

BY DAVID REMNICK

"Hey, Dwayne? . . . Dwayne?"

"Yes, Mr. Vice-President?"

"Could I have some more coffee?"

"Yes, Mr. Vice-President. Coming . . ."

"Thanks, Dwayne."

It was ten in the morning in Nashville, a quiet weekday, with most of the neighbors off to work, and Albert Gore, Jr., sat at the head of his dining-room table eating breakfast. His plate was crowded with scrambled eggs, bacon, toast. His pond-size mug had, in a flash, been refilled by Dwayne Kemp, his cook, a skilled and graceful man who had been employed by the Gores when, as his boss often puts it, "we were still working in the White House." Freshly showered and shaved, Gore was wearing a midnight-blue shirt and gray wool trousers. In the months after losing the battle for Florida's electoral votes and conceding the Presidency to George W. Bush, on December 13, 2000, Gore seemed to let himself go, dropping out of sight, travelling around Spain, Italy, and Greece for six weeks with his wife, Tipper. He wore dark glasses and a baseball cap tugged down low. He grew a mountain-man beard and gained weight. When he began appearing in public again, mainly in classrooms, he took to introducing himself by saying, "Hi, I'm Al Gore. I used to be the next President of the United States." People looked at this rather bulky and hirsute man—a politician who had only recently won 50,999,897 votes for the Presidency, more than any Democrat in history, more than any candidate in history except Ronald Reagan in 1984, and more than half a million more votes than the man who assumed the office—and did not know quite what to feel or how to behave, and so they coöperated in his elaborate self-deprecations. They laughed at his jokes, as if to help him erase what everyone understood to be a disappointment of historic proportions—"the heartbreak of a lifetime," as Karenna, the eldest of his four children, put it.

STEVE BRODNER

"You know the old saying," Gore told one audience after another. "You win some, you lose some—and then there's that little-known third category."

Gore has since dispensed with the beard but not the weight. He is still thick around the middle. He eats quickly and thoroughly, and with a determined relish, precisely like a man who no longer has to care that he might look heavy on "Larry King Live." "You want some eggs?" he asked. "Dwayne's the best."

This has been the first election season in a generation in which Al Gore has not pursued national office. He ran for President in 1988, when he was thirty-nine; for Vice-President, on Bill Clinton's ticket, in 1992 and 1996; and then again for President in 2000. Having decided that a rematch against Bush would be too divisive (or, perhaps, too difficult), Gore has made an effort not to brood on the sidelines. Instead, he used words like "liberated" and "free" with a determined conviction to describe his inner condition. He was free of the burden, free of the pressure, free of the camera's eye. At home in Nashville, the phone barely rang. There were no advance people at the door, no aides at his shoulder. He could say what he wanted and it hardly made a ripple in the media. If he felt like calling George Bush a "moral coward," if he felt like comparing Guantánamo and Abu Ghraib to islands in an "American gulag" or the President's media operatives to "digital Brown Shirts," well, he just went ahead and did it. No worries, no hesitation. True, at noon at the Belcourt Theatre, he was to deliver a speech to a group called the Music Row Democrats, but the only cameras were likely to be local. He jokingly outlined the speech on a small notepad with just two words: "war" and "economy."

When Al and Tipper Gore had recovered from the initial shock of the 2000 election, they spent $2.3 million on the house they live in now: a hundred-year-old Colonial on Lynwood Boulevard, in the Belle Meade section of Nashville. They still own a place in Arlington, Virginia—a house that was built by Tipper's grandfather—and a ninety-acre cattle farm in the Gore family seat of Carthage, Tennessee; but Arlington was perilously close to Washington, and Carthage was too remote for a full-time residence, especially for Tipper. Belle Meade, which resembles Buckhead, in Atlanta, or Mountain Brook, near Birmingham, is a prosperous redoubt for businessmen and country-music stars; it encompasses a neighborhood of broad, sloping lawns, and houses with magnolia trees and "estate" driveways up front and glassy modern additions and swimming pools out back. Chet Atkins used to be a neighbor; Leon Russell still is. Some of the features of the house, which the couple expanded with the help of an architect, are distinctly Gore-ish: Tipper's full drum set, in the living room (complete with congas); Al's grip-and-grin photographs with the Clintons and world leaders, along the walls. There are fewer books and more televisions than you might expect. When the architect was designing the rear addition to the house, Gore asked him to curve the walls inward in two places in order to save several trees. "The trees weren't anything special, nothing rare or anything," he said. "I just couldn't bear to bring 'em down." In the back yard, around the patio and the extra-long pool, where Al and Tipper do laps, Gore also installed an anti-bug system that sprays a fine mist of ground chrysanthemums from various discreet sources: a tree trunk, a patio wall. "The mosquitoes just hate it," he said. Other features of the house are less environmentally correct. A 2004 black Cadillac, which Gore drives, was parked in the driveway. A '65 Mustang—a Valentine's Day gift from Al to Tipper—was parked in the garage.

Gore finished his eggs. He walked to a covered patio on the side of the house

“What a pity the season had to end like this!”

• •

and settled into a soft chair. Dwayne brought his coffee cup and refilled it.

Gore has hardly been a recluse since deciding, in late 2002, not to run again. In the past year, he has delivered a series of speeches in New York and Washington sharply criticizing the Bush Administration, but he has answered few questions. “It’s better that way for a while,” he said. He has given speeches for money all around the world. And he is teaching courses, mainly about the intersection of community and the American family, at Middle Tennessee State University, in Murfreesboro, and Fisk University, in Nashville.

“We’ve got about forty hours of lectures and classes on tape,” Gore said, deadpan. “Now’s your chance to watch them.”

Gore is beginning to make serious money. He is a board member for Apple and a senior adviser to Google, which just went through its I.P.O. He has also been working on creating a cable-television station and developing a financial enterprise.

“I’m having a blast,” he said.

In a parliamentary system, a candidate for Prime Minister, after losing an election, often returns to the party leadership or at least to a prominent seat in parliament. It doesn’t work that way in the United States. Here, you make your own way: you give speeches, write memoirs, accumulate a fortune, find a righteous cause. Sometimes a reporter might come calling, but not often. In any case, Donna Brazile, Gore’s campaign manager in 2000, said, “When it was over, the Democratic Party kicked him to the curb,” preferring to forget not only the Florida catastrophe but also Gore’s own misplays: his mutating personality in the three debates with Bush; his reliance on political consultants; his inability to exploit Bill Clinton’s enduring popularity and his failure to win Clinton’s Arkansas, much less Tennessee; his decision not to press immediately for a statewide recount in Florida. Now, everywhere he goes, Gore is faced with crowds who despair of the Bush Administration and see in him all that might have been, all the what-ifs. *The heartbreak of a lifetime.* Sometimes people approach him and address him as “Mr. President.” Some try to cheer him up and tell him, “We know you really won.” Some tilt their heads, affecting a look of grave sympathy, as if he had just lost a family member. He has to face not only his own regrets; he is forever the mirror of others’. A lesser man would have done far worse than grow a beard and put on a few pounds.

Consider the expectations: more than Franklin Roosevelt, or even John F. Kennedy, Gore was raised to be President. His father, Albert Gore, Sr., a senator who was known to look as noble as a Roman statesman, expected it of him. When Gore’s mother was pregnant with Al, Gore, Sr., told the editors of the Nashville *Tennessean* that if his wife gave birth to a boy he didn’t want to see the story tucked deep in the paper. After Al was born, the headline read, “WELL, MR. GORE, HERE HE IS, ON PAGE 1.” Six years later, the Senator planted a story in the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* about how young Al had coaxed his father into buying him a more expensive bow-and-arrow set than they had planned to get. “There may be another Gore on the way toward the political pinnacle,” the story said. “He’s just six years old now. But with his experiences to date, who knows what may happen.” By the time Gore made it to Harvard (the only school he applied to), he was informing his class of his ultimate ambition. His first run, in 1988, after he had spent just a few years in the Senate, was less an act of youthful presumption than a hurried attempt to win the White House in his father’s lifetime.

Gore is fifty-six years old. After the 2000 race was finally resolved, some of the people around him consoled him by telling him to “remember Richard Nixon,” how Nixon lost the Presidential race in 1960, lost the California governorship in 1962—informing the press that it would no longer have him to "kick around anymore"—and then came back to win the White House in 1968. Somehow, when that advice is mentioned to Gore today, it is neither consoling nor enticing. If John Kerry wins in November, that would likely spell the end of Gore's career in national politics; if Kerry loses, there would still be strong figures in a prospective field for 2008, not least John Edwards and Hillary Clinton.

"Basically, the answer is, I do not expect to ever be a candidate again," Gore said. "I really don't. The second part of the answer is, I haven't ruled it out completely. And the third qualifier is, I don't add the second part as a way of signalling coyness. It's merely to complete an honest answer to the question and it in no way changes the principal part of the answer. Which is, I really do not expect that I will be a candidate. If I did expect to be a candidate again, I would probably not feel the same freedom to let it rip in these speeches the way I am. And I enjoy that. It feels"—and there was that word again—"it feels liberating to me." Running again for the Senate or accepting a Cabinet position, he said, was also out of the question.

Gore, along with no small part of the country, is convinced that had things turned out differently in Florida in 2000, had the conservatives on the Supreme Court not outnumbered the liberals by a single vote, the United States would not be in the condition it's in: the front page would not be describing chaos in Iraq, record budget deficits, the rollback of numerous environmental initiatives, a diminishment of civil liberties, a curtailment of stem-cell research, an erosion of American prestige abroad. Gore does not admit to any bitterness, but it is plain in nearly every speech he gives; and while the feeling may be partly personal—who could blame him?—it runs to a deeper, more public-minded sentiment than the disappointment of his own, or his father's, ambitions.

"Here you have a guy who worked all his life to achieve the one thing he wanted—to be President of the United States, and it was there, in his grasp," Tony Coelho, Gore's campaign chairman in 2000, said. "He felt Clinton hurt him, but nevertheless he worked his butt off and brought it off. He won the most votes, by half a million, but then the Supreme Court steps in and it's gone. It is hard for any of us to understand what that means or how it feels. The truth is that Gore is really a policy guy, not a political guy, and for him to feel that he was on the cusp of the ultimate policy job, that he could affect policy and the world like no one else, and then nothing—well, imagine that!"

In a little while, a new friend of Gore's, an eccentric musician and visual artist named Robert Ellis Orrall, was going to swing by to take him and Tipper to the Belcourt.

"You'll like Bob," Gore said, smiling. "But I'm warning you: he does his own thing. He's a crazy kinda guy."

Gore delivered that last sentence in what I came to think of as his Mr. Goofy voice. When he wants to undercut something he is saying, to indicate that he knows he is speaking in a cliché or taking on a stentorian or pompous tone, he uses the Mr. Goofy voice, stretching his face into a kind of clownish expression and affecting a tone more suited to a television dinosaur. Then, there is the Herr Professor voice, Gore as lecturer. Gore didn't really want to talk politics at first, but when the subject of the press came up he seized on it and gave, at my best estimation, a twenty-minute discourse on the degradation of "the public sphere," a phrase coined by the German philosopher Jürgen Habermas, in the nineteen-sixties. (One tries, and fails, to imagine the current President alluding to the author of "Moral Consciousness and Communicative Action.") "He's a *ve-rrry* interesting guy," Gore said. "Why am I just finding out about him?"

It's easy to see that Gore, lacking public office, likes to teach. In his uninterrupted answer, he mentioned the brain-imaging center at New York University; "The Alphabet Versus the Goddess," by Leonard Shlain; "Broca's Brain," by Carl Sagan; an Op-Ed piece in the *Times* about the decline of reading in America, by Andrew Solomon; the lack of research on the relation between the brain and television—"There is just *nothing* on the dendrite level about watching television"; Gutenberg and the rise of print; the sovereign rule of reason in the Enlightenment; individualism—"a term first used by de Tocqueville to describe America in the eighteen-thirties"; Thomas Paine; Benjamin Franklin. "O.K., now fast-forward through the telegraph, the phonograph." O.K., but we *didn't* fast-forward: first, there was Samuel Morse, who failed to hear the news of his wife's dying while he was painting a portrait—"You know, he has a painting in the White House, if I remember correctly"—and therefore went out and invented a faster means of communication. "Now fast-forward again to Marconi . . . now that's an interesting story"; the sinking of the Titanic; David Sarnoff; the agricultural origin of the term "broadcast"; moving right along to "the nineteen visual centers of the brain"; an article on "flow" in *Scientific American;* the "orienting reflex" in vertebrates; the poignancy and "ultimate failure" of political demonstrations as a means of engaging the aforementioned public sphere—"I mean, what do you really have? A crowd of people holding posters with five words on them at *most* hoping for a TV camera to come along for a few seconds of airtime?"—and, finally, Gore's own 1969 Harvard thesis, on the effect of television on the Presidency and the rise, at about that time, of image over print as a means of transmitting news. This was all a way to talk about the cable-television station that he is developing.

"What kind of station will it be?" I asked.

"Well, I really can't talk about it," he said. "Not yet."

What Gore does care to talk about, and what he has talked about openly and in language shocking in its contrast with his old stilted caution, are the failures of the man who prevailed in 2000.

"You're free to speak clearly," I offered.

"I'm unplugged," he said.

A few minutes later, Robert Ellis Orrall arrived. A charming man in his late forties with close-cropped hair and an earring, Orrall has a vibrant sense of performance, insofar as he is always performing. He began telling jokes the moment he arrived, and Gore seemed to relax completely in his presence.

Tipper Gore, wearing a cotton sweater and hot-pink pants, came out on the patio to greet Orrall.

"How *are* you, Bob?"

"Just fine, Tipper, but a little nervous. They asked me to introduce Al at this thing, so I've got this little speech . . ."

A slight breeze of anxiety riffled Gore's features. Orrall gave every indication of being an unpredictable stage presence. It was one thing to clown around on the patio, quite another when you're introducing the former Vice-President in front of a few hundred supporters.

"I hope you, um, wrote it down, Bob," Gore said.

"I got it right here," Orrall said, patting his pocket.

The four of us walked out to the driveway and climbed into Orrall's car, an incommodious Volkswagen Golf. The former Vice-President opened the front door, fastidiously folded in half, and inserted himself through the narrow space available, as if through a mail slot. Once inside, he shifted his legs, zigging them up and to the right, forming with them what seemed to be an especially complicated letter in the Cyrillic alphabet. Then he very slowly closed the door on himself. There were no major injuries. Tipper climbed in back.

Orrall steered out of the driveway and headed toward the theatre. There were no sirens, no trail cars besides the normal run of traffic.

Gore smiled and said, "Bob, you could pretend like you're Secret Service, but you'd have to be wearing an earpiece instead of an earring."

"I'll do my best," Orrall said.

"Please do!" Mr. Goofy said.

Orrall is a performer of parts, and one of them is as "Bob Something," the chief songwriter and singer for a farcical band called Monkey Bowl. In Northern terms, Monkey Bowl might be described as a cross between the Fugs and Ali G.

As we drove, Orrall produced a Monkey Bowl CD titled "Plastic Three-Fifty," which listed such songs as "Stupid Man Things," "Hip Hop the Bunny," and "Books Suck." The second cut on the disk was called, simply, "Al Gore."

Not long after they met, through a mutual friend, Orrall played an early version of the song for Gore. Gore liked it so much that he added a touch of his own.

"Let's play it," Orrall said, and he slipped it into his CD player. After an infectious string of guitar chords and back beat, Orrall started singing:

Al Gore lives on my street,
Three-twenty-something, Lynwood Boulevard.
And, he doesn't know me
but I voted for him. Yeah, I punched the card!
I don't know how he lives with knowing,
That even though he won the popular vote
He still lives on my street, right down the street
From me.

Soon, everyone in the car started laughing, maybe Gore most of all, and Tipper was whacking her palm against her knee in time with the drums:

One time, I had a bike
And I was a kid, and someone stole it from me
And still I'm mad about that,
Carrying anger, I just can't let it be.
I need to be more forgiving, I know it,
'Cause even with the popular vote,
Al Gore lives on my street, right down the street,
From me.

After another chorus comically contrasting Orrall's childhood defeat and self-pity to Gore's historical disappointment and recovery, the chorus takes its climactic turn:

Life isn't fair, don't tell me, I know it
'Cause even with the popular vote,
Al Gore lives on my street, right down the street from me [repeats]
President Gore lives on my street, right down the street from me.

Finally, the song seemed to be ending, but then came the voice of Gore himself: "Hey, man, I like your song, but you need to get over all that stuff. Hey, this is a great neighborhood!"

Everyone applauded, and Orrall kept driving.

After a while, we started talking about Michael Moore's movie "Fahrenheit 9/11," and the opening scenes, which show perhaps the most painful scene in Gore's political life—the day he had to preside over a joint session of Congress in his role as President of the Senate as it certified the votes of the Electoral College, a process that was repeatedly interrupted by various African-American members of the House who tried, and failed, to gain the floor and object to the proceedings. It was Gore, of course, who had to follow the rules of order and send them to their seats, all the while knowing that his defense of decorum and law would be seen as a kind of self-flagellation, a defense of a man he disdained, or would come to disdain.

DiGiSHOP
new
New
NEW
NEW TO GO

"It's unbelievable, that scene," Orrall said.

There was a long pause, and then Gore said, "We haven't had a chance to see it yet. We were on vacation when it came out." Gore made it sound as if he had missed an opportunity to see "Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle," but Tipper said, "I'm not sure I could watch it."

Gore remarked that he had been on Al Franken's radio show not long ago. "I called in from Nashville," he said. The guest was Michael Moore. Franken went into his New Age therapist Stuart Smalley routine, and, with both Gore and Moore on the line, said, "Now, Michael, is there something you'd like to say to the Vice-President?"

In 2000, Moore and others on the left gave support to the third-party candidacy of Ralph Nader, who was campaigning on the notion that there was no difference between Gore and Bush. Without Nader in the race, Gore would likely have won the Presidency, even excluding Florida.

"We're really sorry, Al," Moore said.

Gore laughed as he recalled the story: "I gave it a big pause and said, 'For what, Michael?' And then he gave a whole complicated explanation about how he was voting in New York State, which wasn't in play, and how Nader had promised not to campaign in any swing states, and blah-blah-blah. So I said, 'That sounds *aw-fully* complicated, Michael.' " (Afterward, I listened to the exchange on the Internet. Franken remarked that it was really "not a full-on apology" and Moore made sure to tell Gore, "You're more liberal than you were four years ago.") Later, Gore told me, "I did see 'Bowling for Columbine.' I really appreciate what he's trying to do, but I wouldn't have thought before seeing the movie that anyone could have aroused any sympathy in me for Charlton Heston. And yet he did. . . . I'm sure there is some of that in 'Fahrenheit 9/11.' "

Orrall pulled the VW into the parking lot of the Belcourt Theatre. Someone pointed him in the direction of a

SPRING BREAK

I

The beach is the hot parade ground where brigades
Of suntanned girls disport themselves and thrust
Upon one's notice pelvis, butt, and bust,
And whitened noses bridged with heart-shaped shades.
The boys are beery, laying plots to score,
Exhibiting heroic abs and pecs,
The showy animality of sex,
Which the girls make weak pretenses to ignore.

They are viewed by dry, bird-wristed, blue-rinsed crones
With diamond rings and teeth of Klondike gold
Mounted on a frail armature of bones;
Their hatted husbands, once, perhaps, adored,
Now paunchy, rheumatoid, and feeling old,
Who joust at chess, assault at shuffleboard.

II

As at a signal and like an enormous swarm
Of monarch butterflies, the young ones head
Northward to strict assignments and to bed
Each of them in a rock-star-postered dorm,
And steel themselves for mastering Kant's "Critique"
Of impenetrable Reason, Pico's claims
For human dignity, late Henry James,
And insubordinate particles of Greek.

Meanwhile the elders breathe a grateful sigh;
Vanished are rudeness, arrogance, and noise.
Yet, a week later, what is their reward?
Views of the changeless ocean leave them bored,
And it would be ungenerous to deny
The girls were pretty and the boys were boys.

—*Anthony Hecht*

space that had been saved with an orange traffic cone.

"Hey!" Gore said. "We've got an orange cone!"

As the Gores went through a side door, they met Bob Titley, one of the co-founders of the Music Row Democrats. Nashville is a center of the music industry, and the area around Sixteenth Avenue, where all the main recording and publishing companies have their offices, is called Music Row. For the most part, the country-music business is Republican. But there have always been exceptions, as when one of the Dixie Chicks said, last year, that she was ashamed of having Bush as President. When the Dixie Chicks were roundly denounced, a number of executives and songwriters in Nashville decided to start the new group.

"Is there any reason you haven't invited me to one of your Kerry-oke nights?" Gore asked Titley.

"We were saving you for a really big night," he said.

Orrall took the stage, plugged a performance he was making that evening at a local club, the Bluebird Café, and efficiently introduced the day's speaker. "He won the popular vote . . . and he lives down the street from me!" Gore, who was now wearing a jacket and tie, came out to a standing ovation, and he was smiling broadly and waving and doing that mouthing-gratitude-delightedly-pointing-out-friends-in-the-crowd thing that politicians do. He had torn into the Bush Administration quite often lately, and he knew well the particulars of his indictment.

When the crowd finally quieted down, he thanked a few people and said, "Hello. I'm Al Gore, and I used to be the next President of the United States."

Everyone laughed. He kept his practiced deadpan. "I don't find that particularly funny," he said.

Everyone laughed again. "Put yourself in my position. I flew on Air Force Two for eight years. Now I have to take off my shoes to get on an airplane.

"Not long ago, I was on Interstate 40 going from here to Carthage. We were driving ourselves. I looked in the rearview mirror. There was no motorcade. You heard of phantom-limb pain?" At around dinnertime, at the Lebanon exit, he went on, the Gores found a Shoney's—"a low-cost family restaurant"—and the waitress made a fuss over Tipper and then went to the next booth and said, "He's come down a long way, hasn't he?" Not long afterward, Gore said, he flew to Nigeria on a Gulfstream V to give a speech on energy. In that speech, he told the story about what had happened at dinner back in Tennessee, carefully explaining what a Shoney's was. On the way home from Africa, the plane stopped to refuel in the Azores. While Gore was waiting on the tarmac, a man came running with an urgent message, "Mr. Vice-President! You have to call Washington!," and handed him some wire copy.

"I wondered what could be wrong in Washington," Gore said. "Then I realized—a whole *bunch* of things."

It turned out that a reporter in Lagos had mixed things up and written a story saying that Gore had "opened a low-cost family restaurant called Shoney's."

Well, Gore said, "Later, I got a letter from Bill Clinton saying, 'Congratulations on the new restaurant.' See, we like to celebrate each other's successes."

There is something about the post-modern way that Gore has masked his outrage about the 2000 election with a distinct blend of uncomplaining poise and media-age irony which keeps him separate in our minds from the three men in American history who have shared his peculiar fate: Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, and Samuel Tilden.

When Jackson lost the election in 1824 to John Quincy Adams despite winning the popular vote, he never ceased charging fraud and raging against the "cheating and corruption and bribery" of the system, to say nothing of the treachery of Henry Clay, who traded his own electors to Adams for the office of Secretary of State. Four years later, Jackson ran again and won.

Cleveland, running for reëlection in 1888, lost the electoral vote to Benjamin Harrison but quickly assured his supporters that he would be redeemed. Take care of the furnishings in the White House, his wife, Frances, told staffers—we'll be back. Cleveland gained his second term, and his revenge, four years later.

Tilden was different. A New York Democrat, Samuel Tilden was a reform-minded governor who made a high-minded challenge to Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. Tilden seemed the clear winner of the popular vote, but when disputed returns came in from four states, particularly Florida, Congress appointed a special electoral commission, which was controlled, in the main, by the Republican Party. The commission voted on partisan lines to give Hayes the electoral votes in question, and Tilden lost. He was viewed as intelligent but awkward and remote; he was criticized for being too weak, too hesitant to challenge the commission with the necessary ferocity. Instead of pressing the case politically, he decamped to Europe, and eventually retreated to Graystone, his estate in Yonkers. Faced with the decision of whether to run in 1880, Tilden wrote a letter declining: "I desire nothing so much as an honorable discharge." He rarely left Graystone, and died in 1886. Tilden's tombstone was engraved, "I Still Trust the People."

Al Gore handled his defeat and, ultimately, his decision to stay out of the 2004 Presidential race in ways that echoed Tilden's. After the Supreme Court decision, and after Gore decided not to pursue a "scorched earth" strategy of undermining Bush's legitimacy in the press and in the courts, he gave a concession speech on December 13, 2000, that will be remembered as one with nearly perfect equanimity and pitch, a speech that exalted the rule of law and seemed to go a long way toward cooling the public war and his own inner rage. To write that speech, Gore drew on the bitter defeat in 1970 of Al Gore, Sr., at the hands of a race-baiting opponent. "As for the battle that ends tonight," he said, "I do believe, as my father once said, that no matter how hard the loss, defeat might serve as well as victory to shape the soul and let the glory out."

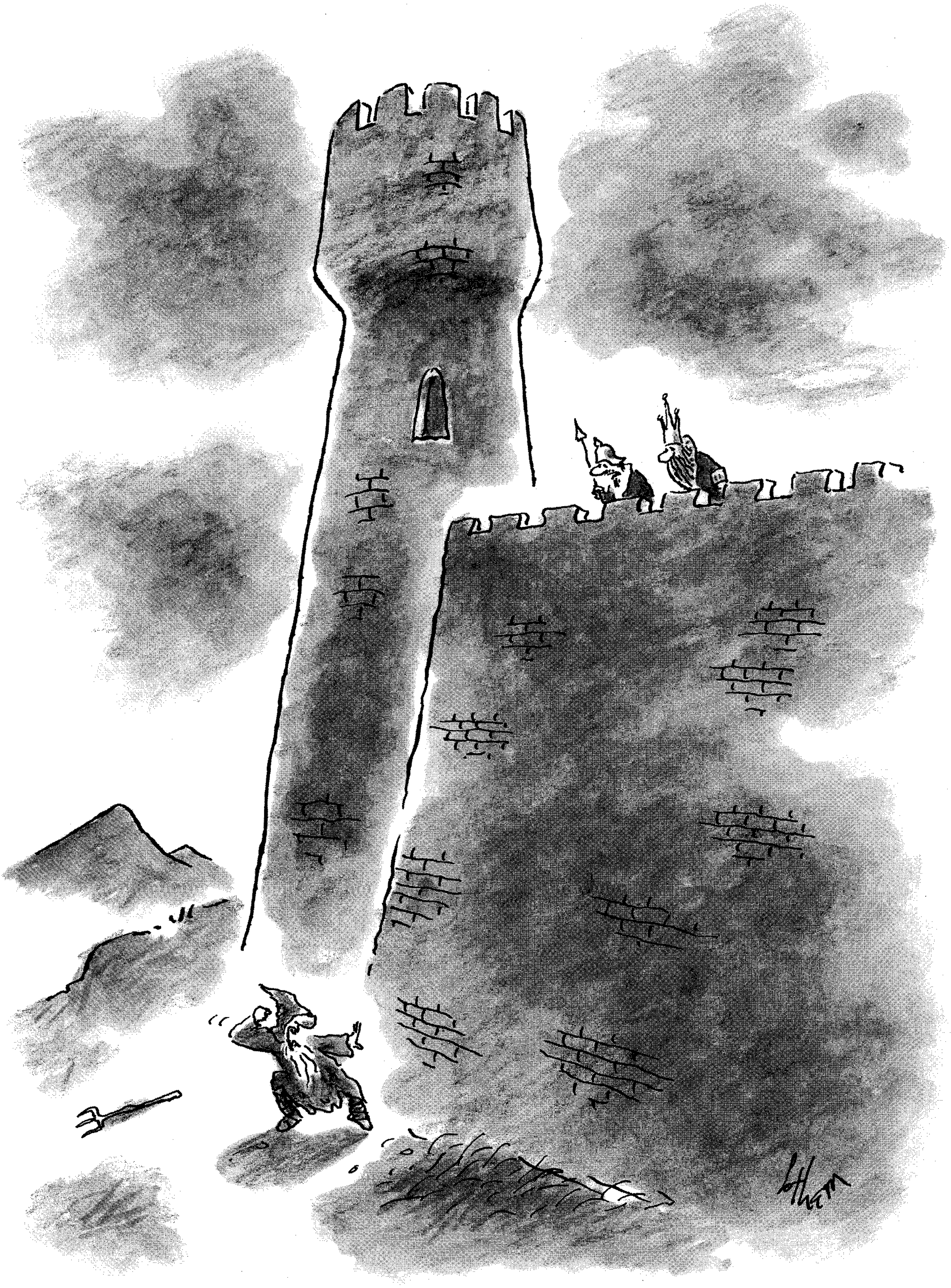
Gore's tone was elegiac, but, like Tilden, he still faced a decision, and it was solely within the Gore family that the decision would be made. Even during the campaign, Gore was surrounded mainly by paid professionals, not loyalists. And, afterward, his circle, such as it was, fractured and went its own way. Unlike Clinton, who could draw on a huge pool of friends for advice, Gore lacked the gift, or the patience, for showing gratitude, for keeping in close touch. Donna Brazile complained that she had never got so much as a thank-you note for her service in 2000, and many who had worked for Gore or who had given serious money to the campaign felt the same. "He treated people poorly," Robert Bauer, one of Gore's aides during the Florida battle, said. "He was cold, aloof, condescending, ungrateful. There were legendary stories about how he treated people with a lack of gratitude. There is a strange character in Gore. . . . He is an isolated man." Other aides were less harsh, saying that Gore was brusque and demanding but not unkind. Yet, once freed of the apparatus and the requirements of a political campaign, Gore really did savor his time alone, thinking, reading, writing speeches, surfing the Internet. "One thing about Gore personally is that he is an introvert," another former aide said. "Politics was a horrible career choice for him. He should have been a college professor or a scientist or an engineer. He would have been happier. He finds dealing with other people draining. And so he has trouble keeping up his relations with people. The classical difference between an introvert and an extrovert is that if you send an introvert into a reception or an event with a hundred other people he will emerge with less energy than he had going in; an extrovert will come out of that event energized, with more energy than he had going in. Gore needs a rest after an event; Clinton would leave invigorated, because dealing with people came naturally to him."

Gore ran for President in the shadow of Clinton: in the shadow of Clinton's talents and his mistakes—most of all, the affair with Monica Lewinsky, the supreme gift to the Republican opposition. After it became clear that Clinton had lied to his wife, to Gore, to everyone, that he had, in fact, carried on the affair, the Clinton-Gore relationship, which had been more formal than advertised, collapsed nearly into silence. Gore's choice for his running mate, Joe Lieberman, was heavily influenced by Lieberman's moral denunciations of Clinton.

"I could not persuade Gore to use Clinton," Tony Coelho, the campaign chairman, said. "Gore felt strongly that there were people who wouldn't support him if he did. To a great extent, Clinton was dismissive of his own errors. So, to him, infidelity was not that big of an issue. To Al Gore, it meant something. Al is a loyal and committed husband to Tipper. They are like teen-agers in love, so the act was not to be dismissed. For him, it was real. He felt that Clinton had never publicly owned up to it. They would meet—Clinton and Gore—because we would schedule things. It was strained, even hostile at times. Al is a guy who would rather deal head on than pretend, and he tried that with Clinton. Clinton would just as soon laugh it off and move on."

Not long after September 11, 2001, Gore, who had been travelling, visited Clinton in Chappaqua, New York. Their fallen relationship now seemed repaired. Nearly everyone in the Gore camp still believes that Clinton dearly wanted to see his Vice-President succeed him, but some suspect that he was not entirely displeased that the defeat left more room on the political stage for Hillary. The relationship between Gore and Hillary had long been complicated, sometimes cool.

In the summer of 2001, Gore had ended his silence and launched a public critique of the Bush Administration with a speech in Florida. However, after the terror attacks, he declared Bush "my Commander-in-Chief," a gesture meant to promote unity and not offend the national mood. But by September, 2002, as the Bush Administration started its march toward a war in Iraq, Gore ended his discretion with a withering speech at



"Sometimes they get frustrated and punch the wall."

the Commonwealth Club, in San Francisco, aimed at the Administration's foreign policy. Gore, who was one of the few Democrats to vote in favor of the 1991 resolution in Congress endorsing the first Gulf War, now said that an American-led invasion of Iraq would undermine the attempt to dismantle Al Qaeda and damage the multilateral ties necessary to combat terrorism:

> If we quickly succeed in a war against the weakened and depleted fourth-rate military of Iraq, and then quickly abandon that nation, as President Bush has quickly abandoned almost all of Afghanistan after defeating a fifth-rate military power there, then the resulting chaos in the aftermath of a military victory in Iraq could easily pose a far greater danger to the United States than we presently face from Saddam.

Gore's challenge to the Bush White House to present real evidence of a link between Saddam Hussein and 9/11 was, in both tone and substance, more critical than any speech yet delivered by the candidates in the Democratic field. Suddenly, the prospect of a Gore candidacy hit the media in a wave.

"I wasn't surprised by Bush's economic policies, but I was surprised by the foreign policy, and I think he was, too," Gore told me. "The real distinction of this Presidency is that, at its core, he is a very weak man. He projects himself as incredibly strong, but behind closed doors he is incapable of saying no to his biggest financial supporters and his coalition in the Oval Office. He's been shockingly malleable to Cheney and Rumsfeld and Wolfowitz and the whole New American Century bunch. He was rolled in the immediate aftermath of 9/11. He was too weak to resist it.

"I'm not of the school that questions his intelligence," Gore went on. "There are different kinds of intelligence, and it's arrogant for a person with one kind of intelligence to question someone with another kind. He certainly is a master at some things, and he has a following. He seeks strength in simplicity. But, in today's world, that's often a problem. I don't think that he's weak intellectually. I think that he is incurious. It's astonishing to me that he'd spend an hour with his incoming Secretary of the Treasury and not ask him a single question. But I think his weakness is a moral weakness. I think he is a bully, and, like all bullies, he's a coward when confronted with a force that he's fearful of. His reaction to the extravagant and unbelievably selfish wish list of the wealthy interest groups that put him in the White House is obsequious. The degree of obsequiousness that is involved in saying 'yes, yes, yes, yes, yes' to whatever these people want, no matter the damage and harm done to the nation as a whole—that can come only from genuine moral cowardice. I don't see any other explanation for it, because it's not a question of principle. The only common denominator is each of the groups has a lot of money that they're willing to put in service to his political fortunes and their ferocious and unyielding pursuit of public policies that benefit them at the expense of the nation."

The rumors were that Gore would choose whether or not he would challenge Bush before the end of 2002. History will record that he declared his noncandidacy not on December 15th, on "60 Minutes," but, rather, a day earlier, when he appeared as the guest host of "Saturday Night Live." In the opening monologue, Gore said, "The good news about not being President is that I have my weekends free. The bad news is that my weekdays are also free. But I just want to say at the outset, tonight is not about rehashing things from the past. I mean, we all know there are things I should have done differently in the 2000 campaign. Maybe at times I was too wooden and stiff and I sighed too much and people said I was too patronizing. Patronizing, of course, means talking to people like they're stupid."

In a sketch that parodied his selection process for a Vice-Presidential candidate, Gore was soaking in a hot tub with "Joe Lieberman." Al Franken, playing a self-help therapist in another sketch, told Gore that, when he was in his bearded phase, "I think it's pretty clear that you were in a humongous shame spiral." And, later, with Martin Sheen showing him around the soundstage of "The West Wing," Gore settled dreamily into the President's chair on the Oval Office set.

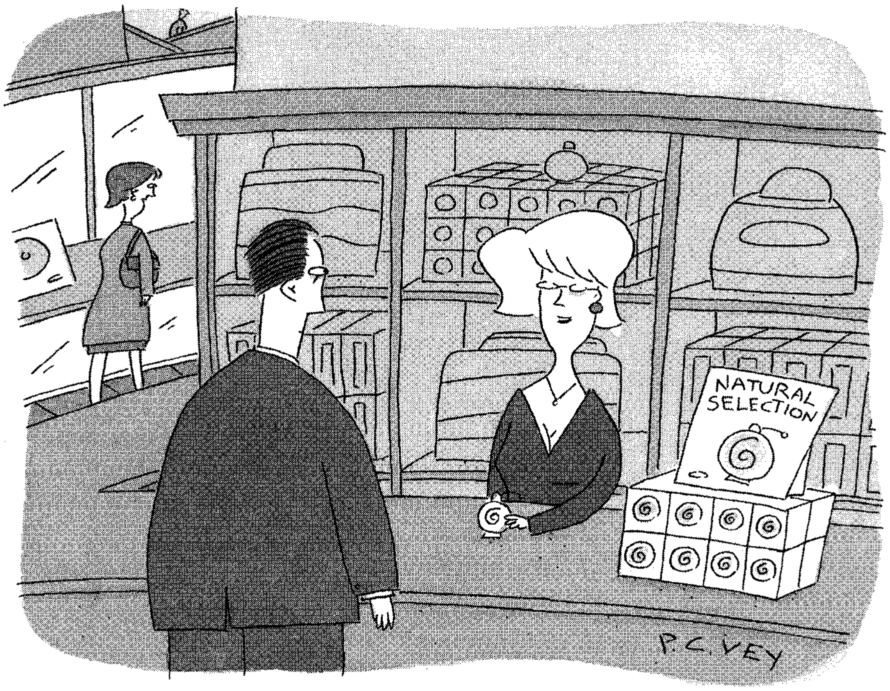
"Say, John," Gore asked John Spencer, who plays the chief of staff. "Could you do me a small favor?"

"Of course."

"I'm going to stand here at the window with my back to you and I'd like you to step up to the desk and say, 'Mr. President, the Joint Chiefs want an answer.' "

These were not the stunts of a man preparing to run for national office.

The next night, dressed in a proper suit and wearing a properly sober expression, Gore made it official. He told Lesley Stahl, "I've come to closure on this." A rematch with Bush, Gore felt, would be counterproductive; it would focus too much on 2000. Others around



"It's tested by animals on the plains of the Serengeti."

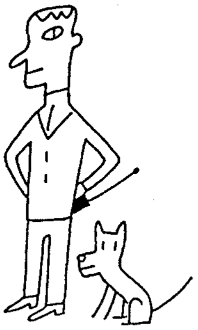
Gore accepted that but also said that Bush seemed popular, even unbeatable at the time. In the *Times* the next morning, Katharine Seelye, a reporter who had tormented Gore during the campaign with what he thought was her endless sniping at his gaffes, real and imagined, declared Al Gore "liberated."

At the Belcourt Theatre, after the opening volley of self-deflations, Gore moved on from praise of the "Clinton-Gore Administration" to a scathing critique of the Bush Administration. He rehearsed all the themes that have obsessed him for many months: the headlong rush to war, the manipulation of intelligence, the rollback of civil liberties, the "shame" and "betrayal" of Abu Ghraib, the exploitation of the war to manipulate the election campaign. ("He's . . . *using* the war! *Using* the division! *Fostering* the fear!") The one new spice of the day was a denunciation of Bush's nominee to head the C.I.A., Porter Goss, who had attacked John Kerry on the floor of the House of Representatives. Goss, Gore declared, was an inadmissibly partisan choice.

Gore's main policy speeches, which have been organized by MoveOn.org and the American Constitution Society for Law and Policy, are stripped of the sort of pedantry that sometimes wanders into his conversation. For the most part, they are cogent presentations of the anti-Bush critique familiar to readers of the more liberal editorial pages and columnists. What gives them their added force is the speaker himself, the authority of his having won the popular vote, and his Senate and White House credentials on foreign policy, the environment, and nuclear proliferation.

When I saw Gore deliver one of these speeches in Washington, and when I watched the others on tape, he was far less formal and awkward than he had been during the 2000 campaign. The shadow of Clinton's preternatural performance skills hangs over Gore (just as it does now over Kerry), and here and there, in an effort to show passion, Gore turns his volume dial a little into the feverish zone. He begins to shout, to sweat, to meander past the borderline of passion into the wilderness of hysteria. But only rarely. Those overheated moments, of course, were the ones featured most prominently not only on Fox but on CNN, where Soledad O'Brien informed viewers with all due objectivity that Gore had indulged himself in a public "rant."

Gore's Republican and conservative critics were both ferocious and mocking. The news outlets owned by Rupert Murdoch were especially quick to show Gore at his sweatiest, and quoted his most incendiary language. Writing in the *Post*, John Podhoretz declared, "It is now clear that Al Gore is insane. . . . A man who was very, very nearly President of the United States has been reduced to sounding like one of those people in Times Square with a megaphone screaming about God's justice." David Frum, a former speechwriter for Bush, wrote of Gore's "emotional deterioration" and suggested that he "ought to seek out for his own good a cool and quiet darkened room." And Charles Krauthammer, a columnist for the Washington *Post* who was once a practicing psychiatrist, went on Fox News Channel's "Special Report" and delivered a diagnosis: "It looks as if Al Gore has gone off his lithium again."



Among Gore's allies, the reaction was mainly positive, but not purely so. One said that Gore was "playing both ends of the game," combining the "MoveOn.org shtick" and a new life in big banking. "The speeches make me sick," the friend said, pointing especially to the use of "gulag" to describe American-run prisons. "I can't imagine a scenario of return. He's linked himself to the extreme left wing of the Party with these speeches. He'd say it's not true, but it is." That tends to be the view of some who put faith in Gore's New Democrat half, the Gore who was tough on deficit spending and ready to use the big stick in Bosnia and Kosovo. But most of his allies, the more liberal and the more forgiving ones, endorsed the tone of the attack as precisely what his speeches four years ago lacked: clarity, conviction, even fearlessness. Eli Attie, a speechwriter for Gore who now writes scripts for "The West Wing," said, "These are fierce times, and Gore's responding to them with fierce, passionate language. What's he got to lose, really?" Lisa Brown, who was counsel to Gore in the White House, said that, while Gore has moved left, "I don't think he's crossed the line into conspiracy thinking."

When Gore finished his speech at the Belcourt, he won another standing ovation. Offstage, he posed for pictures. His collar was saturated, his face was reddened. It had not been particularly hot onstage.

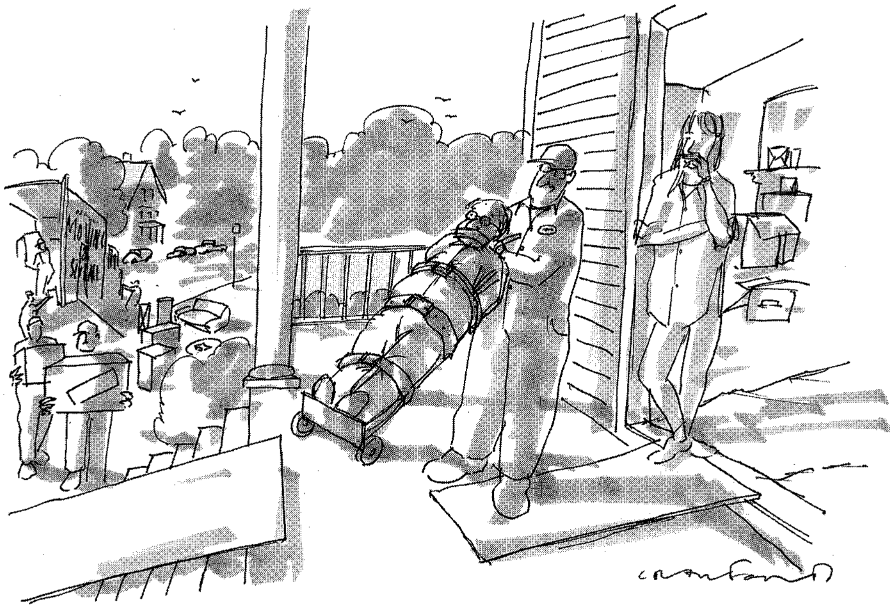
On the ride back to Belle Meade, Gore started theorizing about the November election. "Twenty-eight elected Presidents have run for a second term and almost none of those elections were close," he said. "Ten were defeated, and there were eighteen victories. Of the ten defeats, they include one who won the popular vote. The exceptions are Ford and Truman, but neither one of them was elected in the first place. And Truman's election has the memory of closeness because of that incorrect newspaper headline, but it was actually about three or four points, if memory serves. This all implies that the election is a referendum on the incumbent. In information-theory terms, the voters have so much more information on the incumbent because they have had four years to watch him, and the opponent is a subsidiary question: Will the challenger be reasonably O.K.?"

Gore, of course, believes that Kerry is more than reasonably O.K. The two men went to the Senate together in 1984 and shared some of the same qualities: intellectual seriousness, aloofness, a background of privilege and high expectations. They were hardly friends.

When I asked Gore about their relationship, he said, "In the first year, it started off as . . . um . . . competitive. We worked on some of the same issues in the same way, and that can be a formula for a difficult relationship. But he took the initiative to reach out to me and to identify the fact that he felt the relationship was not what it could be and should be and asked to sit down and talk about it and jointly create a basis for a much better working relationship. I appreciated that and was impressed by that. In the aftermath of that, we almost always worked together extremely well."

Five years ago, Kerry was wondering aloud whether he, and not Gore, should be the Party's nominee to succeed Clinton.

"He did make noise about it, to me,"



"Attic or cellar?"

• •

Gore said. "He was straightforward with me about it. He told me why, exactly what his thinking was. He thought he'd be a good candidate, it might be his last shot, he might well do it, and blah-blah-blah. I told him why I thought it would be a mistake to do it and obviously I had a self-interest in saying it."

Did Kerry feel that Gore was damaged-goods-by-association after the impeachment? I asked.

"He didn't couch it in terms of criticism of me or my prospects but, rather, in his belief that he could do a better job or be a better candidate." Gore smiled. Then he un-smiled and spoke . . . very . . . carefully. "I wasn't angry. If he had thought those things and pursued those options and didn't talk to me about it, well, that might have made me angry." When it came time for Gore to choose a Vice-Presidential nominee, his shortlist included Kerry and John Edwards.

Back at the house, Gore took off his jacket and tie and sat down at the dining-room table. Dwayne served a lunch of lamb chops fanned out over a bed of seasoned greens. Another servant set down large pitchers of water and iced tea.

As Gore tucked into his chops, he said he was quite convinced that Kerry would win in November.

"Bush's failures have been spectacular," he said. "The evidence of deceit, miscalculation have combined to produce in the minds of a lot of people a growing conviction that it's really not good for America."

Then why were the polls showing the race as being so tight?

"I always try to tell people that it's going to be very close and it's extremely important that everybody do their part, but my own prediction is that in the end it's probably not going to be that close. I think it's in the process of tipping right now. Also, the Republican right wing has launched a kind of civil cold war in a very ruthless fashion."

Gore kept an open laptop at hand as we ate. (He and Tipper have matching Apple G4s. "What did you expect?" she said. "I live with the man who *invented* the Internet.") He bookmarks the Internet to some of the more expected outlets—the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, Google News—but also to left-leaning sites like mediawhoresonline.com and truthout.com. From his reading, online and elsewhere, he has grown more convinced that, in the wake of the Goldwater collapse, in 1964, and the anti-Vietnam War movement, American conservatives were determined to "play a long game" and organize themselves, ideologically, financially, and intellectually, to win national elections and carry out a conservative revolution. Gore is interested in a memorandum written at the request of a committee chairman of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce by a Virginia attorney named Lewis F. Powell, Jr., and dated August 23, 1971, just two months before Nixon nominated Powell to the Supreme Court. The Powell memorandum portrays the American economic system as "under broad attack" by well-funded leftists, who dominate the media, academia, and even some corners of the political world. The memo describes a battle for the survival of free enterprise, and calls for less "hesitation" and "a more aggressive attitude" on all fronts. The memo was marked "confidential" and was distributed to chambers of commerce and leading executives around the nation.

As a Supreme Court Justice, Powell turned out to be a moderate, but the conservative movement did help its favored candidates, not least Ronald Reagan. I asked Gore if he thought that Hillary Clinton, in the midst of the Lewinsky period, had been right to raise the spectre of a "vast right-wing conspiracy."

"It's hard to separate the phrase from all the dicta that have grown up around it," he said. "It stands for something it wasn't originally intended to mean. The word 'vast' is accurate; the phrase 'right-wing' is accurate; it's the word 'conspiracy' that people want to modify, because it implies to many who hear it something that I don't think Hillary intended when she used it. I'm sure my phrase 'civil cold war' is vulnerable to even worse misinterpretations."

Gore was quick to distinguish the Bush Administration from any predecessor. Things were "much worse" now, in his view, than in the nineteen-eighties. "The experience of the Reagan Administration was in many ways disappointing to the right wing," he said. "It was satisfying to have a champion who won the hearts of so many Americans and was so eloquent as a presenter of many of their ideas, but it was deeply disappointing to them that he bowed to reason far more than they would have wanted. The largest tax increase in history was not the Clinton-Gore increase in '93 but what Reagan did in '82. That was really disturbing to them. His arms-control initiatives, which I was a big part of, were very troubling to people like

Richard Perle, who is very prominent in the genesis of the Iraq policy. There was a determination, in the aftermath of the Reagan experience, to prepare themselves for the next opportunity they had. So that they would be comprehensive and uncompromising across the board. Then, when Gingrich and his crew succeeded, in '94, they laid the foundation for the identification of all the discrete levers of power and particular programs, policies, offices, agencies that needed, in their view, to be transformed. . . . Bush, as a candidate, basically shook hands with this collection of groups that were bound together to respect each other's respective self-interest. What they had in common was that they were all powerful and had a set of objectives that were counter to the public interest."

Gore refreshed himself with a long sip of tea. The chops and the greens had been dispatched and a fruity granita, served in tall crystal cups, had been placed before us. He polished off the ice and checked his laptop. Then he began talking about the disappearance of the Soviet Union and the old "bipolar" world.

"One consequence is that there is an emergent triumphalism among market fundamentalists that has assumed an attitude of infallibility and arrogance that has led its adherents to be dismissive and contemptuous of values that are not monetized if they don't fit into their ideology."

What's missing? I asked.

"Families, the environment, communities, the beauty of life, the arts. Abraham Maslow, best known for his hierarchy of needs, had a dictum that if the only tool you use is a hammer, then every problem begins to look like a nail. Translating that into this discussion: If the only tool you use for measuring value is a price tag or monetization, then those values that are not easily monetized begin to look like they have no value. And so there's an easy contempt, which they summon on a moment's notice for tree-huggers or people concerned about global warming."

And yet the Bush ideology is tinged with religious belief, I said. Not everything comes with a price tag attached.

Gore's mouth tightened. A Southern Baptist, he, too, had declared himself born again, but he clearly had disdain for Bush's public kind of faith. "It's a particular kind of religiosity," he said. "It's the American version of the same fundamentalist impulse that we see in Saudi Arabia, in Kashmir, in religions around the world: Hindu, Jewish, Christian, Muslim. They all have certain features in common. In a world of disconcerting change, when large and complex forces threaten familiar and comfortable guideposts, the natural impulse is to grab hold of the tree trunk that seems to have the deepest roots and hold on for dear life and never question the possibility that it's not going to be the source of your salvation. And the deepest roots are in philosophical and religious traditions that go way back. You don't hear very much from them about the Sermon on the Mount, you don't hear very much about the teachings of Jesus on giving to the poor, or the beatitudes. It's the vengeance, the brimstone."

Tipper had gone out to lunch with Bob Orrall's wife, Christine, and now they were back.

Recently, Tipper had bought three designer flyswatters and wanted to show them off.

"Flyswatters?"

"You can catch them with your hand, Al, but check these out."

Tipper produced three extraordinarily artful flyswatters and laid them out on the dining-room table.

"Hey, Christine," Gore said, "how do I call up Bob's paintings on the Internet? I want to show . . ."

Christine, a woman far less theatrical than her husband, told him.

Gore typed in the correct URL and the right thing happened. He had not looked so delighted all day.

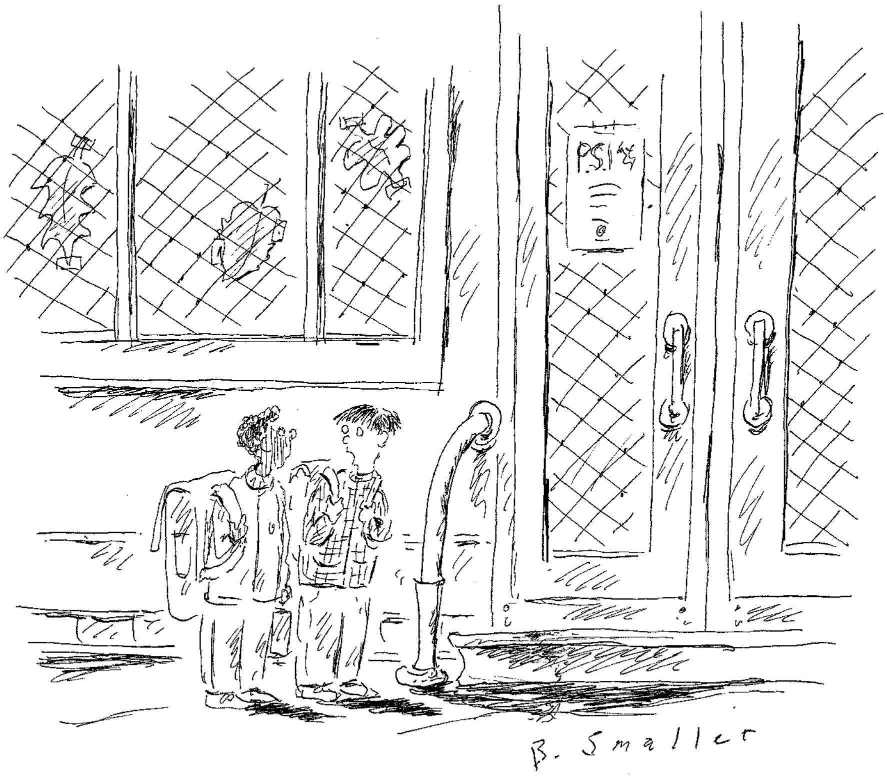
"Bob does these paintings about all these childhood traumas of his and then he writes about it on the canvas."

"We were in marriage counselling," Christine said, "and then he started doing these things about childhood memories instead."

"That must have been cheaper than therapy," Gore said.

"Well, we're still married!"

Gore swung his laptop around and started calling the paintings up on the screen and reading the captions. One of them showed a group of people gathered around a child at an amusement park. The writing on it said, "Don't throw up at Disneyland. Everyone acts like you broke the law or something, and your parents try to pretend you're



"I didn't go anywhere this summer. I was home-camped."

someone else's kid. Then they mark off the area like it's a crime scene and these guys who clean it up are wearing radiation suits. I'm not kidding. Then it's 'Well I think we've had enough for one day,' and back to sharing a bed with your brothers at the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge."

Gore was laughing very loudly. "That was traumatic, wasn't it?" he said. Then he started clicking again on the laptop. "Where's the one where he was so fat he was hiding pencils in the rolls of his belly?"

Then Gore said, "Now this has become a profit center for your family, hasn't it?"

"Lucinda Williams bought five of them," Christine said. "You know, she really—"

Gore interrupted. There was real excitement in his voice, half sincere, half Mr. Goofy.

"Look, honey, I committed news!"

Gore had Googled his speech at the Belcourt, and there was a story on the wires about it. The first paragraphs were about his criticism of Porter Goss.

Before Christine left, she and Tipper and Al made plans for the weekend. They might have dinner, go hear some music at the Bluebird or somewhere.

Gore kept looking at the computer screen.

"As a general rule, where news is concerned, if you are the President you have a travelling press corps, and if you are the Party's nominee you do, too," he said. "But with those two exceptions, outside of the Scott Peterson trial, nothing—a speech, a proposal, something in the democratic discourse—nothing will be national news unless it occurs within a ten-minute cab ride of downtown Manhattan or downtown Washington, D.C. Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis—they don't exist. This thing here about the speech? It'll just be a little A.P. storylet. That's about it."

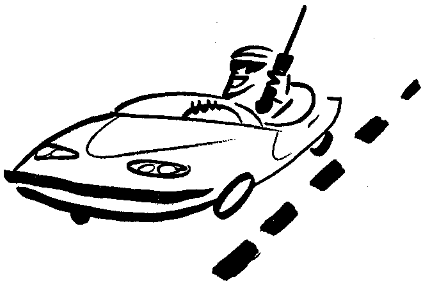
Gore's one moment to transcend the storylets of the wire service this year was his appearance at the Democratic National Convention, in Boston, in late July. Gore had not intended to stay long. The Party, now led by people who were putting their hopes in John Kerry's prospects, was, by all appearances, willing to give Gore only a tertiary role at the Convention. Rather than remind Democrats of what could have been, rather than arouse any sense of anger or regret, they seemed intent on hiding him. Donna Brazile was right: he had been cast to the curb. The Convention began on a Monday, and that evening was designated "formers" night, with Gore, Jimmy Carter, and Bill Clinton all speaking. But, with the broadcast networks shaving their schedules to minimal coverage, they were giving airtime only to Clinton. The winner of the 2000 popular vote would be the stuff of MSNBC, CNN, and ABC's digital operation. "We're only in town for Al's speech and then we're all getting out of here," said Carter Eskew, who was Gore's strategist in the last campaign. "We've been here, done that, if you know what I mean. This is someone else's party."

"This is a pretty emotional time," Gore's aide, an ex-fund-raiser for the Democrats in his mid-twenties named Josh Cherwin, said. "This should have been a moment of glory, Gore's renomination. Instead, it's pretty damn painful."

I met Gore early on Monday at the Four Seasons Hotel. On the way over, I'd read a story in the *Times* on Gore's Boston appearance, by Katharine Seelye. Gore was made, once more, to look slightly ridiculous.

Gore had promised to do a video greeting for all the state delegations that were having "kickoff" breakfasts in hotel ballrooms around town. He and Cherwin arrived at the room for the bargain-basement broadcast looking bleary-eyed. The Convention speech was especially important for him to get right, even if it was not terribly important to anyone else. This could be his last time at the podium.

Now all Gore had to do was take a seat, look into a camera, and say a few nice words to the delegates—about as routine a political task as can be imagined. And yet the makeup woman worked on him as if she were preparing him for the opening closeup in "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly." After around twenty minutes of having his pores detailed, Gore smiled gamely and said, "This may be the most professional makeup job for a Webcam ever."



"It's actually not a Webcam, sir," someone said. "It's videoconferencing."

"Ah. And that's not just a mute button," Gore said, fumbling with a switch in front of him. "It's an *activation device*."

Everyone else was quiet in that it's-too-early-no-coffee sort of way. Gore, however, seemed desperate to be cheerful. When a technician, who was waiting for his cue, talked about "killing" some noise or another, Gore smiled and said, "I'll try not to say 'kill.' I was upset about the election, but I'll try not to use the word 'kill.' "

The director asked Gore to test the sound level on his microphone.

Gore nodded and began to speak in the husky whisper of Ronald Reagan: "Ladies and gentlemen, in one minute we will begin . . ."

None of the young technicians seemed to get the reference. The makeup woman did and she smiled.

Then something strange happened—strange if you have never been in the presence of Al Gore. At the instant he was asked to perform, to speak into the camera, his whole body straightened. He smiled a little . . . too much. The smile seemed a form of pain, almost. His voice started into that up-and-down Southern rhythm he used to do, which was meant to be charming and soothing but so often seemed patronizing and irritating. (One kept hearing the echoes of an old "Saturday Night Live" debate parody: ". . . and then ahm gonna put it in a . . . lockbox.")

Finally, he said, "My heart is full and extremely grateful for the opportunity to serve that you gave me." It was over. Gore got up from his seat and, all around town, delegates were free to eat breakfast.

Gore and Cherwin thanked everyone and went back to Gore's suite. The place looked like the workroom for a hurried college thesis, assuming that the student had a thousand dollars a night to spend for a room with a view of the Public Garden. The garbage cans were overflowing with shredded paper. One wall was covered with sheets of paper containing hastily written outline points for the speech.

"I've been up pretty much all night," Gore said. "It's a bad habit I've always had, but I just can't seem to shake it."

The Convention speech, he knew, could not resemble the anti-Bush speeches that he had been delivering around the country. The language had to be tamer, he had to deliver a concise *politic* address, making sure to thank Bill Clinton, pay extensive tribute to John Kerry, and, above all, give no ammunition to the Republican response teams. To make excessive reference to the 2000 election was simply not permissible.

"They look at these speeches pretty closely," he said. "They don't want any Bush-bashing in there." He smiled at the ludicrous idea of it. "No Bush-bashing at the Democratic Convention! It reminds me of the time Steve Martin was giving a speech in honor of Paul Simon at the Kennedy Center Honors a couple of years ago, and he said, 'It would be easy to stand here and talk about Paul Simon's intelligence and skill, but this is neither the time *nor* the place.' "

Gore spent another hour at the Four Seasons greeting old friends—the hotel was the omphalos of the Convention, its center for major politicians, Party bureaucrats, and money people. Gore went down in the elevator with his daughter Kristin, who worked in Los Angeles as a writer for the animated series "Futurama" and had lately finished a comic novel about political Washington. Like her father, Kristin Gore healed her wounds, at least in part, under a comic bandage. Before publication, one interviewer had asked Kristin why she hadn't written the novel sooner after the election, and she said that she wanted to avoid a book that sounded like "Sylvia Plath Does D.C."

Gore, who was wearing a dark suit, and Kristin, who was wearing a T-shirt and running shorts, climbed into the back seat of a Cadillac, the staff got into a minivan, and the mini-motorcade headed for the Fleet Center. After clearing security, the Gores went through a series of back hallways and tunnels heading toward the locker rooms that were serving as greenrooms. As we were walking, Kristin took a sharp breath and said, "This is going to be a strange week." Gore had to stop every minute or so to greet people. Some seemed delighted to see him, others did that tilted-head sympathy thing.

"It's old-home week here!" Gore said as someone kissed him on the cheek.

Jim King, who has been a stage manager for Democratic Conventions for years, accompanied Gore to the stairway that led to the stage.

"Hey, Jim! Where's the rest of you?" Gore said.

We walked up the stairs and onto the stage. The Convention activities would not start for four or five hours. The seats were nearly empty. The vast ceiling of the Fleet Center was crammed with red, white, and blue balloons, all held back with netting. They were John Kerry's balloons. While Gore was looking at the ceiling, King was telling him to watch out for the cables and various other hazards that could cause embarrassment and a broken ankle.

"Is this the OSHA part of the briefing?" Gore said.

That night, at a few minutes to eight, more than two hours before the network broadcasts, Governor Bill Richardson, of New Mexico, introduced the former Vice-President: "a visionary . . . a fighter . . . one of this country's greatest leaders and patriots, and on Election Day 2000 the man who the people chose to be the President of the United States."

Gore came out waving and smiling, and said, "My friends, fellow-Democrats, fellow-Americans: I'm going to be candid with you. I had hoped to be back here this week under different circumstances, running for reëlection. But you know the old saying"—here it came—"You win some, you lose some. And then there's that little-known third category."

Big laugh in the hall.

"I didn't come here tonight to talk about the past. After all, I don't want you to think I lie awake at night counting and recounting sheep. I prefer to focus on the future, because I know from my own experience that America is a land of oppor-

Shanahan
GOOD CAT, BAD CAT

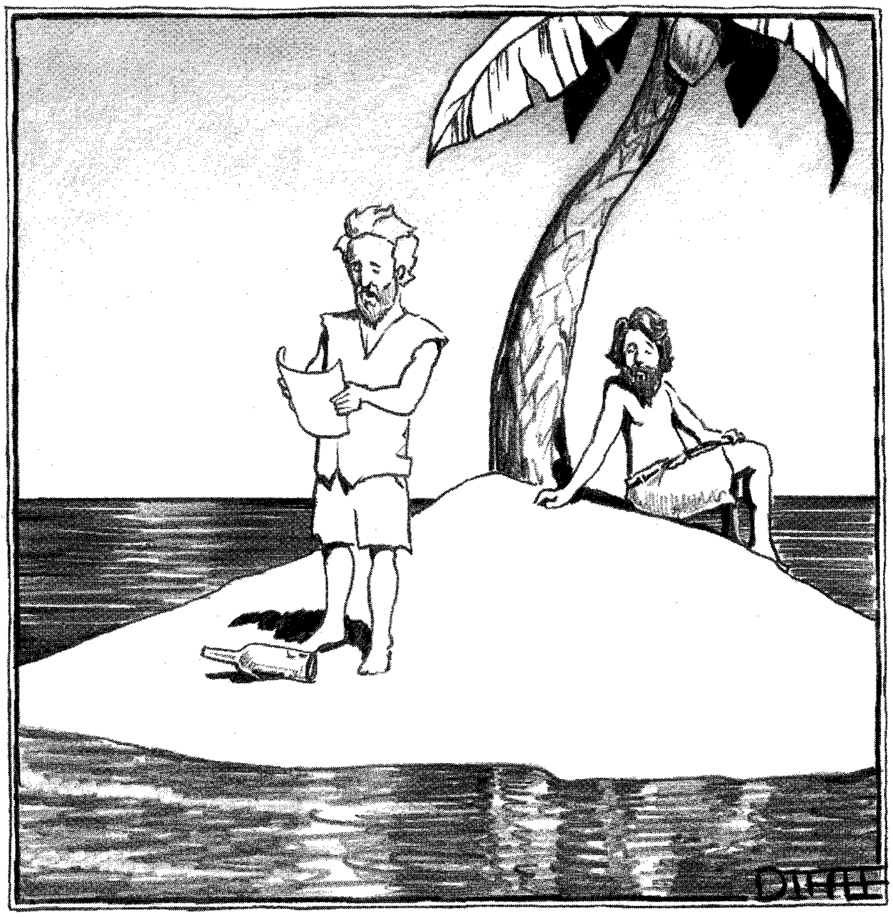
• •

tunity, where every little boy and girl has a chance to grow up and win the popular vote. In all seriousness . . .”

Gore received an ovation of just over a minute before his speech and about thirty seconds after it. The initial self-deprecation, then the direct, yet restrained, indictment of the sitting President, then the gestures of support for Kerry and gratitude for Clinton, were all well marshalled, well written, and inoffensive to the barons of the Convention. The politician known in 2000 for his dramatic exasperation, his awkward self-presentation, had been modest, intelligent, and poised.

No matter. By night’s end, all anyone talked about was Bill Clinton’s dazzling performance. The networks had ignored Gore, and most papers gave him only storylets. By the time John Kerry arrived in Boston to accept the nomination, Gore was gone, watching it all in his living room with friends in Nashville.

Al Gore will not bleed for public consumption. He will not rehearse his old resentments—against the Clintons, against the press, against Katharine Harris and Jeb Bush, against the Supreme Court, against Ralph Nader, against Bob Woodward (“Don’t get me started”). We spoke for hours, and at the first mention of the 2000 election Gore stopped everything. He wasn’t going there—not with any specificity, anyway. He said, “Let me pause for a moment. When I called you and invited you to come to the speech and the Convention, I told you that the reason I made an exception to not doing interviews now is because I’ve had so many experiences where the initial premise of the story becomes the leading edge of a wedge to open up a much broader discourse.” Gore now spoke with many pauses, which is the measure he takes when he wants to get something just right for print. “I don’t mean to convey any distrust . . . but just to convey my sense of caution—there’s an element of self-soothing here—I don’t really want to get into a full dialogue on the 2000 campaign, because at another time and in another venue I may want to treat that fully. I use a different standard in deciding what to say and not to say about the 2000 campaign, because I think more time needs to pass both for me and for most of the people who would read what I have to say about that. I think it’s still a very . . . Forty-nine per cent of the people are still not ready to hear what I have to say about it without assuming it’s not distorted by partisan motives on my part. . . . At the right time, I’ll have a lot to say about it. I myself need more perspective on it.” The language was formal, the voice as pained as it was cautious. “There is so much inside of me related to the election of 2000 that, even though I know pretty much what I want to say, it takes more time. It’s taken more time for me to feel that it is in a form that it can make the maximum contribution that I can make to extruding deeper meanings out of that election. Now, that may be a banality on stilts . . .”



“Did you rent ‘Weekend at Bernie’s’?”

Among the columnists and political professionals, Gore squandered no small amount of his remaining political capital last year when he endorsed Howard Dean for the Democratic nomination. At the time, pre-Scream, Dean seemed the likely nominee, and Gore appeared to add an establishment credential. But soon, post-Scream, post-free fall, even Dean himself admitted that his candidacy had begun to plummet at the precise moment of the endorsement, making it seem the ultimate kiss of death.

Many of Gore’s former aides told me that they thought he endorsed Dean because the Vermont governor was running the sort of campaign—grass-roots, Internet-generated, hellbent—that he wishes he had run in 2000. That “psychoanalytic” interpretation, Gore said, was nonsense. The real reason was that, above all, Dean was the one candidate who, like Gore himself, was speaking out in unalloyed opposition to the war in Iraq.

“I think Bush put forward a counterfeit large vision,” Gore said. “The war in Iraq was postured as a big idea. Well, it was a big dumb idea. And, again, I don’t think he’s dumb, but I think that idea is dumb.”

Gore remains engaged, serious, credentialled. It is still easy to imagine him as a good, if unloved, President. And yet one trait persists—and it is a trait that he shares with George W. Bush. He is extremely reluctant to admit a mistake, even a small one. Midway through our talks in Nashville, I asked him what was the biggest mistake he had ever made in politics. He paused, made false starts, paused again, and recalled that in the campaign four years ago he had a prepared response for just such a question. But he couldn't remember what it was.

"Maybe it was my sugar-subsidies vote?" he ventured.

I asked him about his failure to alert his former running mate, Joe Lieberman, that he was endorsing Dean.

"I, uh, consider Joe a friend," Gore began. "I feel badly that his feelings were hurt. And, uh, I think that some people in his campaign convinced him that this might be a positive by trying to use it. I actually tried many times to call him before the public announcement, and could not."

Did he think that the Lieberman campaign had tried deliberately to gain political advantage from the incident?

"I, uh, don't know that for certain, so I won't say it. The only important thing is that I failed to personally tell him before the announcement."

Just before dinner, Gore checked his Treo.

"Hey," he said as we were walking near the pool. "I just got an e-mail about Jim McGreevey. He's gonna resign as governor in New Jersey. Can you guess why? Let's play multiple choice."

I guessed "C"—the right answer—and Gore did a Mack Sennett double take.

"Whoa! How'd you know that?"

Dwayne laid out an early dinner for three outside: blackened salmon, greens, good white wine. We had to leave soon. Norah Jones and her band were giving a concert that night at the Grand Ole Opry House, about half an hour away. Before eating, we had talked about the two Bush Administration figures who had also been in the Clinton-Gore circle: Colin Powell and George Tenet.

Gore said that he still considered Powell a friend, "but it's transparent to everybody that he was marginalized. Because the right wing distrusted his values and instincts, he was made a figurehead, largely. . . . We've seen them"—Powell and his wife—"socially and I like him and respect him a lot, but I think he has been (a) badly treated by this Administration and (b) allowed himself to be used in ways that have been harmful to him—more important, harmful to the country. He should have resigned, in my opinion. Absolutely. I winced quite a few times when I watched him during his presentation to the United Nations. That was a very painful experience to watch. . . . I am not accusing him of knowingly cooking the books. I think it's far more complex and nuanced than that.

"I think that one thing that both Powell and Tenet share is a feeling of personal debt to President Bush and the Bush family. In both cases, the personal debt came to play a larger role in determining their decisions on when they should draw the line and say, 'Enough. I can't go along with this.' "

We ate quickly and headed for the Cadillac. Gore drove; Tipper, with directions on her lap, showed the way. Gore told a very funny story about a secret meeting with the former Russian Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin ("the sober one") which he declared "off the record for national-security reasons."

Tipper's directions were flawless and Gore followed them—a rarity in the history of the marital institution.

When we arrived at Opryland, a parking spot had been saved for the Gores.

"There's no more motorcade," Tipper said as we got out of the car. "It's just me."

We'd arrived five or ten minutes before the opening act came out, and Gore preferred to wait in the shadows rather than take his seat and have to be himself, say hello, perform.

When the lights went down, we scurried to our seats.

The Gores enjoyed the concert—they both know a lot about the rock and roll of their generation and the current country-music scene—but in between acts a few people came over wanting time, wanting to connect.

"Norah Jones *and* Al Gore . . . in one night!" someone said.

Another man came over and he and Gore started talking, in great detail, about some schoolchildren in Whitwell, Tennessee, who had made a Holocaust memorial out of more than eleven million paper clips.

After the concert, the Gores were in a good mood and offered to drive me around Nashville before dropping me at my hotel. Gore was even thinking about stopping by the Bluebird if there was time to catch Bob Orrall's show.

We passed by the music offices on Sixteenth Avenue, the clubs downtown, the waterfront, the Ryman Auditorium, the Ernest Tubb record store.

Tipper squirted some amber goo on her hands and rubbed them together and squirted some on her husband's hands when we were waiting at a red light.

"Hand cleanser," she said in a professional tone, turning toward the back seat. "Want some? We've been shaking a lot of hands."

We were talking about whether Gore was going to write a book, and I asked him if he had read the then-No. 1 best-seller on the nonfiction lists. Gore laughed and said, "I haven't read Clinton's book."

We passed the Southern Baptist Convention building. Earlier in the day, Gore had made a point of telling me that he and Clinton used to pray together in the White House. I asked him which church in Nashville he and Tipper attended now.

There was a pause in the front seat.

"We're ecumenical now," Gore said, finally.

Tipper said with a laugh, "I think I follow Baba Ram Dass."

"The influx of fundamentalist preachers have pretty much chased us out with their right-wing politics," Gore added.

This was obviously a detail in a broadly painful subject. Tennessee, which was never particularly liberal, had rejected Al Gore in 2000, a loss that led to the loss of his dream.

"It makes you wonder how you ever got elected to Congress in the first place," I said.

Gore didn't deny it. "Sometimes I wonder that myself," he said. ◆

FICTION

KANSAS

BY MARILYNNE ROBINSON

Last night the two of us had a conversation. I doubt you will remember it. I told you that I might be gone sometime, and you said where, and I said to be with the Good Lord, and you said why, and I said, because I'm old, and you said, I don't think you're old. And you put your hand in my hand and you said, you aren't very old, as if that settled it. I told you you might have a very different life from mine, and from the life you've had with me, and that would be a wonderful thing, there are many ways to live a good life. And you said, Momma already told me that. And then you said, Don't laugh! because you thought I was laughing at you. You reached up and put your fingers on my lips and gave me that look I never in my life saw on any other face beside your mother's. It's a kind of furious pride, very passionate and stern. I'm always a little surprised to find my eyebrows unsinged after I've suffered one of those looks. I will miss them.

It seems ridiculous to suppose the dead miss anything. If you're a grown man when you read this—it is my intention for this letter that you will read it then—I'll have been gone a long time. I'll know most of what there is to know about being dead, but I'll probably keep it to myself. That seems to be the way of things.

It was your mother's thought that I should write some things down for you. She told you I would be writing your begats, and you seemed very pleased with the idea. Well then, what should I record for you? I, John Ames, was born in the Year of Our Lord 1880 in the State of Kansas, the son of John Ames and Martha Turner Ames, grandson of John Ames and Margaret Todd Ames. I don't have much to say about myself. At this writing, May 15, 1956, I have lived seventy-six years, seventy-four of them right here in Gilead, Iowa, excepting study at the college and at seminary. My mother's father was a preacher, and my father's father was, too, and his father before him, and before that nobody knows, but I wouldn't hesitate to guess. So this life was second nature to me. They were all fine people, but if there was one thing I should have learned from them and did not learn it was to control my temper. Even now, when a flutter of my pulse makes me think of final things, I find myself getting angry because a drawer sticks or because I've misplaced my glasses. I tell you so that you can watch for this in yourself.

I don't know how many times people have asked me what death is like, sometimes when they were only an hour or two from finding out for themselves. Even when I was a very young man, people as old as I am now would ask me, hold on to my hands and look into my eyes with their old milky eyes, as if they knew I knew and they were going to make me tell them. I used to say it was like going home. We have no home in this world, I used to say, and then I'd walk back up the road to this old place and make myself a pot of coffee and a fried-egg sandwich and listen to the radio, when I got one, in the dark, as often as not. Do you remember this house? I think you must, a little. I grew up in parsonages. I've lived in this one most of my life, and I've visited in a good many others, because my father's friends and most of our relatives also lived in parsonages. And when I thought about it in those days, which wasn't too often, I thought this was the worst of them all, the draftiest and the dreariest. It's a perfectly good old house, but I was all alone in it then, and that made it seem strange to me. I didn't feel very much at home in the world, that was a fact. Now I do.

And now they say my heart is failing. The doctor used the term angina pectoris, which has a theological sound, like misericordia. Well, you expect these things at my age. My father died an old man, but his sisters didn't live very long, really. So I can only be grateful. I do regret that I have almost nothing to leave you and your mother. A lot of old books no one else would want. I never made any money to speak of, and I never paid any attention to the money I had. It was the farthest thing from my mind that I'd be leaving a wife and child, believe me. I'd have been a better father if I'd known. I'd have set something by for you.

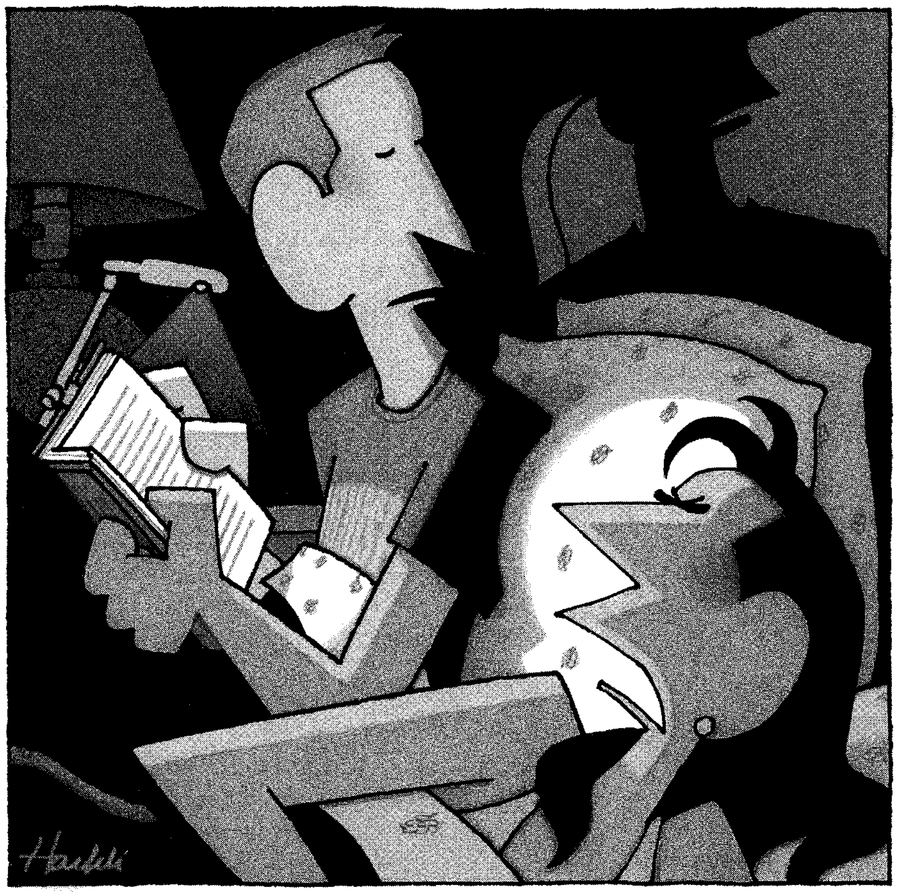
That is the main thing I want to tell you, that I regret very deeply the hard times I know you and your mother must have gone through, with no real help from me at all, except my prayers, and I pray all the time. I did while I lived, and I do now, too, if that is how things are in the next life.

We're having a fine spring, and this is another fine day. You were almost late for school. We stood you on a chair and you ate toast and jam while your mother polished your shoes and I combed your hair. You had a page of sums to do that you should have done last night, and you took forever over them this morning, trying to get all the numbers facing the right way. You're like your mother, so serious about everything. The old men call you Deacon, but that seriousness isn't all from my side of the family. I'd never seen anything like it until I met her. Well, putting aside my grandfather. It seemed to me to be half sadness and half fury, and I wondered what in her life could have put that expression in her eyes. And then when you were about three, just a little fellow, I came into the nursery one morning and there you were down on the floor in the sunlight in your trapdoor pajamas, trying to figure a way to fix a broken crayon. And you looked up at me and it was just that look of hers. I've thought of that moment many times. I'll tell you, sometimes it has seemed to me that you were looking back through life, back through troubles I pray you'll never have, asking me to kindly explain myself.

I can hear you talking with your mother, you asking, she answering. It's not the words I hear, just the sounds of your voices. You don't like to go to sleep, and every night she has to talk you into it all over again. I never hear her sing except at night, from the next room, when she's coaxing you to sleep. And then I can't make out what song it is she's singing. Her voice is very low. It sounds beautiful to me, but she laughs when I tell her that.

It's true, though, that I can't really tell what's beautiful anymore. Now that I am about to put on imperishability, mere existence seems the most remarkable thing that could ever be imagined. I passed two young fellows on the street the other day. I know who they are—they work at the garage. They're not churchgoing, either one of them, just decent rascally young fellows who have to be joking all the time, and there they were, propped against the garage wall in the sunshine, lighting up their cigarettes. They're always so black with grease and so strong with gasoline I don't know why they don't catch fire themselves. They were passing remarks back and forth the way they do and laughing that wicked way they have. And it seemed beautiful to me. It is an amazing thing to watch people laugh, the way it sort of

DETAIL: JACOB LAWRENCE, "JOHN BROWN TOOK TO GUERRILLA WARFARE" (1941)/DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS; © GWENDOLYN KNIGHT LAWRENCE/ARS, NY



"I don't care if it is itty-bitty. Turn it off!"

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takes them over. Sometimes they really do struggle with it. I see that in church often enough. So I wonder what it is and where it comes from, and I wonder what it expends out of your system, so that you have to do it till you're done, like crying in a way, I suppose, except that laughter is much more easily spent.

When they saw me coming, of course the joking stopped, but I could see they were still laughing to themselves thinking what the old preacher almost heard them say. I felt like telling them, I appreciate a joke as much as anybody. There have been many occasions in my life when I have wanted to say that. But it's not a thing people are willing to accept. They want you to be a little bit apart. I felt like saying, I'm a dying man, and I won't have so many more occasions to laugh, in this world, at least. But that would just make them serious and polite, I suppose. I'm keeping my condition a secret as long as I can. For a dying man I feel pretty good, and that is a blessing. Of course your mother knows about it. She said if I feel good maybe the doctor is wrong. But at my age there's a limit to how wrong he can be.

And what else should I tell you? I'll tell you about my grandfather. He was a chaplain in the Union Army. He lost an eye at the battle of Wilson's Creek, on the day of the death of General Lyon. I do wish you could have known him. It was as if that one good eye of his were somehow ten times an eye. He could make me feel as though he had poked me with a stick, just by looking at me. Not that he meant any harm to speak of. He was just afire with old certainties, and he couldn't bear all the patience that was required of him by the peace and by the aging of his body and the forgetfulness that had settled over everything. He thought we should all be living at a dead run. I don't say he was wrong. That would be like contradicting John the Baptist. There is a photograph of my grandfather around the house somewhere. It is a good likeness. It shows a wild-haired, one-eyed, scrawny old fellow with a crooked beard, like a paintbrush left to dry with lacquer in it, staring down the camera as if it had accused him of something terrible, very suddenly, and he is still thinking how to reply, and keeping the question at bay with the sheer ferocity of that stare. Of course there is guilt enough in the best life to account for a look like that.

In his old age my grandfather lived with us here in Gilead. Then he ran off to Kansas, where he died. When he left us we all felt his absence bitterly, though he did make things difficult. It was an innocence in him. He lacked patience for anything but the plainest interpretations of the starkest commandments, "To him who asks, give," in particular. He never kept anything that was worth giving away, or let us keep it, either. He would take laundry right off the line. My mother said he was worse than any thief, worse than a house fire. She said she could probably go to any town in the Middle West and see some pair of pants she'd patched walking by in the street. And we were not the only ones he plundered. My mother said you could tell where a Congregationalist lived by the padlock on the shed door. I believe he was a saint of some kind, in his old age. When someone remarked in his hearing that he had lost an eye in the Civil War, he said, "I prefer to remember that I have kept one." My mother said it was good to know there was anything he could keep.

I describe my grandfather as if he were simply an eccentric, and as if we tolerated him and were respectful of him and loved him, and he loved us. And that is true. But I believe we knew also that his eccentricities were thwarted passion, that he was full of anger, at us not least, and that the tremors of his old age were in some part the tremors of pent grief. He had lived so many years in a rage and an ecstasy of hope, intent on freeing the captive, proclaiming liberty. He told me once about a vision he had when he was still a boy in Maine, sometime in the eighteen-thirties. He had fallen asleep by the fire, worn out from a day helping his father pull stumps. Someone touched him on the shoulder, and when he looked up, there was the Lord, holding out His arms to him, which were bound in chains. My grandfather said, "Those irons had rankled right down to His bones." He told me that as the saddest fact, and eyed me with the one seraph eye he had, the old grief fresh in it. He was not yet sixteen, but he said he knew then that he had to come to Kansas and make himself useful to the cause of abolition. (To be useful was the best thing the old men ever hoped for themselves, and to be aimless was their worst fear. I have a lot of respect for that view.) When I spoke to my father about the vision he had described to me, my father just nodded and said, "It was the times." He himself never claimed any such experience, and he seemed to want to assure me I need not fear that the Lord would come to me with His sorrows. And I took comfort in the assurance. That is a remarkable thing to consider.

My father was in the Army, too, for about a year, until the war ended. He hated the memory of it and would hardly tolerate the mention of it. So he on his side was angry, at the accusations he knew he could see in his father's unreposefulness, and also in his endless pillaging. In a spirit of Christian forgiveness very becoming to men of the cloth, and to father and son, they had buried their differences. It must be said, however, that they buried them not very deeply, and perhaps more as one would bank a fire than as one would smother it.

They had a particular way of addressing each other when the old bitterness was about to flare up.

"Have I offended you in some way, Reverend?" my father would ask.

And his father would say, "No, Reverend, you have not offended me in any way at all. Not at all."

And my mother would say, "Now, don't you two get started."

Once my grandfather took me to Des Moines on the train to see Bud Fowler play. He was with Keokuk for a season or two. The old man fixed me with that eye of his and told me there was not a man on this round earth who could outrun or outthrow Bud Fowler. I was pretty excited. But nothing happened in that game, or so I thought then. No runs, no hits, no errors. In the fifth inning a thunderstorm that had been lying along the horizon the whole afternoon just sort of sauntered over and put a stop to it all. I remember the groan that went up from the crowd when the heavy rain began. I was only about ten years old, and I was relieved, but it was a terrible frustration to my grandfather. One more terrible frustration for the poor old devil. Even my father called him that, and my mother did, too. But he was a fine preacher in the style of his generation, so my father said.

That day he had brought a little bag of licorice, which really did surprise me. Whenever he put his fingers into it, it rattled with the trembling of his hand, and the sound was just like the sound of fire. I noticed that at the time, and it seemed natural to me. I also more or less assumed that the thunder and the lightning that day were Creation tipping its hat to him, as if to say, Glad to see you here in the stands, Reverend—or maybe, Why, Reverend, what in this grieving world are you doing here at a sporting event? My mother said once that he attracted terrible friendships—using "terrible" in the old sense, of course, and meaning only respect. When he was young, he was an acquaintance of John Brown, and Jim Lane, too.

I read somewhere that a thing that does not exist in relation to anything else cannot itself be said to exist. I can't quite see the meaning of a statement so purely hypothetical as that, though I may simply lack understanding. But it does remind me of that afternoon when nothing flew through the air, no one slid or drifted or tagged, when there was no waltz at all, so to speak. It seems to me that the storm had to put an end to it, as if it were a fire to be put out, an eruption into this world of an alarming kind of nullity. Null. That word has real power. My grandfather had nowhere to spend his courage, no way to feel it in himself. That was a great pity.

As I write I am aware that my memory has made much of very little. There was that old man my grandfather sitting beside me in his ashy coat, trembling just because he did, sharing out the frugal pleasures of his licorice, maybe with Kansas somehow transforming itself from memory to intention in his mind that very afternoon. (It was just Kansas he went back to, not the town where his church used to be. So we were quite a long time finding him.) Bud Fowler stood at second base with his glove on his hip and watched the catcher. I know he liked to play barehanded, but that is what I remember, and it's all I ever could remember about him, so there is no point trying to put the memory right. I followed his career in the newspaper for years, until they started up the Negro Leagues, and then I sort of lost track of him.

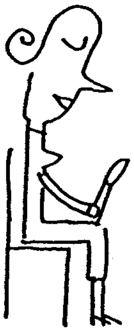
My grandfather was not altogether remarkable in his generation. What lives they had, so enviable, so greatly to be pitied. All his friends could sit on their heels into their old age, and did it by preference, as if they had a grudge against furniture. They had been to Lane and Oberlin, they knew their Hebrew and their Greek, but there wasn't an ounce of spare flesh on any of them. And they had a look of relentless patience about them, like the primitive church still waiting to judge the angels.

Here is a story they used to tell, and chuckle over. I can't vouch for it entirely, since, talking among themselves the way they did, I doubt they'd have thought embellishing a story was quite the same thing as departing from the truth.

In any case, in some forgotten little abolitionist settlement around here—it might as well have been Gilead—as soon as the people had set up a drygoods store on one side of the road and a livery stable on the other they set about building a tunnel between them. Tunnelling was a very popular activity at that time, and a great deal of ingenuity went into devising hiding places and routes of escape. The topsoil in Iowa goes down so deep that more and larger tunnels were possible here than would have been in less favored regions, say, in New England. In this part of the state the soil is also very sandy, of course.

Now, these were sensible and well-meaning people. But they became so absorbed in making this tunnel that they lost sight of certain practical considerations. It became a sort of subterranean civic monument. One of the old men said the only thing missing was a chandelier. Very simply, they made it too large, and too near the surface of the ground, and they couldn't brace it, either, since wood was so scarce on the prairie in those days that the lumber for such buildings as they had was carted in from Minnesota. Even very thoughtful people have lapses of judgment from time to time.

When they had just about finished their digging, a stranger on a big black horse came through town. He paused in just the wrong spot to ask the name of the place, and he and his horse sank right through the road into that tunnel. When the dust settled, the horse was standing more or less shoulder deep in a hole. The man climbed up off him and walked around and around him in a kind of wonderment, not drawing any conclusions at all, try as he might. And when the people came out to ponder this calamity, and took note of his bewilderment, they thought it best to be bewildered, too. So they just stood there with their arms folded, saying, "If that's not the dangedest thing," or words to that effect, and they discussed among themselves the risks that went with owning such a large horse. The poor thing began to struggle, of course, so somebody got a bucket of oats and poured a couple of bottles of whiskey over them, and the horse ate them and pretty soon it nodded off. Then the mood of the stranger became very desolate, because the horse was not only standing in a hole but was also unconscious. This latter might not have seemed to crown his afflictions the way it did if he had not himself been a teetotaller. As it was, that snoring horse with its head lying there in the road was a spectacle of gloom for which he truly struggled to find words.



Now, settlements of that kind were the work of people of high religious principle, and they would have taken no pleasure at all in watching this unoffending stranger tear his beard and throw his hat at the ground. Well of course they took a little pleasure in it. But it did seem best to them to get the fellow out of town as quickly as possible so they could deal with that horse, since any Jayhawker coming up from Missouri or any slave hunter passing through would be liable to interpret the spectacle by the light of his own grudges and suspicions. So one of them offered to trade his horse for the one in the hole. You might think the fellow would have considered this trade advantageous, but in fact he sat on the stoop of the drygoods store and weighed it for some time. The horse he was offered was a mare, smallish, which the stranger did allow was an advantage. He tried to look at her teeth and got nipped and cursed the luck that had brought him to that town, and asked to borrow a shovel so he could dig up his horse. So the preacher told him, solemnly, that they had lost all their shovels in a terrible fire. "We've got the blades all right, and you're welcome to the use of them," he said. "It's really just the handles we're missing." That was a lie, of course, but it was compelled by the urgency of the situation.

Finally the stranger agreed to accept the mare and her saddle and bridle and some odds and ends, twine and boot black, which were meant to restore some part of his faith in cosmic justice.

Once rid of him, the people of the settlement could begin to consider the problem of that horse. Excavating around the horse would only open more tunnel, but they decided that they had no other choice. In the meantime, there the horse was, sobering up, nickering and switching its tail. So they decided to lift a shed off what it had for a foundation and set it down over the horse there in the middle of the road. It was a small shed, so it had to be set over the horse at a diagonal, the length of the horse being, in effect, the hypotenuse of two right triangles.

All of this seems preposterous. But in fact one lapse of judgment can quickly create a situation in which only foolish choices are possible. Someone noticed that the horse's tail was lying out on the road, so they had to put a child through the shed window to gather it in.

As it happened, there was a young Negro fellow in the settlement at that time, the first fugitive to make his way there. This made the people feel serious and purposeful, and it also heightened their embarrassment about the matter of the horse. The young man, who stayed in the drygoods store unless there was some grounds for alarm, saw and heard everything. And it was pretty obvious how much he wanted to laugh. He was just lolling and languishing with the effort it cost him not to do it. He avoided their eyes, and he bit his lips almost raw. When the shed had been walked down to the road and just as it was being set crosswise over the horse, there came from the store one harsh, painful, unwilled whoop of laughter.

It was at that point they bethought themselves of the fact that the fellow might be feeling some justifiable alarm having to do with the question of their good sense. And indeed it was that very night he did escape, so to speak, and headed north on his own, no doubt rightly concluding that so much had happened to make the region suspect that he had best get some distance from it.

When they realized what had happened, a couple of the men rode after him on the two fairly serviceable horses that had not been traded for the horse in the hole. They hoped to overtake the fugitive in order to provide him with some food and clothes and direct him to the next abolitionist settlement, but for two days he eluded them. Then, when they had stopped for the night and were just lying down to sleep, he stepped out of the dark and said, "I thank y'all kindly but I think I best do this on my own." They handed him the bundle they had brought for him and he stepped back into the dark and said, "Y'all get that horse out yet?" and laughed a little and that was the last they heard of him.

Well, they did dig a sloping trench they could walk the horse up, so that worked out well enough. But then they had to deal with the fact that a tunnel is a very hard thing to be rid of. They had taken pains, when they were digging it, to scatter the dirt they removed as widely as possible, to conceal the excavation, and there was of course no way to reverse that process. And while they had made the tunnel secretly and at leisure, they were obliged to unmake it openly and in haste. The edges around the hole kept crumbling, falling in, exposing more of it every day. The quickest solution would have been to collapse the tunnel altogether and fill it in from the top, but then the path it made from the store to the stables would have been visible immediately and indefinitely. So they chose a hill to level and began carting earth into the tunnel day and night, having placed a lookout on the roof of the drygoods store to signal the approach of strangers. If asked, they would say they were constructing terraces, as in a certain book the preacher had which illustrated the customs of the Orient. I suppose that was the best they could do in the circumstances.

These were very hardworking people, but there is simply no way in the world to pack soil from the side, or in any wise to pack it and settle it as firmly as rain and snow and heat have done in the years since the world began. That is to say, with all their hard work to undo all the hard work they had done, with the first good rain the road sagged from one end of that tunnel to the other. Then they began filling it from the top, having no other choice and nothing at all to lose. And still it sagged as often as there was a good rain.

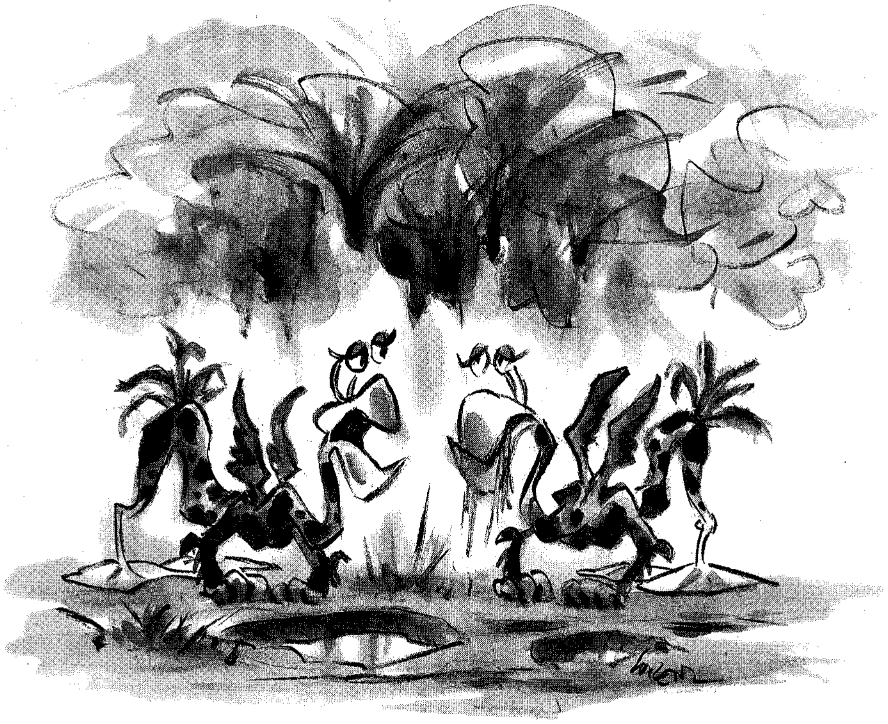
So when the winter finally came and there was a hard freeze and snow, they pried up the few buildings they had and set them on planks and hitched their horses to them and moved the town, such as it was, half a mile down the road. They had to pry up their grave markers to hide where the town had been, and that was a sad thing, though there weren't more than three or four. The tunnel became a kind of creek bed, a freshet in the spring, with nice grassy banks, and flowers that had run wild from the old gardens. People who didn't know better would picnic beside it, spreading their blankets and baskets over those poor, forgotten graves, which was, on balance, a pleasant thing.

Your mother is very respectful of my hours up here in the study. She's proud of my books. She was the one who actually called my attention to the number of boxes I have filled with my sermons and my prayers. Say fifty sermons a year for forty-five years, not counting funerals and so on, of which there have been a great many. Two thousand two hundred and fifty. If they average thirty pages, that's sixty-seven thousand five hundred pages. Can that be right? I guess it is. Say three hundred pages make a volume. Then I've written two hundred and twenty-five books, which puts me up there with Augustine and Calvin, for quantity. That's amazing. I wrote almost all of it in the deepest hope and conviction. Sifting my thoughts and choosing my words. Trying to say what was true. And I'll tell you frankly, that was wonderful. Writing has always felt to me like praying, even when I wasn't writing prayers, as I was, often enough.

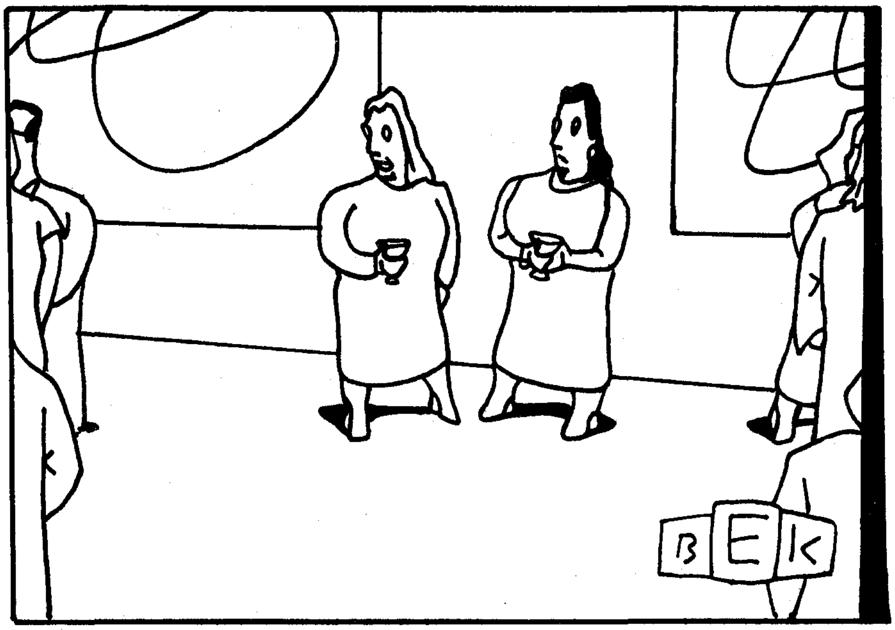
This morning I saw a bubble float past my window, fat and wobbly and ripening toward that dragonfly blue they turn just before they burst. So I looked down at the yard and there you were, you and your mother, blowing bubbles at the cat, such a barrage of them that the poor beast was beside herself at the glut of opportunity. She was actually leaping in the air, our insouciant Soapy! Some of the bubbles drifted up through the branches, even above the trees. You two were too intent on the cat to see the celestial consequences of your worldly endeavors. They were very lovely. Your mother was wearing her blue dress and you were wearing your red shirt and you were kneeling on the ground together with Soapy between and that effulgence of bubbles rising, and so much laughter. Ah, this life, this world.

I had a dream once that I was down at the river looking around in the shallows for something or other—when I was a boy it would have been tadpoles—and my grandfather stalked out of the trees in that furious way he had, scooped his hat full of water and threw it, so a sheet of water came sailing toward me, billowing in the air like a veil, and fell down over me. Then he put his hat back on his head and stalked off into the trees again and left me standing there in that glistening river, amazed at myself and shining like an apostle. I'll tell you, if my grandfather did throw his mantle over me, so to speak, he did it long before I came into this world. The holiness of his life imputed a holiness to mine, or to my vocation, that I have tried to diminish as little as I could.

Still, he was difficult. When he took off west, he left an old army blanket at my father's house, a bundle rolled up and tied with twine. Perhaps it was too precious to discard and too awkward to take along. But perhaps it was meant as a last, unanswerable rebuke. In any case, when we learned he'd died out there in Kansas we opened it. There were some old shirts that had been white once, and a few dozen sermons and some other papers wrapped with twine, and a pistol. Of course it was the pistol that interested me most. It was big and old, with ornaments on the handle sort of like you see on cast-iron radiators. But my father was disgusted. These things my grandfather had left were an offense to him. So he buried them. Then a month or so later he dug the gun back up and threw it in the river. If he had left it in the ground it would be just about under the back fence, maybe a



"I hear we've been short-listed for extinction."



"It's a good mix of disaffected and affected."

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foot or two beyond it. But he dug it up and set it on a stump and broke it the best he could with a maul he had borrowed and tied it up in a piece of burlap. He and I walked to the river, a good way downstream from where we usually went to fish, and he flung the pieces of it as far as he could into the water.

I was twelve years old when my father took me with him to find my grandfather's grave. At that time my family had been living in Gilead about ten years, my father serving the church here. Then the old man ran off to become a sort of itinerant preacher, or so we believed. He had died in Kansas and was buried there, near a town that had pretty well lost its people. A drought had driven most of them away, those who had not already left for towns closer to the railroad. Well, we got lost out there, and we wandered for a good many days. It was one night when we were sleeping in the loft of a barn someone had abandoned, and some owls woke us up with their cavilling, that my father told me a story from his childhood, of being awakened by sounds in the night and walking outside to see old John Brown's mule coming out through the doors of his father's church, being coaxed down those wooden steps in the dark of the moon. He heard the noise of balking and a sad, grave voice saying, "Doing fine, now. Doing just fine." Then four horses after it, abrupt and agile, all with their saddles already cinched on. The men mounted, two men on one horse leading the other horse along behind them—one of the men was wounded and had to be held—and they rode away without a word. Then in a few minutes he heard the barn door open and he heard their horse breathing and stepping and his father speaking to it, and then his father rode away, too.

My father said he went up to the church and sat there in the dark, wondering what he should do. He wasn't even ten years old at the time. He said the church smelled like horses and gunpowder and it smelled like sweat. (In those days they didn't have bullets like the ones we have, so they'd have been using the time to load up their weapons with powder and shot.) Old John Brown and his men had pushed the benches and the communion table against the walls to make room for the animals. No doubt they'd slept on the benches. Certainly the wounded man had, because there was a good deal of blood on one of them, and on the floor beside it. That was the first thing my father saw when the light began to come.

So he dragged that bench out behind the church and stood it on its end, so it would fall into the deep grass on its side. That was to trouble the surface of the grass as little as possible. Then he took a shovel and a broom and cleaned up after the horses as well as he could. He got a bucket of water and a piece of soap to scrub down the bloodstain, but that just made it bigger. So he ended up sloshing water over the whole floor to make that spot less conspicuous. His thought was that if the men who slept in the church were being pursued, their pursuers might come at any time and they would be looking for things like mule droppings in a church or blood on a pew.

But those same pursuers would surely be curious to find him scrubbing out a church before the sun was well up. Then it occurred to him how unlike his father it was to leave at such a time, making no arrangements whatever for putting things right, leaving him to wander from his bed into this ridiculous situation, in which it seemed there was no right thing to be done. He was thinking these things and lugging a bucket of water up into the church when he saw a man in a U.S. Army uniform sitting on a bench against the wall.

"You've got it looking right nice in here," the soldier said. Then he plucked at the ripped knee of his trousers and said, "My dang horse bolted on me. An owl hooted or something, and off she went. You folks wouldn't have a horse I could requisition. It would only be for a day or two."

"You'd have to speak to my father."

The soldier said, "Your father isn't here. I'd guess he's ridden off somewhere on the very horse I was hoping to borrow." Then he said, "You heard of Osawatomie John Brown? Of course you have. Everybody has. I can see you're a fine boy. Don't worry, I'm not going to make you go telling lies right here in a church, little brother. You know the kinds of things John Brown has been up to."

People did sometimes speak, quietly, about the events at Osawatomie. They insisted Old Brown was nowhere near the place when it happened. Or they pointed out that the Missourians had attacked him first and killed his son and his friends. Not that even this justified vengefulness in a Christian man, they would say, though clearly they felt it came very, very close. Still, it was a sombre thing, a fearful thing.

My father told the soldier that he had heard stories.

The soldier nodded. "There are decent folks around here who'd help him any chance they got. Ministers of the Gospel. They'd let him bring his old mule right into their church if he asked them to. They'd deem it an honor. I find that remarkable. Those fugitives would come in with their weapons and their wounds and their dirty boots, they'd come in bleeding on the floor, and that would be just fine. Then a soldier of the United States government comes along looking for them, as he is paid to do, and nobody even offers him a cup of coffee."

My father said, "We might have coffee. I'm pretty sure we do."

The soldier stood up. He said, "My platoon left me about two miles from here and took off east. They knew where those fellows would likely be off to next. So if your father's gone with them, he might be seeing a world of trouble right about now. I thought I should tell you that before I drank your coffee."

My father told me that his lips were so numb he couldn't move them to speak. The soldier said, "I'll just get myself a drink at your well." He walked out of the church and got his drink and walked away up the road. And my grandfather shot a soldier that very afternoon. "It was the fellow I spoke with in the church," my father said. "I know it was."

The soldier had walked to the next farm and requisitioned their horse and taken off in the general direction he thought his platoon had gone. Brown and the others had circled back and to the south, knowing they would be followed and making for the hills. And my grandfather was ambling along toward home with that big gun in his belt and two bloody shirts under his arm, one with bullet holes in it, which was very foolish. And he was bare-chested under his coat, since he had swapped his own shirt for the two he brought back with him. But he was never really a practical man again after that day, my father said. I would not have known where to find the origins of the old man's impracticality, but I am certainly willing to vouch for the fact of it. In any case, a lone soldier did approach him and did hail him down, and he was indeed riding a chestnut horse that could have been the neighbor's. The soldier began to question him, and my grandfather was caught without a lie. But he had that gun, and the gun was loaded.

The old man only told my father what had happened because my father told him about finding the soldier in the church. "Dark fellow, you say? Kind of a drawl to his speech? Well, I did, I winged him," my grandfather said. "Then his horse bolted. He took quite a spill." My grandfather left him there on the ground. "Old Brown asked if I'd be willing to cover their retreat if occasion arose. I said I would, and I did." He said, "What was I to do with him, bring him back here?" His point was that the congregation had put a lot of thought and effort into hollow walls and hidden cellars in their various cabins and outbuildings, tunnels that started from false-bottomed potato bins and opened up under haystacks a hundred yards away and so forth. There was a false-bottomed coffin they kept in the church, and an open grave with a floor of burlap stretched over a couple of boards and covered with dirt, opening on a tunnel that came up in the woodshed. All that effort was for freeing the captives, and it had to be protected for their sake. The soldier could only have concluded that my grandfather was in serious cahoots with John Brown, and attention of that kind could destroy everything.

He told my father that it was a mortally serious business, life and death. He should never speak a word about it to anyone, and he should be ready with a lie in case someone came inquiring. So, waking and sleeping, my father thought about that soldier by himself out there on the plains, wounded, without a shadow to hide in or a drop to drink, and tried to imagine himself saying he had not seen such a man, had not spoken to him. Well, the authorities never did come to talk to them about that soldier, so my father thought he probably had died out there. He said, "The relief I suffered every day they didn't come was horrible."

After that my grandfather would be gone for days sometimes. There were Sundays when he would ride his horse right up to the church steps just when it was time for service to begin and fire that gun in the air to let the people know he was back. They'd find him standing in the pulpit, with his eyes red and his face pale and dust in his beard, hands trembling, all

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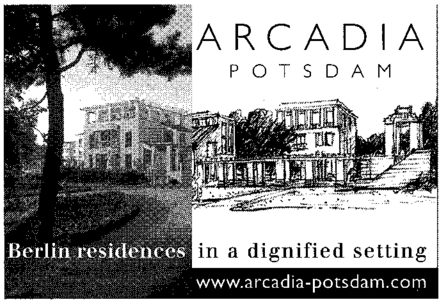

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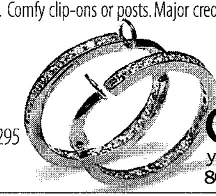

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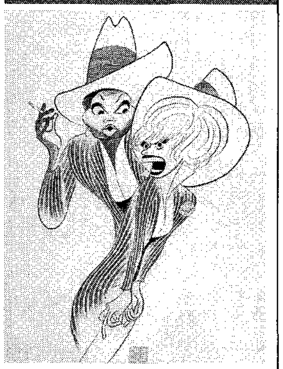

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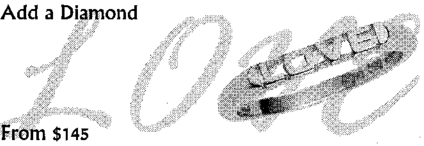

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ready to preach on judgment and grace. My father said, "I never dared to ask him what he'd been up to. I couldn't risk the possibility of knowing things that were worse than my suspicions."

You see, my grandfather would sometimes preach wearing one of those shirts. The Sunday after old John Brown was hanged, he wore the one with the bullet holes in it. He preached on the new wound that had been made in the Lord's side, and all the people wept. He preached the young men right into that war. Many of them never came back, and, of the ones that did, some brought camp fever, and their families went down with it. My father said there were so many fresh graves the cemetery smelled like a plowed field. The widows and orphans drifted away over the years, and the Methodists bought the land and burned the church down because it was past saving.

It was not long after the trip my grandfather and I took to Des Moines, to the baseball game, that we lost him, or he lost himself. One Sunday a few weeks later, the old man, who always went to church with us, stood up and walked out about five minutes into my father's sermon. The text, I remember, was "Consider the lilies, how they grow." My mother sent me to look for him. I saw him walking down the road and I ran to catch up with him, but he turned that eye on me and said, "Get back where you belong!" So I did.

He appeared at the house again after dinner. He walked into the kitchen, where my mother and I were clearing things away, and cut himself a piece of bread and was about to leave again without a single word to us. But my father came up the porch steps just then and stood in the doorway, watching him.

"Reverend," my grandfather said when he saw him.

My father said, "Reverend."

My mother said, "It's Sunday. It's the Lord's Day. It's the Sabbath."

My father said, "We are all well aware of that." But he didn't step out of the doorway. So she said to my grandfather, "Sit down and I'll fix a plate for you. You can't get by on a piece of bread."

And he did sit down. So my father came in and sat down across from him. They were silent for some time.

Then my father said, "Did my sermon offend you in some way? Those few words you heard of it?"

The old man shrugged. "Nothing in it to offend. I just wanted to hear some preaching. So I went over to the Negro church."

After a minute my father asked, "Well, did you hear some preaching?"

My grandfather shrugged. "The text was 'Love your enemies.' "

"That seems to me to be an excellent text in the circumstances," my father said. (This was just after somebody set a fire behind the Negro church. It wasn't a big fire—someone heaped brush against the back wall and put a match to it, and someone else saw the smoke and put the flames out with a shovel. That church sold up some years ago, and what was left of the congregation moved to Chicago. By then it was down to three or four families. The pastor came by with a sack of plants he'd dug up from around the front steps, mainly lilies. He thought I might want them, and they're still there along the front of our church, needing to be thinned. I didn't know the Negro pastor well myself, but he said his father knew my grandfather. He told me they were sorry to leave, because this town had once meant a great deal to them.)

The old man said, "It was all very Christian."

My father said, "You sound disappointed, Reverend."

My grandfather put his head in his hands. He said, "Reverend, no words could be bitter enough, no day could be long enough. There is just no end to it. Disappointment. I eat and drink it. I wake and sleep it."

My father's lips were white. He said, "Well, Reverend, I know you placed great hope in that war. My hopes are in peace, and I am not disappointed. Because peace is its own reward. Peace is its own justification."

My grandfather said, "And that's just what kills my heart, Reverend. That the Lord never came to you. That the seraphim never touched a coal to your lips—"

My father stood up from his chair. He said, "I remember when you walked to the pulpit in that shot-up, bloody shirt with that pistol in your belt. And I had a thought as powerful and clear as any revelation. And it was, This has nothing to do with Jesus. Nothing. Nothing. And I was, and I am, as certain of that as anyone could ever be of any so-called vision. I defer to no one in this. Not to you, not to Paul the Apostle, not to John the Divine. Reverend."

My grandfather said, "So-called vision. The Lord, standing there beside me, had one hundred times the reality for me that you have standing here now!"

After a minute my father said, "No one would doubt that, Reverend."

It was clear from the look in that eye of his that the old man took his meaning. And that was when the chasm truly opened. Not long afterward my grandfather was gone. He left a note lying on the kitchen table which said:

> No good has come, no evil is ended.
> That is your peace.
> Without vision the people perish.
> The Lord bless you and keep you.

I still have that note. I saved it in my Bible.

I believe that the old man did have far too narrow an idea of what a vision might be. Perhaps that is the one thing I wish to tell you. Sometimes the visionary aspect of any particular day comes to you in the memory of it, or it opens to you over time. For example, whenever I take a child into my arms to be baptized, I am, so to speak, comprehended in the experience more fully, having seen more of life, knowing better what it means to affirm the sacredness of the human creature. I believe there are visions that come to us only in memory, in retrospect, or in imagination, and it is waste and ingratitude not to honor such things as visions, whether you yourself happen to have seen them or not.

I mentioned that I went out to Kansas with my father to find my grandfather's grave. It took my father months to find out where the old man had ended up, lots of letters of inquiry to churches and newspapers and so on. He put a great deal of effort into it. Finally someone wrote back and sent a little package with my grandfather's watch and a beat-up old Bible and some letters, which I learned later were just a few of my father's letters of inquiry, no doubt given to the old man by people who thought they had induced him to come home.

It grieved my father bitterly that the last words he said to his father were very angry words, and there could never be any reconciliation between them in this life. He did truly honor his father, generally speaking, and it was hard for him to accept that things should have ended the way they did.

That was in 1892, so travel was still pretty hard. We went as far as we could by train. Then we took some bad directions and got lost. The roads were terrible, swamped in dust where they were travelled and baked into ruts where they were not. My father was carrying some tools in a gunnysack so he could try to put the grave to rights a little, and I was carrying what we had for food, hardtack and jerky and the few little yellow apples we picked up along the road here and there, and our changes of shirts and socks, all soon filthy.

My father was set on finding that grave despite any hardship. Never before in my life had I wondered where I would come by my next drink of water, and I number it among my blessings that I have not had occasion to wonder since. Once, to make the point that I should study while I was young and learning came easily, my grandfather had told me about a man he knew when he first came to Kansas, a preacher newly settled there. He said, "That fellow just was not confident of his Hebrew. He'd walk fifteen miles across open country in the dead of winter to settle a point of interpretation. We'd have to thaw him out before he could tell us what it was he had on his mind." My father laughed, and said, "The strange part is, that may even be true." But I remembered the story at the time because it seemed to me that my father and I were doing something very similar. There were times when I truly believed we might just wander off and die. Once when my father was gathering sticks for firewood into my arms he said we were like Abraham and Isaac on the way to Mt. Moriah. I'd thought as much myself.

It was so bad out there we couldn't buy food. We stopped at a farmstead and asked the lady, and she took a little bundle down from a cupboard and showed us some coins and bills and said, "It might as well be Confederate for all the good it does me." Then my father asked after his father, and she said, Why, yes, he'd been in the neighborhood. She didn't know he had died but she knew where he was likely to have been buried, and

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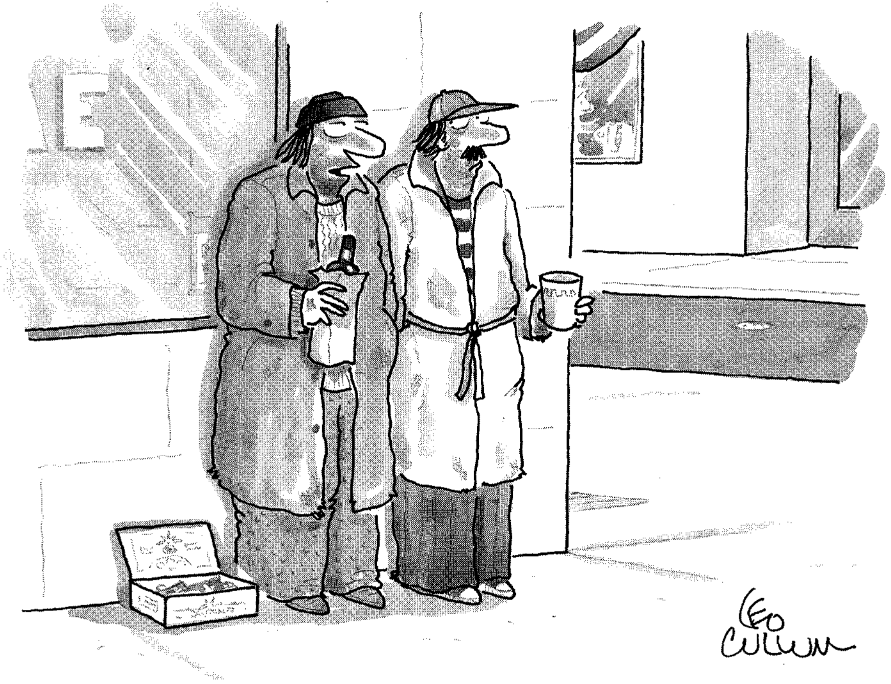
she showed us to what remained of a road that would take us right to the place, not three miles from where we stood. The road was overgrown, but as you walked along you could see the ruts. The brush grew lower in them, because the earth was still packed so hard. We walked past that graveyard twice. The two or three headstones in it had fallen over and it was all grown up with weeds and grass. The third time, my father noticed a fence post, so we walked over to it, and we could see a handful of graves, a row of maybe seven or eight and below it a half row, swamped with that dead brown grass. I remember that the incompleteness of it seemed sad to me. In the second row we found a marker someone had made by stripping a patch of bark off a log and then driving nails partway in and bending them down flat so they made the letters REV AMES. The R looked like the A and the S was a backward Z, but there was no mistaking it.

It was evening by then, so we walked back to the lady's farm and washed at her cistern and drank from her well and slept in her hayloft. She brought us a supper of cornmeal mush. I loved that woman like a second mother. I loved her to the point of tears. We were up before daylight to milk and cut kindling and draw her a bucket of water, and she met us at the door with a breakfast of fried mush with blackberry preserves melted over it and a spoonful of top milk on it, and we ate standing there at the stoop in the chill and the dark and it was perfectly wonderful.

Then we went back to the graveyard, which was just a patch of ground with a half-fallen fence around it and a gate on a chain weighted with a cowbell. My father and I fixed up the fence as well as we could. He broke up the ground on the grave a little with his jackknife. But then he decided we should go back to the farmhouse again to borrow a couple of hoes and make a better job of it. He said, "We might as well look after these other folks, while we're here." This time the lady had a dinner of navy beans waiting for us. I don't remember her name, which seems a pity. She had an index finger that was off at the first knuckle. My father said she spoke as if her people might be from Maine, but he didn't ask her. She cried when we said goodbye to her, and wiped her face with her apron. My father asked if there was a letter or a message she would like us to carry back with us, and she said no. He asked if she would like to come along, and she thanked us and shook her head and said, "There's the cow." She said, "We'll be just fine when the rain comes."

That graveyard was about the loneliest place you could imagine. If I were to say it was going back to nature, you might get the idea that there was some sort of vitality about the place. But it was parched and sunstricken. It was hard to imagine the grass had ever been green. Everywhere you stepped little grasshoppers would fly up by the score, making that snap they do, like striking a match. My father put his hands in his pockets and looked around and shook his head. Then he started cutting the brush back with a hand scythe he had brought, and we set up the markers that had fallen over—most of the graves were just outlined with stones, with no names or dates or anything on them at all. My father said to be careful where I stepped. There were small graves here and there that I hadn't noticed at first, or I hadn't quite realized what they were. I certainly didn't want to walk on them, but until he cut the weeds down I couldn't tell where they were, and then I knew I had stepped on some of them, and I felt sick. Only in childhood have I felt guilt like that, and pity. I still dream about it. My father always said when someone dies the body is just a suit of old clothes the spirit doesn't want anymore. But there we were, half killing ourselves to find a grave, and as cautious as we could be about where we put our feet.

We worked a good while at putting things to rights. It was hot, and there was such a sound of grasshoppers, and of wind rattling that dry grass. Then we scattered seeds around, bee balm and coneflower and sunflower and bachelor's buttons and sweet pea. They were seeds we always saved out of our own garden. When we finished, my father sat down on the ground beside his father's grave. He stayed there for a good while, plucking at little whiskers of straw that still remained on it, fanning himself with his hat. I think he regretted that there was nothing more for him to do. Finally he got up and brushed himself off and we stood there together with our miserable clothes all damp and our hands all dirty from the work, and the first crickets rasping and the flies really beginning to bother and the birds crying out the way they do when they're about ready to settle for the night, and my father bowed his head and began to pray, remembering his father to the Lord. I missed my grandfather mightily, and I felt the need of pardon, too. But that was a very long prayer.



"I'm taking a wine course but not for credit."

Every prayer seemed long to me at that age, and I was truly bone tired. I tried to keep my eyes closed, but after a while I had to look around a little. And this is something I remember very well. At first I thought I saw the sun setting in the east. I knew where east was, because the sun was just over the horizon when we got there that morning. Then I realized that what I saw was a full moon rising just as the sun was going down. Each of them was standing on its edge, with the most wonderful light between them. It seemed as if you could touch it, as if there were palpable currents of light passing back and forth, or as if there were great taut skeins of light suspended between them. I wanted my father to see it, but I knew I'd have to startle him out of his prayer, and I wanted to do it the best way, so I took his hand and kissed it. And I said, "Look at the moon." And he did. We just stood there until the sun was down and the moon was up. They seemed to float on the horizon for quite a long time, I suppose because they were both so bright you couldn't get a clear look at them. And that grave, and my father and I, were exactly between them, which seemed amazing to me then, since I hadn't given much thought to the nature of the horizon.

When my father and I were walking along the road in the quiet and the moonlight, away from the graveyard where we'd found the old man, my father said, "You know, everybody in Kansas saw the same thing we saw." At the time (remember I was twelve) I took him to mean the entire state was a witness to our miracle. I thought that whole state could vouch for the particular blessing my father brought down by praying there at his father's grave, or the glory that my grandfather had somehow emanated out of his parched repose. Later I realized my father would have meant that the sun and moon had aligned themselves as they did with no special reference to the two of us. He never encouraged any talk about visions or miracles, except the ones in the Bible.

I can't tell you, though, how I felt, walking along beside him that night, along that rutted road, through that empty world—what a sweet strength I felt, in him, and in myself, and all around us. I am glad I didn't understand, because I have rarely felt joy like that, and assurance. It was like one of those dreams where you're filled with some extravagant feeling you might never have in life, it doesn't matter what it is, even guilt or dread, and you learn from it what an amazing instrument you are, so to speak, what a power you have to experience beyond anything you might ever actually need. Who would have thought that the moon could dazzle and flame like that? Despite what he'd said, I could see that my father was a little shaken. He had to stop and wipe his eyes.

Still, even then I could not pray to abide in that great unconsuming fire, that everlasting Pentecost, that fiery furnace in which the old John Ames walked so many years. It shames me to say it—my courage fails when I try to pray that you might abide in it. It has seemed to me sometimes as though the Lord breathes on this poor gray ember of creation and it turns to radiance—for a moment or a year or the span of a life. And then it sinks back into itself again, and to look at it no one would know it had anything to do with fire, or light.

I love the prairie! So often I have seen the dawn come and the light flood over the land and everything turn radiant at once, that word "good" so profoundly affirmed in my soul that I am amazed I should be allowed to witness such a thing. There may have been a more wonderful first moment "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," but for all I know to the contrary they still do sing and shout, and they certainly might well. I can't help imagining that you will leave Gilead sooner or later. It's fine if you have done that, or you intend to do it. These little towns meant so much once. Now they do look like whatever hope becomes after it begins to weary a little, then weary a little more. But hope deferred is still hope. I love this town. I think sometimes of going into the ground here as a last wild gesture of love—perhaps I, too, will smolder away the time until a great and general incandescence.

I will pray that you might be overcome with a beautiful courage, as I never was. And then I'll pray that the Lord might pity and forgive you for it.

I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. ♦

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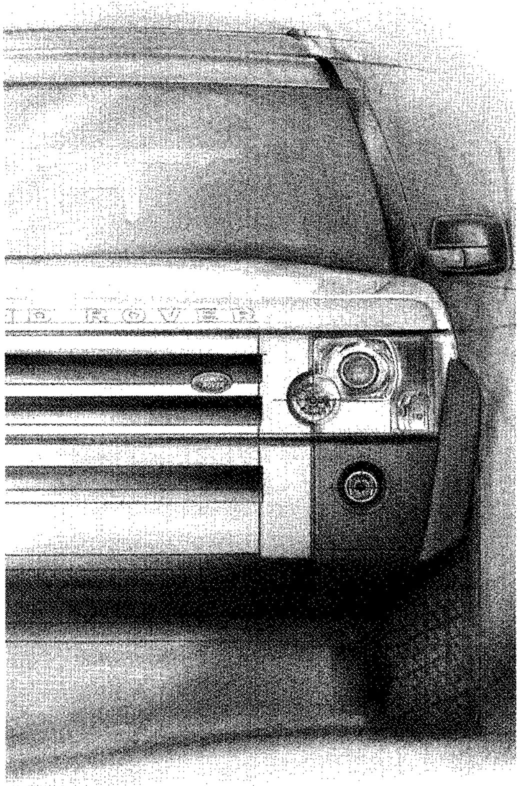

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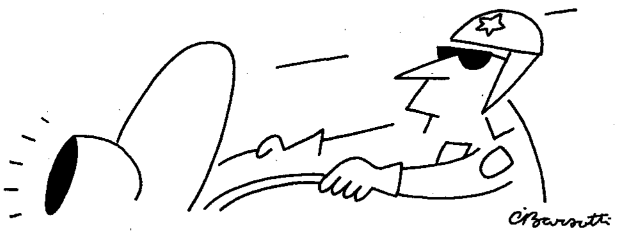


BOOKS

GOLDEN BOY

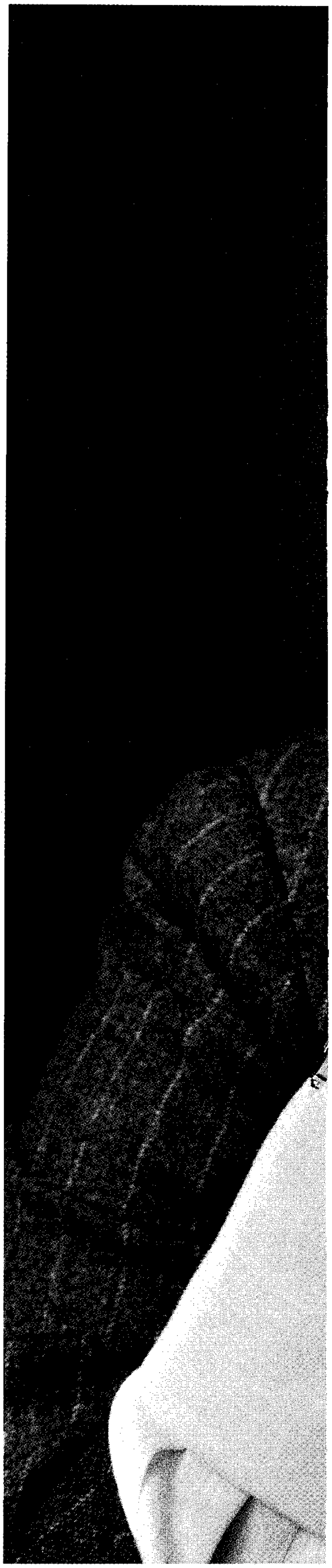
The life and letters of Truman Capote.

BY THOMAS MALLON

Twenty years after the death of Truman Capote, it comes as a surprise to open his letters and meet with more discipline than dissipation. Biographies of the writer cannot ignore his last, wasted years, but a new epistolary handbasket, "Too Brief a Treat: The Letters of Truman Capote" (Random House; $27.95), stops almost short of hell, devoting about ninety per cent of its contents to an ambitious artist between the ages of nineteen and forty-two, not the bloated, frantically fallow T.C. of the years after "In Cold Blood." There's very little here of the U.N. Plaza apartment and Princess Lee and even the Paleys, let alone the woozy Liza nights at Studio 54. According to Gerald Clarke, who edited the collection of letters and wrote a 1988 biography of Capote, in the decade and a half that the writer was rich and unproductive and miserable his correspondence "dwindled to postcards and telegrams—when he wanted to say something, he picked up the telephone." Such laziness has purchased Capote an odd new posthumous privacy.

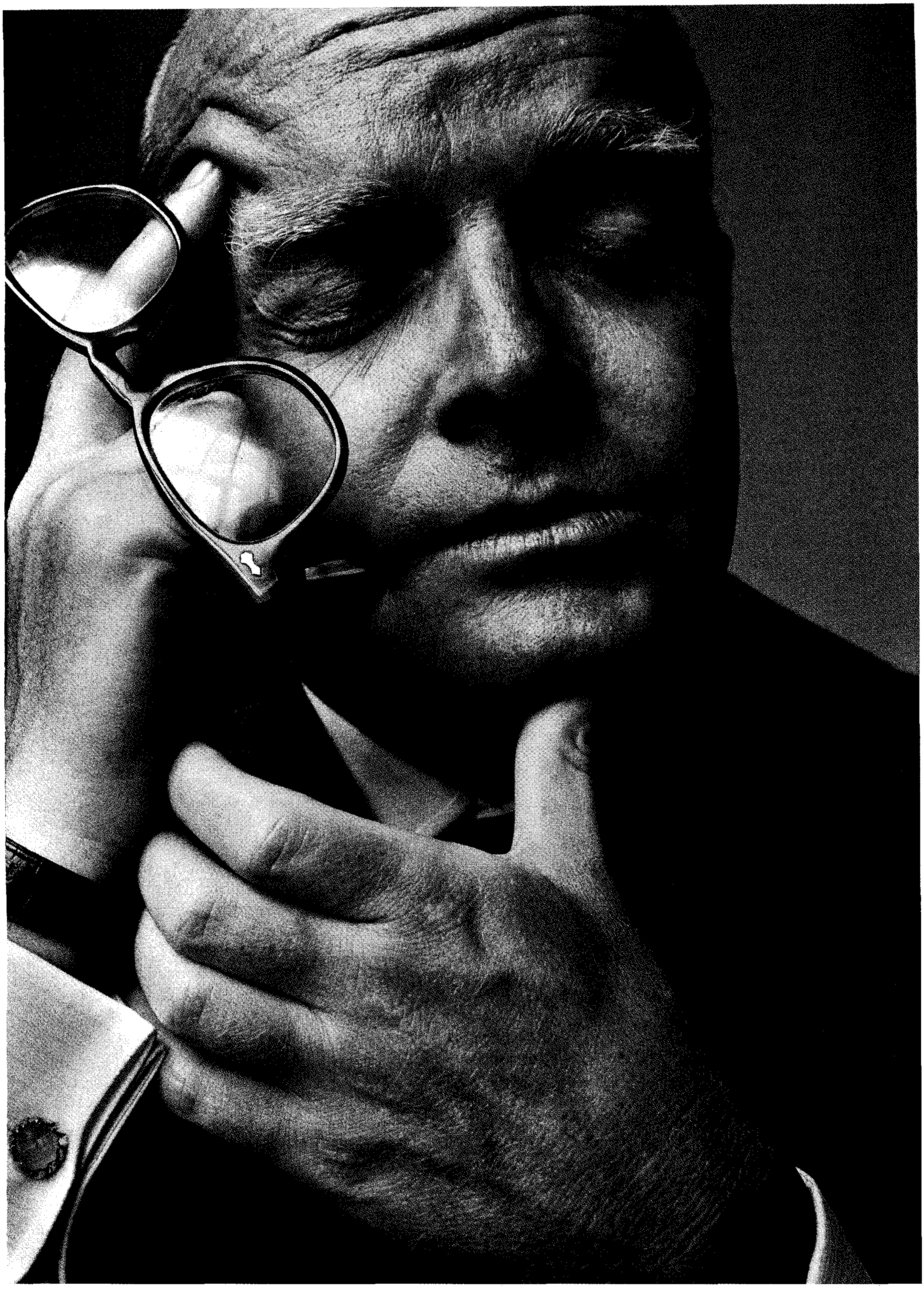
Near the end of the Second World War, the slender, blond Capote worked as an assistant at *The New Yorker*, where the writer Brendan Gill recalled him as a "gorgeous apparition, fluttering, flitting up and down the corridors of the magazine." His real work, though, was going into his stories. What a pleasure it is to hear him, in 1946, being bumptious instead of bitchy, not quite twenty-two and crowing about his accomplishments and plans: "The O. Henry introduction said that A Tree Of Night was a better story than Miriam, which of course it is, and raved on and on about it. Wait until they read The Headless Hawk: they ain't seen nothin yet." This letter, to Mary Louise Aswell, an editor at *Harper's Bazaar*, reminds a reader of the time when nearly every American slick magazine gave space to serious short fiction. The women's-mag editors, including George Davis, at *Mademoiselle*, were especially hospitable to Southern talents like Eudora Welty and Carson McCullers, and Capote quickly figured out how to transfer gothic dollops of his native Alabama to stories traversing the sidewalks of New York. (The Second Avenue popcorn seller in "The Headless Hawk" is a bearded midget.)

Capote's first novel, "Other Voices, Other Rooms" (1948), a Dixie farrago of addled relatives, crumbling plantation architecture, and cross-dressing homosexuality, repelled *Time* but made the *Times'* Orville Prescott describe the young author as "dangerously gifted." By 1950, Capote was getting far, fast, even without the help of what he calls, in a letter, "the great chest-pounding he-



PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN

"Write me—long letters filled with low gossip," Capote instructed one correspondent, but he saved his own best writing for his books.



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“Could you come in here and chase my tail?”

men” reviewers who abounded in the postwar Sunday book pages. The sensation he made with “Other Voices, Other Rooms” had something to do with its NAMBLA-worthy jacket photograph, and though he claimed to dislike the “dope-fiend pictures” of himself that showed up in magazines, he knew that such hothouse displays were good for business at a time when he was all business. For a while, he managed his celebrity with less self-exploitation than Tennessee Williams, whose 1950 article about fashionable literary locales and personalities struck Capote as “the absolute zenith of vulgarity.”

He quickly expanded his own œuvre and range with the travel essays of “Local Color” (1950) and a gently fictionalized memoir, “The Grass Harp” (1951). When, during this period, he describes not being able to work as the thing that makes him really sick, there’s no reason to doubt him, though a reader of the letters will be alert to some disquieting portents in the late nineteen-forties and the fifties. The writer John Malcolm Brinnin spots a picture of Capote dancing with Marilyn Monroe in a 1955 issue of *Time* and upsets his friend with a scolding postcard: “Joyce’s motto was, Silence, exile, and cunning. What’s *yours*?” Only three years after this, in a letter from Capote to Bennett Cerf, at Random House, one hears the first mention of the author’s work on “Answered Prayers,” the supposedly Proustian novel “about which I must be very silent, so as not [to] alarm my ‘sitters.’ ” The sitters were mostly those women Capote also thought of as his “swans,” well-married ladies who lunched with one another and their high-pitched writer chum, telling him secrets they thought he would keep. There came a point, years later, when talking about this work-in-stasis was the only effort Capote expended on it, and the mid-seventies unveiling of its few accumulated pages, onto which the writer had spilled the very recognizable swans’ confidences, finished him off both as social lion and as artist.

But there is plenty of exile and cunning before that. “I lead such a monastery life,” Capote is able to say, with a part-time degree of truth, as late as 1962. He does much of his writing abroad, in Spain and Italy and Switzerland, usually in villages and almost always following a strict routine. In 1951, he is in Taormina, the Sicilian resort town that had been friendly to writers and gay travellers since the nineteenth century. Capote cannot go home to the States, he declares, until he has completed “The Grass Harp.” Shrewd about promotion and well aware of career trajectories (“In this profession it’s a long walk between drinks”), he may allow himself to be distracted by theatrical ambitions (troubled adaptations of “The Grass Harp” and his story “House of Flowers”), but not even Henry James was immune to that particular seduction and heartbreak. Demanding his propers (he sometimes writes Cerf in the manner of an underappreciated younger son), Capote can be strenuously proprietary about his creations, and when “Guys and Dolls” came out he urged his publisher to sue for copyright infringement: “On page 84 of Other Voices, Other Rooms, you will find this: ‘I love you, Joel, I love you a bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck.’ It is quite my own line.” (Actually, it wasn’t. According to Clarke, Capote’s mother telephoned Cerf and told him that this “was an old Southern rhyme and that she distinctly remembered singing it to [her son] when he was a baby.”)

The letters rarely offer more than a glimpse of Jack Dunphy, also a writer and the self-contained, sometimes severe love of Capote’s life. The two met in New York in 1948, when Dunphy, a former Broadway dancer ten years Capote’s senior, was getting over the collapse, in 1946, of his marriage to the actress Joan McCracken, who later became Bob Fosse’s wife. Dunphy is mostly heard of just before Capote’s signature, when the author assures the letter’s recipient that Jack sends his love, too—without, to be sure, much gush. Dunphy refused to be charmed by even Noël Coward, and when Humphrey Bogart and John Huston caroused, “half-drunk all day and dead-drunk all night,” throughout the filming, in Italy, of “Beat the Devil,” for which Capote had written the script, “Jack was disgusted with the whole thing.”

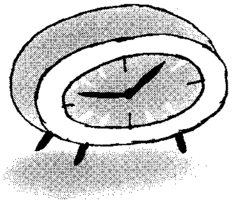
During the summer of 1953, Capote (not yet thirty) worries to Mary Louise Aswell about the way Dunphy “keeps threatening mutiny. Darling, am I to spend my whole life in that kind of situation?” Dunphy remained connected to Capote, in varying degrees of intimacy, until the end, scorning the revellers and the spongers. In one of the few letters here from the nineteen-seventies, Capote tells his partner, “You are the only good thing that ever happened to me. I admire and respect you so.” The second of these two sentences may seem a romantic anticlimax, but it’s actually an awed revelation from Capote: he understood, intermittently, that he was now prone to falling for men who were beneath contempt. Dunphy’s fictionalized 1987 reminiscence of their life together concentrates on his companion’s latter-day unravelling, which rendered their earlier years of routine and industry almost unrecognizable: “The two straight years we spent together in Taormina seem sometimes never to have happened to us. Even the name of the house we lived in there escapes me."

That era's Italian gay scene, as it was indulged by tourists and expats, puts a measure of scandalous fizz into Capote's letters—we hear about the novelist Donald Windham's troubles with local young men and the police; the suicide attempt of Gian Carlo Menotti's lover—but it all seems incidental. After Capote (to hear him tell it) has a Roman flirtation with Montgomery Clift ("Nothing *too* serious"), he makes the remarkably contemporary-sounding observation "*I'll* take the married life any time. . . . I've even started baking that man"—Dunphy—"chocolate cakes." With Andrew Lyndon (an old roommate), Windham, and other late-nineteen-forties New York pals, Capote camps it up from salutation to signature. For years, he and Leo Lerman, the *Vogue* editor and cultural impresario, correspond as "Marge" and "Myrt," after the competing mother-daughter chorus girls of a thirties radio serial, but, for all his cruising, malice, and laughter, Capote recognizes that his essential need in this period is a quiet study just above the hearth.

He had first had such a space, before his years abroad, with Newton Arvin, the much older American-literature scholar and Smith College professor, a less manly, more neurotic protector than Dunphy. (Arvin and Capote's two-year affair began at Yaddo in 1946; Capote even described himself to Brinnin as being, if only on weekends, a "faculty wife.") Capote's feelings about Arvin vary, though they are marked by a consistent sense of his old mentor's fatal "moderation." When, in 1960, Arvin is arrested, calamitously, for possession of pornography, Capote appears to be at a loss, struggling for the right thing to say. He offers money and advice and the example of John Gielgud, who not long before had refused to let his men's-room arrest be "the end of the world." In the midst of it all, Capote wonders, only half-jokingly, about the "great collection of indiscreet letters" he himself has written, some of which must have been lying around not too far from Arvin's dirty pictures. "Perhaps it's just as well yours truly is living abroad," he tells Andrew Lyndon.

Capote never went past high school, and once declared, "Newton was my Harvard." There's no real evidence that the pedagogical romance produced much in the way of a critical mind. Capote didn't review books or write essays beyond the personal kind, and in the letters full-blown artistic judgments are rarer than snap ones. Writing to Christopher Isherwood in November of 1959, he assures him that a piece of fiction he's just read is "*very* good"; a musical he's seen is "dreadful"; a movie "quite good"; and a play "but nothing." An analysis of James Baldwin, written to Arvin in 1962, is relatively expansive, though it probably springs as much from competitiveness as from deep consideration: "I loathe Jimmy's fiction: it is crudely written and of a balls-aching boredom. I do sometimes think his essays are at least intelligent, although they almost invariably end on a fakely hopeful, hymn-singing note."

Magazine reportage was bread and butter for Capote, until he saw its possibilities for yielding a pièce de résistance. In the late fifties, he began applying innovative techniques to both a profile of Marlon Brando and the articles in "The Muses Are Heard," a tag-along chronicle of an American theatre troupe performing "Porgy and Bess" in Soviet Russia. Plans to compose a sequel about Moscow's privileged, Westward-looking youth didn't work out, but in a letter of apology to *The New Yorker's* editor, William Shawn, written on August 18, 1959, one can almost hear four shotgun blasts that were still three months off: "If we can arrange another project for me, I will try not to dissappoint [sic] you (or myself)."



The murder of the Clutter family turns out to be "the most interesting thing that's ever happened to me," Capote writes after his first research trip to Kansas. When he leaves for Europe, "with 25 pieces of luggage, 2 dogs, 1 cat, and my good friend Jack Dunphy," in order to write his book on the subject, he believes it will take only about a year. In fact, more than five years pass before publication, mostly because of the killers' "absurd" and inconveniencing appeals of their sentence. "The problem is," Capote tells Alvin Dewey, the Kansas lawman who caught Perry Smith and Richard Hickock, "I have reached a point in my book where I must know how the book ends!" For several years, as the killers sit on death row, Capote, from his desk in Switzerland, issues operatic birth cries: the book is "going to be a masterpiece"; he "can hardly breathe" when he thinks how good it may be; he throws up every morning from the tension it's causing; his "entire future as an artist" depends on it.

If the struggle seems more practical than aesthetic—Capote is confident enough of the outcome to tell Cerf he'll skip an advance in favor of a higher than usual royalty—the result must still be judged, on both counts, a success. And yet, with this collection of letters, as with each biography that has come along, the fictional quotient of Capote's "nonfiction novel" has to be revised upward. We see him writing to Don Cullivan, an Army buddy of Perry Smith's, that he wants "to include a long scene between you and Perry in which I will use some material from my *own* conversations with Perry—in other words, substitute you for me." The effect of these small revelations is always dismaying, and diminishing. The more artistry we espy, the less artistic seems the book, which Capote himself always touted as a miracle of scrupulosity. He does, in these letters, bemoan "the amount of *correspondence* the whole thing entails," telling Cerf that he is "in closest *daily* communication with some seven or eight Kansans" in order to nail down the story. Most of these communications are beyond the scope of Clarke's collection, but the serious devotee of "In Cold Blood" would like to see them anyway, if only to measure the gradient of the slippery slope that Capote rolled down toward "Hand-carved Coffins" (1980), a superfictionalized "nonfiction account" of another American crime he'd heard about from Alvin Dewey.

Letters to Dewey and his wife, Marie, make up much of this volume's second half. The writer seems to be seeking not just further details about the Clutter case but a kind of substitute family as well. When this flaming rara avis swooped down on Finney County, Kansas, the Deweys, those "Dearest

Folks" and "Honey Hearts," had offered him a perch, whereas others must have been more inclined, at least at first, to greet him with a baseball bat. His affection for the family is unquestionably sincere, but even here one senses Capote taking practical care, providing treats that will keep his main source on board. He gets David O. Selznick and Jennifer Jones to show the Deweys around Hollywood during a California vacation and tells Marie that he has discussed her family "at length" with Jackie Kennedy. The reading lists and plainspoken critiques that he offers young Alvin Dewey III, an aspiring writer, amount to some of Capote's most extended, and sensible, literary criticism.

However corrective this volume may prove to Capote's tabloid reputation, it will not gain him much epistolary renown. There are, as one would expect, lovely, delicate lines here and there ("The water is as clear and as blue as a mermaid's eye"), along with the nervy charm of the writer's unabashed effeminacy. (In November, 1960, he tells Marie Dewey that President-elect and Mrs. Kennedy mistook his congratulatory telegram as being from Harry Truman "until they realized a) Harry wasn't in Switzerland, and b) wouldn't have signed it 'love and hugs.' ") There are also sharp sightings (André Gide in a Sicilian barbershop "having his face lathered by little boys of ten and twelve") and some feline boldface dispatches, such as this one from Portofino: "The Windsors (morons), the Luces (morons plus), Garbo (looking like death with a suntan), the Oliviers (they let *her* [Vivien Leigh] out)." But the fast, abbreviated nature of these displays bespeaks Capote's over-all lassitude as a correspondent. Instead of the leisurely set piece, the painstaking vignette wrought just for a friend, we typically get: "It is too involved a tale for telling here"; "There is no point in telling you what has happened. . . . I would leave out the important things anyway"; "I cannot write about it—it's something I'll have to tell you." Capote was more naturally a recipient ("Write me—long letters full of LOW gossip"), who saved his best written efforts for his books. In the letters he did send, he made so many underlinings ("Jack is working, but on *what* I know not: he's being *secretive*") that one can feel him itching to talk instead of write.

To best experience Capote the stylist, one must go back to his short fiction, his work in the form that he called his "great love"; it was a genre he neglected through the nineteen-sixties, and then, near the end of his life, began to woo again. In fewer than four hundred pages, Random House has just given us "The Complete Stories of Truman Capote" ($24.95). If some of the earliest, most precocious efforts seem derivative ("My Side of the Matter" now feels awfully like Welty's "Why I Live at the P.O."), one experiences as strongly as ever his gift for concrete abstraction ("She had a hectic brightness") and his spectacular observancy: the eyes of a woman taking off her glasses seem "stunned by freedom; the skimpily lashed lids fluttered like long-captive birds abruptly let loose." Again and again, his lyricism, to poignant effect, stops just short of overripeness: a parked car, buried in new snow, "winked its headlights: help! help! silent, like the heart's distress."

It's hard to say whether he outgrew the genre or could no longer fill it. "A Christmas Memory," a 1958 autobiographical tale of the mutual protection that Capote and his childlike, much older cousin Miss Sook offered each other, is both sentimental and splendid. A decade later, when Miss Sook reappears, in "The Thanksgiving Visitor," she seems more cracker-barrel than cracked, an all too camera-ready creation from a writer whose every word by then had adapters clamoring. (The story's dedication, to Lee Radziwill, seems somehow telltale.) One realizes from the letters that Capote's sympathy for children did not extend much beyond himself at eight or ten. "Currently am waging war against two little girls down the road," he writes Andrew Lyndon from Taormina in 1950. "Why do children always think that I am a child too? I'd like to crack their little heads together." "Children on Their Birthdays," one of his best-known stories, might read like a Tarkingtonian tale of summer romance, except for the author's calmly being able to throw its full-of-beans ten-year-old heroine, Miss Bobbit, under a bus.

There's very little steam and sex in these pieces; the seductions in them are of a different nature, creepy and dangerous. Story after story is marked by a character's compulsion to surrender to some soul-snatching bogeyman: the Manhattan gentleman who buys people's dreams in "Master Misery"; spooky, eponymous little Miriam, with her long albino hair and infinite capacity for insinuation; the succubus painter in "The Headless Hawk," herself doomed by a "Mr. Destronelli," who may or may not exist. In each of these pieces, a horrible fate, resistible but for the protagonist's refusal to resist it, is on the way or already here.

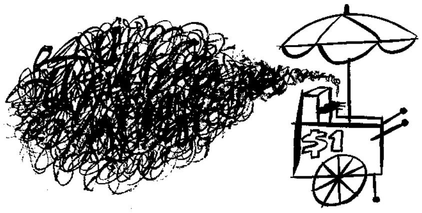
There's a tough detachment, along with a shaping coolness, that keeps these reissued stories from tumbling toward us like ancient preserved orchids. The experience of reading them—of smirking a bit at the perfumed elements but then feeling braced by chilly dread—is rather like watching Capote's old appearances on the "Tonight Show." The studio audience would gasp when he minced onstage and began speaking in his little squeak to Johnny Carson; but it would soon subside into respectful attention, even enthrallment, when he started talking seriously about memory and writing and violence. "Breakfast at Tiffany's" revealed something important about itself when the film version came out, in 1961. Transforming the book's narrator—Holly Golightly's quiet, no doubt gay friend—into a leading-man love interest (the butch, bare-chested George Peppard) should have made for a fiasco. But the heroine survived the adaptation touchingly intact, because she had never been imagined through any sexual template, gay or straight, to begin with. Holly wasn't really fleeing or chasing romance; she was on the run from her own bogeyman, the ontological "mean reds"—the anxiety that sometimes only Tiffany's could alleviate.

"Shut a Final Door," a story that Capote published in 1947, portrays a name-dropping gossip who has run roughshod over acquaintances and friends before ending up alone, in a hotel room, pursued by an anonymous telephone voice. "Oh, you know me," the caller says. "You've known me a long time." This story, about the meanest of reds, is weaker than most of the others, but it's still painful to read, imparting, as it does, a feeling that its boy-wonder author, keeping up his fast, purposeful pace, has just walked on his grave. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Divine Husband, *by Francisco Goldman (Atlantic Monthly; $24).* From shards of literary and historical evidence, Goldman's novel re-creates an interlude in the life of José Martí, the great Cuban patriot and poet. In 1877, the young Martí, exiled from Cuba for anti-Spanish activities, grew curious about the recent liberal revolution in Guatemala and took a job teaching at a women's college there. In many ways, the novel is built around Martí's 1891 collection "Versos Sencillos," one poem of which has led scholars to speculate that Martí fathered an illegitimate child in Guatemala. Goldman's Martí is indeed wildly popular with his female students, one of whom, a former novice in a convent abolished by the liberals, is able, through prayer and intense meditation, to transport herself from one place to another—an ability that provides an apt metaphor for Goldman's sense of both a country at a cultural crossroads and an exotic lost world.

Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell, *by Susanna Clarke (Bloomsbury; $27.95).* This vast début fantasy novel, cast somewhat in the Harry Potter mold, is set in early-nineteenth-century England, where two men, Gilbert Norrell and his pupil Jonathan Strange, revive the once-thriving practice of the dark arts. After aiding the British against Napoleon, the magicians fall out over interpretations of wizardly philosophy. Meanwhile, a malevolent fairy accidentally set loose by Norrell enchants, among others, Strange's wife. Clarke's ability to construct a fully imagined world—much of it explained in long, witty footnotes—is impressive, and there are some suspenseful moments. But her attempt to graft a fantasy narrative onto such historical realities as the Battle of Waterloo is more often awkward than clever, and the period dialogue is simply twee. Worse, the tension between the forces of good and evil—crucial in any magical tale—is surprisingly slack; the arch-villain is a cartoonish fop whose petulant misdeeds lack menace.



American Dream, *by Jason DeParle (Viking; $25.95).* In the years after 1996, when President Clinton signed welfare-reform legislation, nine million women and children left the country's welfare rolls. Though the exodus was applauded in Washington, the story of exactly how these families were faring remained, in DeParle's words, a "national mystery." DeParle spent these years in Milwaukee, welfare reform's unofficial capital, studying the lives of three former welfare mothers: Jewell, Opal, and Angie. The narrative pans across generations of poverty—the women's grandparents sharecropped cotton—while, in the present, results vary. Opal tumbles into crack addiction, but the others struggle ahead, ultimately earning nine and ten dollars an hour as nursing assistants; Angie even joins a 401(k) plan. They are welfare-reform "successes," but their lives remain precarious. When there isn't enough money, lights are turned off and children go hungry. "Just treading water," Angie says, surveying her progress. "Just making it, that's all."

Defining the Wind, *by Scott Huler (Crown; $23).* "Small trees in leaf begin to sway; crested wavelets form on inland waters." So runs the Beaufort scale's definition of a "fresh breeze," or one that blows between nineteen and twenty-four m.p.h. Huler's chance encounter with this guide for assessing wind force at sea sparks an infatuation with its spare, cadenced lines and a desire to learn about their origins. The eponymous Sir Francis Beaufort didn't actually write the famous descriptions but still acts as the book's presiding spirit, as Huler traces the rise of scientific classification at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Huler writes with self-deprecating wit, and although some of his scientific discussions are excessively rudimentary ("The Earth is a sphere"), he captures the Beaufort scale's "open-hearted intellectual decency."

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A CRITIC AT LARGE

WILL POWER

Why Shakespeare remains the necessary poet.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

Why do we read critical biographies of Shakespeare? The reasons that we shouldn't have been ably given by his best critics. "Reader, looke / not on his Picture, but his Booke" was Ben Jonson's advice right there at the start, on the title page of the First Folio, confronting the familiar Droeshout portrait of the unprepossessing bald guy with the ruff. The advice not to look at the life continues to this day. Artists, Auden insisted, should be anonymous; Shakespeare, for all intents and purposes, is, and we should revel in it. But Auden filled his criticism with confident assertions about Shakespeare's love life, and Jonson himself couldn't help but chat compulsively about the man: he couldn't write Latin or Greek, he was a social climber, he needed an editor. Whatever our official pieties, deep down we all believe in lives. The sternest formalists are the loudest gossips, and if you ask a cultural-studies maven who believes in nothing but collective forces and class determinisms how she came to believe this doctrine, she will begin to tell you, eagerly, the story of her life.

He managed to play a perfect lowbrow-middlebrow-highbrow trifecta.

RALPH STEADMAN

The life and works of a man whose life is so plain and whose works are so fancy produces the kind of book that belongs less to a scholarly genre than to a performing genre, a hoop for a scholar to jump through when he no longer has anything to prove, as Lear is a role for an actor to jump through when he has done all the others. To the long run of such life-and-works books, the Harvard professor Stephen Greenblatt now offers his own reading, with the perfect punning title "Will in the World" (Norton; $26.95). Greenblatt's book is startlingly good—the most complexly intelligent and sophisticated, and yet the most keenly enthusiastic, study of the life and work taken together that I have ever read. Greenblatt knows the life and the period deeply, has no hobbyhorses to ride, and makes, one after another, exquisitely sensitive and persuasive connections between what the eloquent poetry says and what the fragmentary life suggests. A fully postmodernized critic, he knows the barriers of rhetoric and artifice that make us write the poems and then have the feelings as often as we have the feelings first. But he does not make the postmodern mistake of overestimating those barriers, either. Poets may often write things they do not feel, but they rarely feel things that they do not, sooner or later, write. The absence of one emotion in Shakespeare, the undue intensity of another are powerful indicators of a mind and a man at work.

Drawing on surprisingly fertile decades of biographical scholarship, Greenblatt is not afraid to make definite assertions. He begins with a fine, disabused picture of Stratford circa 1564, when the poet was born. Against the old notion of an expansive Elizabethan culture connected by the open English road, he draws a portrait of a society nearly Soviet, or perhaps South American, in its paranoias, public persecutions, and sudden, murderous changes of ideology.

The underlying crisis was religious. In half a century—within the lifetime of Shakespeare's father, John—England had gone through a very conservative regime of Catholicism, to an uneasy form of improvised state Catholicism under Henry VIII, through a period of radical Protestantism under King Edward VI, back to Roman Catholicism under Queen Mary, and then on to the staunchly Protestant monarchy of Elizabeth. As each sect seized power, it set about burning and disembowelling those who had been ascendant moments before. By the time Shakespeare was a young man, to be a Catholic priest at all was a capital offense.

The fear and brutality of this unending religious civil war was relieved by the richness of the surrounding folk culture: May Days and Robin Hood pageants, morality plays in tavern courtyards and miracle plays on holidays. "Folk culture is everywhere in his work, in the web of allusions and in the underlying structure," Greenblatt writes. And this folk culture was, for Shakespeare, inextricably tied up, as it is in the Mediterranean world to this day, with the rituals and calendar and enveloping presence of the old faith. Greenblatt is assured here, where earlier generations of scholars were reserved: little doubt remains that Shakespeare, whose father, mother, and daughter were all, at times, secret Catholics, was at some level a partisan of the old religion. (A disinterested record remarks after his decease that "he dyed a papist.") His mother, Mary Arden, came from an old, distinguished, and ardently Catholic family. His father, John, a glovemaker (and therefore an artisan, but one who dealt in luxury goods), was a leading citizen of Stratford, an alderman and bailiff, who participated in the Protestant ascendancy, arranging to have the local church ripped up and its icons and paintings removed—but who at the same time helped make sure that the schoolmasters hired for the public school were Catholic sympathizers, and secretly signed a Roman Catholic "Spiritual Testament" and hid it in the rafters of his house. (The testament of faith was found, still concealed, in the eighteenth century.)

There is no evidence that Shakespeare was a believing or a churchgoing Catholic; in his London years, he must have gone regularly to a Protestant church, or there would have been recorded legal consequences. Catholicism seems tied up for him, as it was for Englishmen well into the nineteenth century, with a love of ceremony and theatricality, a longing for a set of rituals that Protestant sobriety was eager to forbid. It was the pagan part of Catholicism that he loved—"Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang"—and the Puritan part of Protestantism, its Malvolio-ism, that he feared. In 1575, Greenblatt tells us, when Shakespeare was eleven, a group of local artisans, exactly like those in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," wanted to put on a play for the Queen on her visit to Kenilworth Castle, just twelve miles from Stratford. Playacting had been banned, however, and they wrote to complain tactfully about "certain of their preachers, men very commendable for behavior and learning, and sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime." It was this preaching away of his favorite pastime that Shakespeare associated with Protestantism. The medieval part of his imagination, his delight in lists of local flowers ("I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows / where oxlips and the nodding violet grows"), the light of fairy tale and fable that shines through all his comedies, was haunted by the old faith and its rituals. Greenblatt uses "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as a road map in his section on Shakespeare's childhood, and persuasively so. The play, one of the very few in the entire canon without any previous literary model, is the most deeply autobiographical of Shakespeare's works, in that it encompasses the three formative sources of his imagination: the fairy world of pagan folk memory and ritual; his father's world of rustic tradesmen and artisans, joiners and tailors and glovers; and the world of young lovers having sex in the woods, which eventually got him trapped in a bad marriage—all seen from the safe point of view of the aristocratic life that he would get to know in London.

Against these sources of poetic inspiration, the wellspring of his worldly ambition—of the drive that had him writing two plays a year for twenty years and made him perhaps the wealthiest working writer in England—seems to lie in the sudden financial disasters of his father. Sometime around 1577, John Shakespeare began to absent himself from town meetings and then frantically to sell and mortgage all the properties in his wife's inheritance. Although he lived a quarter century more—until well after his son became rich and famous—he never recovered either the land or his social position.

What happened? Greenblatt speculates that it was some compound of bad financial luck, Catholic recusancy, and drink. Whatever the source, the sense of social loss must have been crushing for young Will. John, in his heyday, had tried to buy a coat of arms for his family—a semi-legal but regular act for arriviste merchants—and then, once the hard times came, was forced to let the application lapse, a disappointment that the younger Shakespeare, it seems, never let himself forget. As D. H. Lawrence showed in his great story "The Rocking-Horse Winner," children may not know much about their parents' sex lives, but they always have a keen intuition about how much money there is in the house, because it touches so directly on their sense of security. Like Charles Dickens, who experienced the same lurching fall of family fortune in adolescence, Shakespeare seems to have sworn to do anything in life that he could to get himself and his family well out of the flood of fear, and safe somehow in a big bourgeois house.

Greenblatt confidently follows recent scholarship in its contention that Shakespeare—who would have received what is, by our standards, a thorough grounding in Latin and in classical literature at the Stratford public school—may have gone off around 1580 to become a tutor for two interlinked Catholic families in Lancashire, the Hoghtons and the Hesketh. If he did, two significant encounters were possible. One would have been with the soon-to-be-martyred Jesuit Edmund Campion, who was in hiding with both families at exactly that time. (In a bizarre episode, Campion bested his tormentors in a public debate before he was hanged and hacked to pieces.) If Shakespeare did meet Campion, the most charismatic Catholic of his day, the lesson he took from the encounter was that it was insane to throw your life away on a principle of faith. As Greenblatt points out, among the vast array of human types that Shakespeare drew—prostitutes and sorcerers, pickpockets and Egyptian queens—the only one he never attempted a sympathetic portrait of is the saint-fanatic, the visionary religious.

The other connection would have been theatrical. While Hoghton kept a small company of players, just next door the brilliant young Catholic Ferdinando Stanley kept a far more professional troupe. Lord Strange's Men, as they were known, included many of the actors whom Shakespeare worked with for most of his adult life. If he did meet his future colleagues then, it would explain a great deal. He returned to Stratford in 1582 and was quickly pushed into a shotgun wedding with an independent-minded older woman named Anne Hathaway. The marriage produced a daughter, born six months after the wedding day; a son; and another daughter; and a lifetime of misery. Shakespeare's "abandonment" of his family for London, in 1587—a family who were the obsessive focus of his financial advancement for the rest of his life—makes better sense if we imagine not that he was a young man running away to seek his fortune but that he was an already experienced player, trying to resume an interrupted career.

Shakespeare's double-minded, if not actually two-faced, attitude—absorption in Catholic ritual, rejection of the fanatic commitment that Catholic existence demanded—shaped his understanding and taught him a productive fear. For the rest of his life, he trimmed to power. Where the other major writers of his age got caught up in the great debate of the time—Ben Jonson became a Catholic and spent time in prison; Christopher Marlowe got so mixed up in Protestant espionage that it probably cost him his

"Don't embarrass me again, spell-checker."

• •

life—Shakespeare made a point and, in the end, an artistic virtue of evading any position and keeping his own counsel. All Shakespeare's tragic heroes—Othello, Macbeth, Lear, even Hamlet—have plenty of courage; what they lack is prudence and judgment. Between bravery and craft, Shakespeare always prefers craft, and between stupid courage and intelligent cowardice he is always with those who run away, with Falstaff, not Hotspur. He had seen—on a pitiful scale through the example of his father, on a horrific one through the example of the Catholic martyrs—what conviction coupled with a lack of realism could get you.

Shakespeare was something close to an overnight sensation before there were any. He began working in London in the late fifteen-eighties, and by the early nineties he was among the most famous writers in the country. He managed, as few have done since, to play a perfect lowbrow-middlebrow-highbrow trifecta. His fame rested on his popular comedies: "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Taming of the Shrew." His middlebrow fame was made by his history plays, particularly by the now rarely performed three plays on the life of Henry VI—the snobbish wits of the day were impressed by those, and began writing history plays of their own. He made a highbrow and aristocratic reputation with his polished neoclassical poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece."

It was an extraordinary social position to have attained so quickly. As a playwright, Shakespeare was the "ordinary poet" of the company, then called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, that became the leading show-business concern in London. (It could fill a theatre with three thousand people at a time when all London had a population of barely two hundred thousand.) At the same time, he was a pet of the aristocrats; an old tradition has the Earl of Southampton giving him a gift of a thousand pounds, an enormous sum. So much success so soon made him enemies; and perhaps the most striking chapter in Greenblatt's book is that on Shakespeare's rancorous relations with the "University wits," and particularly with Robert Greene. It is well known that the first reference to Shakespeare as an author is a bitterly poisonous attack that Greene penned on his deathbed, in 1592. Greene was the charismatic center of the group of college-educated writers who had come down to London from Oxford and Cambridge in the fifteen-eighties. Although Marlowe was the most impressive writer among them, Greene was the wits' wit, their Peter Cook, the man they all looked up to even in the absence of any work equal to his talent. When the ailing, impoverished Greene condemned Shakespeare as "an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers," who is "in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country," the charge was clear: this newcomer was a plagiarist, a hustler, an egotist who first courted and then stole from the real talents.

Greenblatt makes two arguments about this ugly business. First, that the Greene attack is a reflection of Shakespeare's early absorption into Greene's circle—there was no other circle worth being absorbed into, and Shakespeare's competitive admiration for Marlowe especially is written all over his plays—and of the anger of Greene and his group at Shakespeare's refusal to give them the deference they felt they deserved. They began by taking in the young countryman player and, Greenblatt observes, "probably thought that he was rather naïve and guileless and that they could easily take advantage of him." Soon they discovered that the naïve young outsider was just as ambitious as they were, and far more able and adaptable.

Greenblatt's more profound argument is that a lasting record of Shakespeare's engagement with Greene lies in the figure of Falstaff, and in the relationship between Falstaff and Hal. "The deeper we plunge into the tavern world of Falstaff," he writes, "the closer we come to the world of Greene; his wife, Doll; his mistress, Em; her thuggish brother, Cutting Ball; and the whole crew." All the contemporary accounts emphasize Greene's wit, his enormous appetite for food and sack, his size, and his habit of haunting brothels and taverns. The contemporary records of Greene are so Falstaffian that one exasperated inventory of his masquerades seems to come right out of "Henry IV": "a wild head full of mad brain and a thousand crotchets: a Scholar, a Discourser, a Courtier, a Ruffian, a Gamester, a Lover, a Soldier, a Traveler, a Merchant, a Broker, an Artificer, a Botcher, a Pettifogger, a Player, a Cozener, a Railer, a Beggar, an Omnigatherum, a Gay Nothing."

This identification is a triumph of biographical criticism and a proof of its real value. The point, as Greenblatt emphatically argues, is "not to strip away the reimagining, as if the life sources were more important than the metamorphoses but, rather, to enhance a sense of wonder at Shakespeare's creation . . . that took elements from the wasted life of Robert Greene and used them to fashion the greatest comic character in English literature." One need not accept the identification to value the discovery. Biographical criticism may be a practice without certainties, but it is not a game without rules. Each time we come closer to Shakespeare's life, we escape from the aridity of formal criticism or the cheap generalities of social history into a recognizable world of real experience. When A. L. Rowse insists that Emilia Bassano Lanier, the tempestuous, adulterous, musical, poetic wife of a court musician, was the original "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets, we can buy it or not, as we please. But the very existence of a woman like Emilia demonstrates that the clichéd images of Elizabethan women, as subservient wives or unruly whores, are too grossly tuned to capture the reality of Shakespeare's world. Whether she is the Dark Lady or not, Emilia is a dark lady. Good biographical criticism dissolves determinisms, and replaces them not with gossipy puzzle-solution certainties but with glimpses of life as it is lived, and art as it is made. Criticism is always a map of possibilities, roads taken, neglected, and cut fresh, and the map of art is never more vivid than when the possibilities of a period are incarnated as the people in a life.

In 1596, when Shakespeare had probably written "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard II" but was at least four years away from beginning the sequence of tragedies that we still value most, he felt confident enough in his social elevation to revive his father's old application for a coat of arms. He got it, complete with the defensive motto "Non Sanz Droict," "Not Without Right"—meaning, presumably, not without the right to have it. (Greenblatt, a skilled, close reader, notes that the clerk has in one draft of the sketch quietly added a comma, changing the meaning: "No, Without Right.") He put up with a lot of ridicule for the social climbing—Ben Jonson wrote a play where a country bumpkin takes the motto "Not Without Mustard"—and didn't seem to care. Shakespeare seems to have moved in very fancy circles while making a point of sticking to small rented rooms above dubious little businesses. Most of his money seems to have gone to buy land back in Stratford.

It was an odd arrangement; two full days' ride away, in London, Shakespeare couldn't have spent much time with the family he was providing for. Yet Greenblatt argues persuasively (as Joyce had Stephen do in "Ulysses") that the death of his only son, Hamnet, at the age of eleven, in 1596, was the crushing and transforming blow in his life. The heartbreaking lines about a lost child that begin "Grief fills the room up of my absent child, / Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me," from "King John," were written just afterward, and before long he began a new version of an old revenge play bearing a variant of his son's name.

At the heart of the play, and very much against the grain of his sources, Shakespeare inserted a spiritual issue that, given the religious tensions of the Shakespeare family, must have been tormenting him at the time of the boy's death and burial: the problem of Purgatory. Good Catholics like his father—who would die soon afterward, and whose personal testament, hidden in the rafters, is agonizingly clear on the point—believed that most souls, including children's, went to Purgatory (the entrance was believed to be a cave beneath Ireland) and could be released quickly only if priests were paid to say Masses. Shakespeare must have been confronted by his parents with the demand that this be done for his son—a thing that Will would probably have thought futile and certainly have known to be dangerous. From the almost unbearable nexus of dead son and dying father, he leaped into the dark space of a play about a son struggling to set his father's soul free.

Greenblatt makes a resonant point about the absence of ceremony in Protestant England and Shakespeare's response to it. To dramatize, to make a play of, this knot of griefs and obsessions was the only way he could find a ceremony adequate to them. Theatre was his religion, both in the sense that it was what he cared most about and in the sense that the ritual of theatre was the only available substitute for the annealing force of public Catholic ritual, as, in one form or another, it remains today.

What makes "Hamlet" different from Shakespeare's previous work is the way it brings out a complete inner life. Before Hamlet, soliloquy is mostly just exposition of motive. ("Why am I acting this way? Well you may ask. I'm doing it because . . ."—as in "Richard III.") With Hamlet, as Greenblatt very neatly puts it, we get "an intense representation of inwardness called forth by a new technique of radical excision." In the original story that Shakespeare drew on, Hamlet's madness and his delay make complete narrative sense: he feigns madness because he is still a child when his father's murder by his uncle becomes publicly known; he waits for years, acting like an idiot, until the moment is right for him to strike and claim the throne. Shakespeare, by compressing the plot into a matter of days, making Hamlet full-grown, and having the murder a secret known only to Hamlet, through the Ghost, makes Hamlet's show of madness not just superfluous but truly self-destructive—it does nothing but draw suspicious attention to him. In any case, Shakespeare's Hamlet is half-crazy and suicidal before he even sees the Ghost, and most of his soliloquies, instead of furthering our understanding of the action, are at direct cross-purposes to it. (Hamlet knows very well that a traveller *has* returned from that bourne from which no traveller returns.) What Hamlet says replaces the clear exposition of motive with a kind of chattering, compulsive, image-chasing interior monologue of dreads and desires.

Greenblatt shows that this device is key to the mature tragedies that follow, including "Othello" and "King Lear." In the original stories, the motives of each of the key characters were perfectly clear: Iago, in the source, is in love with Desdemona; Cordelia refuses to speak because she has been quarrelling with her father about the man she is going to marry. Their behavior is as transparently motivated as that of people in melodramas. Shakespeare, in each case, eliminates the motive in ways that make a mess of the story, and allows it to become something more than a story. His characters have drives that are rooted in who they are, not motives generated by a plot. "What you know you know," Iago says at last to the man whose life he has destroyed, and there is no more he can say.

The compulsive nature of the characters' actions allows for both black com-

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edy—Lear can be mocked by his fool because his behavior is ridiculous in a way that Oedipus' is not—and human sympathy; we feel sorry for Lear in a way that we never feel sorry for Oedipus. In Shakespearean tragedy, it didn't have to happen: rescue was one call or timely doubt or conversation away. By cancelling out the ordinary neatness of narrative explanation, Shakespeare does not merely mystify his people, as the Mona Lisa is made mysterious by the occluding fog of her *sfumato;* he humanizes them. We know them the way we know real people—not as illustrations of some principle, or as exemplary remote figures who have "desires" and "arcs" of success and failure, but as compulsion machines capable of charm.

This is not, of course, a formula that can be universally applied; if it could, every melodrama could become Shakespearean just by muddying up the plot. The questions forced on every screenwriter—where is the character's motive? what does he "want"?—are exactly the questions Shakespeare ignored. (When Hollywood melodrama does touch the edge of the tragic, it is nearly always through the removal of motive: Why does Michael ruin his own values and dearest hopes by shooting the policeman and Sollozzo? Why does Gittes pursue Noah? All that keeps "Citizen Kane" from tragedy is Rosebud.) With Shakespeare, the inner life is no longer a condition of narrative but one of existence. They are, therefore they think.

A chapter of Greenblatt's book is devoted to the horrible death of Ruy Lopez, the Queen's physician, and its consequences for Shakespeare's imagination of the "other." Jewish by birth though not by faith, Lopez was found guilty of an attempt on the Queen's life. (He was almost certainly framed.) When, on the scaffold, he cried plaintively that he "loved the Queen as well as he loved Jesus Christ," the mob merely laughed at what they took to be an equivocation, before he was ripped apart.

Greenblatt conjectures that Shakespeare was there and was haunted by the laughter, and that "The Merchant of Venice" is in part a response to his shiver. Greenblatt revives the great, too little known speech from a manuscript of a many-authored play about Thomas More, which includes lines, perhaps actually in Shakespeare's hand, where More protests the expulsion of foreigners from England:

> Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,
> Their babies at their backs, with their
> poor luggage
> Plodding to th' ports and coasts for
> transportation. . . .
> By this pattern
> Not one of you should live an agèd man,
> For other ruffians as their fancies wrought
> With selfsame hand, self reasons, and
> self right
> Would shark on you, and men like
> ravenous fishes
> Would feed on one another.

Shakespeare, in this view, was an instinctive liberal humanist, because, in a world of sharks, he could imagine what it felt like to be sharked, and knew how to bracket experience—to ask, What is it like for *them*?

Yet we also feel that the range of his sympathies is contoured by the inheritance of his world view. Shakespeare, the small landholder, believed in order, authority, and convention, and was scared to death of riots, mobs, spies, and revolutionary change. (When the landholders of Stratford decided to "enclose" the old commons and seize it from the local peasants—a kind of rich man's riot—Shakespeare refused to take any side.) He might have grimaced at the scaffold; he might have shared a mordant snicker with the crowd; and, most likely, he might have just stayed away.

His sympathy for Shylock, after all, is no different from his sympathy for Edgar in "King Lear," or even for Richard III; a plausible villain should always have plausible-sounding motives. It will not do to make Shakespeare too energetic a participant in our own civic creed. We can, though, distinguish between the expression of a self-conscious "humanism" that was not yet fully available to him or to anyone in his time, and the instinctive expansion of human sympathy that is the natural consequence of trying to make all the parts in a play sound like real people. You can't make "The Taming of the Shrew" into a feminist comedy, because it isn't. But you can't help making Katherine an attractive and articulate woman, because she is.

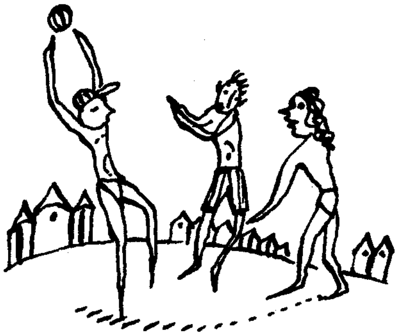
By 1610, Shakespeare had been writing two plays a year for almost twenty years, and though he was obviously enlivened by the theatre—he was always ready to take on a job, even one as slight as designing and painting a shield for a mock tournament—he must have sighed to get out. In 1597, he had bought New Place, the second-largest house in Stratford. Though he was, by 1610, hardly an old man even by the shorter-breathed standards of his day, the romance of retirement had always been dear to his heart. As Montaigne, one of his favorite contemporary writers, believed, retiring from the world was what a gentleman did. He may also have thought, like Dickens dreaming of Gad's Hill, and Twain in Hartford—those two other intuitive masters who swept their worlds through comic genius and then deepened and darkened in ways that no one could have imagined at first—that his anxieties about social status and family could be resolved if he became a benevolent paterfamilias in a small suburban town.

In the wake of his son's death, Shakespeare had placed all his hopes on his gifted daughter Susanna and her husband, a much respected physician-intellectual. Susanna, who, when she died, many years later, was said to have had some of her father's wit, was clearly devoted to him. The father-son triangles that dominate his middle-period writing—Hal, Falstaff, and the King; Hamlet, the Ghost, and Claudius; Lear, Edmund, and Gloucester—disappear from his last plays. What takes their place is fairy-tale-like stories of a father finding solace in a lost daughter—actually lost, as in "The Winter's Tale," or lost through being overlooked (Miranda is still a little girl in Prospero's eyes, and then, suddenly, she isn't).

The idea of retirement worked out no better for Shakespeare than it did for those two other native geniuses. Shakespeare's younger daughter, Judith, made a very bad marriage—he had to fiddle with his will on his deathbed to prevent her husband from getting his hands on her inheritance—and the long retirement was short. He died in 1616, and though the monument that was built to him clearly shows the same man as the Droeshout portrait, there is something about his resemblance to a fat burgher that suggests diminishment, and the words on his tombstone, "Blessed be the man that spares these stones, / And cursed be he that moves my bones," were, Greenblatt chillingly argues, a last-minute attempt to make sure that his wife would not be buried beside him.

It was only word magic, but he liked it. Prospero had transformed the world "By my so potent art. But this rough magic / I here abjure." He makes this quiet announcement right after listing his triumphs. The simple fulcrum on which that greatest of valedictory speeches is balanced—potent art / rough magic—is a six-syllable key to Shakespeare's double consciousness. Drama can seem, can even be, incredibly potent art—very big stuff, the work of magi and majesties, reanimating the past and restoring losses. But in the end it is just rough magic—show business, the craft of the conjuror and the juggler and the player, making shadows in candlelight. Shakespeare was Yeatsian in his shamanistic self-confidence, Audenish in his self-mocking modesties. The line of self-irony that runs through him, and which can give him a certain distance from the melodrama even in his most tragic situations (actors have to work hard not to get a laugh when Lear says, apropos the naked Edgar, "Has his daughters brought him to this pass?"), goes right to the ground of his being. This worldly double sight is present in his constant "democratization" of hard new words and simple old ones—audiences get the plays today even if they understand only every other line, because everything is deliberately said three times over, plain and fancy and in between—and in the admixture of tragedy and comedy, in the pathos of happiness just missed. (Hamlet really might have been happy with Ophelia, as Oedipus would never have been with Jocasta.) Shakespeare shows us that you don't have to look from on high in order to see it all.

Sky change and sea change, magic and art: the standard thing to say is that each age makes a Shakespeare in its own image. Yet the biographical portrait, from John Aubrey's brief one in the sixteen-eighties to John Mortimer's television series in the nineteen-seventies, is in its main elements remarkably consistent, and so is the critical assessment—the tonic notes are struck on different instruments but sound the same scale, from Jonson to Johnson and beyond. He was a genius at comedy, a free-flowing natural who would do anything for a joke or a pun, and whom life and ability bent toward tragedy. He evolved—and this is the note that holds fast through Keats and Coleridge, Matthew Arnold and Virginia Woolf—a matchless all-sidedness and negative capability, which could probe two ideas at once and never quite come down on the "side" of either: he was a man in whom a temperamental timidity and caution blossomed artistically into the nearest thing we have to universality.



Greenblatt ends his book with an evocation of the ordinariness of Shakespeare, now seen as a willed ordinariness, a determination not to be wild like the cavaliers or snobbish like the wits, but to see the world as it is. This ordinariness, which runs through all the portraits, is what makes him unique among reigning poets. To have Dante as your reigning poet is a noble but not exactly a *daily* sort of thing, while Racine and Molière, splitting the honors between them, help give French literary culture its neatly bifurcated shape. Shakespeare's normalcy is not philistine or easy—in his plays, people lose hands, eyes, wives, minds, lives—and it entails a conservative obeisance to the common order: he believes in kings, bosses, authority. But he does not believe *too much* in those things, and in this lies the beginning of sanity. His skepticism is rooted not in a moral principle, much less a religious dogma, but in the observer's eye for how many daily things—the cycle of seasons, lust, and laughter—escape a single rule:

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Even his song of mortality moves in a circle of leases and ashes and paydays. The double life that Montaigne writes about, and which he experienced high up in his tower, Shakespeare experienced in rented rooms and summer visits. As readers and writers, we remain blessed that the reigning poet of the language is so vocationally, so happily, the ordinary poet of our company. ♦

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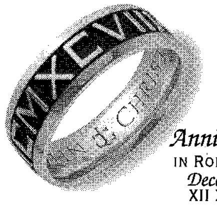

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THE SKY LINE

HOMES OF THE STARS

A high-profile suburb for the Hamptons.

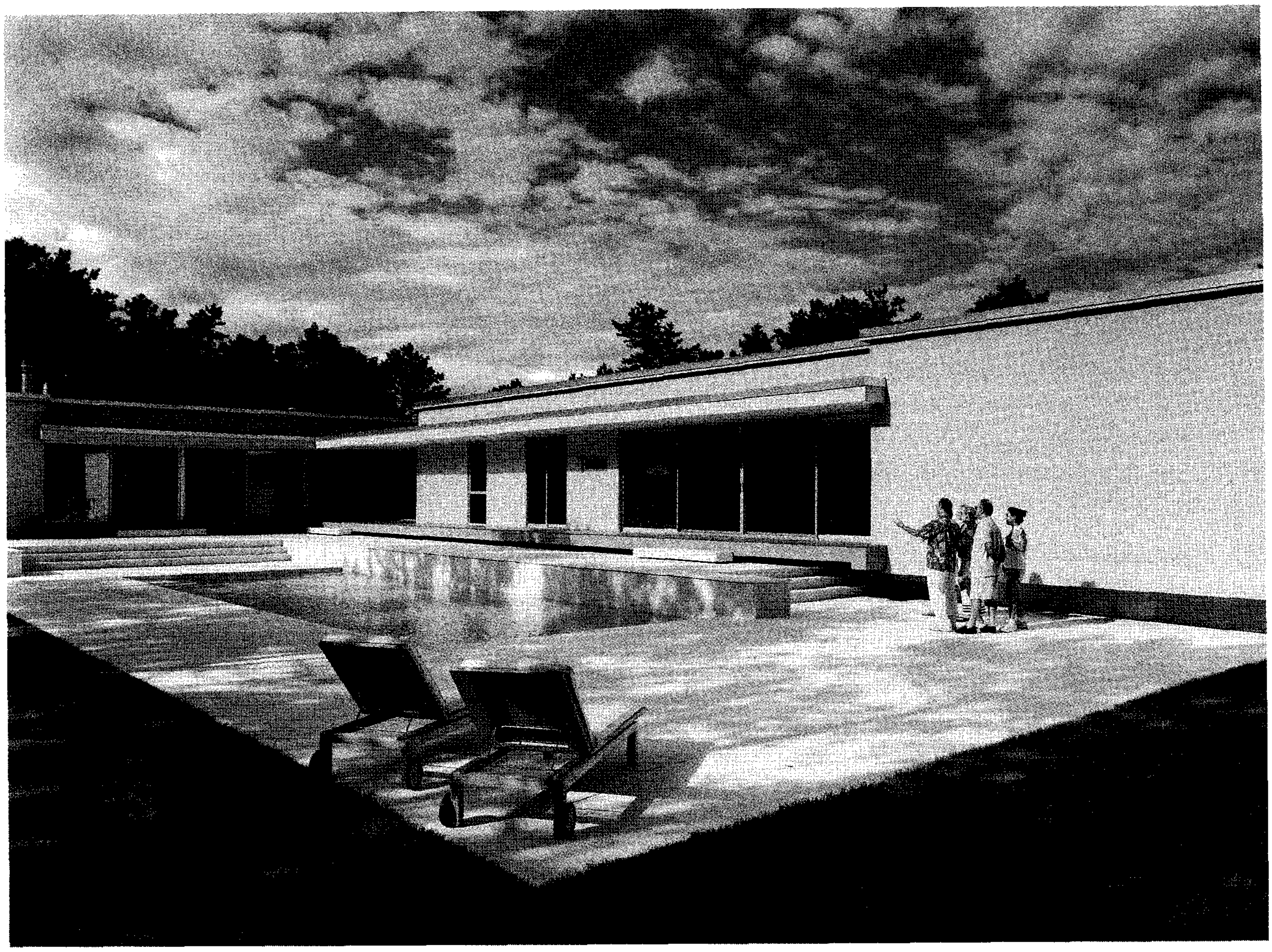
BY PAUL GOLDBERGER

In the late nineteen-fifties, J. Irwin Miller, the chairman of the Cummins Engine Company, decided to liven up Columbus, Indiana, where his company was based, by commissioning work from famous architects—I. M. Pei, Kevin Roche, and Robert Venturi, among others. Pei designed a library, Roche a post office, and Venturi a firehouse. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill designed the city hall. Charles Gwathmey built subsidized housing. Richard Meier and Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer built elementary schools. This made for a place that certainly isn't like any other small town in Indiana, but almost none of the buildings rank among their architect's best work, and Columbus, for all the good intentions, is pretty much the architectural equivalent of one of those art collections that consist of a Henry Moore, a Picasso, a Calder, and a Dali—an assemblage of names rather than a coherent set of works.

Thirty years after the Columbus project was begun, the dean of the college of art and architecture at the University of Cincinnati also had an idea about using glamorous buildings to attract attention, and the school hired Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Michael Graves, and Henry Cobb. Eisenman designed the architecture school, Graves an engineering building, Gehry a molecular-research lab, and Cobb the music school. This project had a master plan, but the whole turned out to be much less than the sum of its parts, and the parts themselves were not first-rate.

In the mid-nineties, Coco Brown, a developer who lives in New York and Bridgehampton, Long Island, acquired about a hundred acres of scrub in the hamlet of Sagaponack, hard by the East Hampton Airport. This is not the part of Sagaponack where Ira Rennert has built the Versailles-like complex that is the largest house in the Hamptons, although it is only a five-minute drive away. Brown's land is not beachfront property. He picked it up cheaply when another developer went bankrupt after putting a handful of houses on it. Brown figured that he needed to do something to distinguish the land, and, like Irwin Miller and the University of Cincinnati, he decided to start collecting architects. He hired Richard Meier as an adviser, and they selected venerable figures such as Graves, Cobb, Richard Rogers, and Philip Johnson, along with younger celebrity architects—Zaha Hadid, Steven Holl, Shigeru Ban, and Eric Owen Moss—to design houses. They also chose several architects who are less well known to the general public but have substantial reputations in the academic world—people like Stan Allen, Lindy Roy, Winy Maas, Jesse Reiser, Nanako Umemoto, and the sisters Gisue and Mojgan Hariri. This project may be the closest such architects will ever come to designing a freestanding house.

The project seemed like a publicity stunt at first. Designs for the houses were published in a coffee-table book, and there were reports of conflicts between Brown and the architects. Brown, who is seventy years old and tends to dress in the white linen garb of a plantation owner, is accustomed to telling creative people what to do, and he sent Philip Johnson, among others, back to the drawing board. He rejected Thomas Phifer's first design and told Steven Holl that he didn't like a lot of what he had done. "I talked back to Steven Holl and he got a lot less difficult," Brown said to me. "The architects are all stars—it's like a Robert Altman movie." Nevertheless, he signed off on several of the designs and started construction on five houses, including Henry Cobb's, which he even managed to sell. Late this spring, the first house was completed: a sprawling riff on Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona Pavilion by the Hariri sisters, Iranian-born architects



The first building constructed for the Houses at Sagaponac project is by Hariri & Hariri. Photograph by Jason Schmidt.

who have practiced in New York since 1986. Three others—the house by Cobb and houses by Annabelle Selldorf and Shigeru Ban—are due to be finished later this year.

The Hariri house looks a lot better than it did on paper. It has a kind of sumptuous, self-assured grandeur that plays on the floating planes and transparent volumes of Mies without ever directly imitating him. It is both elegant and sensual, and the architects seem to have a reasonable understanding of the patterns of normal life. There is a huge master suite, an enormous open kitchen, and a guest wing that is separated from the rest of the house by a modern version of an open loggia—all arranged in an L-shaped structure organized around a pool set into terraces of off-white Turkish travertine. Whatever else you can say about the Hariri sisters, they know how to produce minimalism with a certain majesty.

Not all the houses in the Houses at Sagaponac project (Brown dropped the final "k" of the village's name for his development) are as accommodating to conventional life. Some of the designs seem more like student theses than plans for real buildings. Winy Maas, of the Dutch firm MVRDV, for example, came up with a three-thousand-square-foot house that looks like an amoeba, with the living space raised to the height of the treetops and set in three small huts sandwiched between enormous elevated decks. Lindy Roy's house is to be made of a series of eight interlocking S-shaped steel frames, with a cascading sheet of water that connects to the pool and also serves as an interior wall. Zaha Hadid's house is a sharply angled structure that looks like a small airport terminal. It's hard to imagine that these houses will get built, at least in their original form. One obvious problem with the project is that the star architects have had no relationship with the people who will end up owning—and living in—the houses.

What you are getting, if you choose to buy into Brown's project, is not a house designed specifically for you but a slice of contemporary architectural culture. As if to emphasize this, even the relatively reasonable houses tend to be described with rhetorical excess. The Hariri sisters have said that their house was inspired by a Giacometti sculpture and that "the spatial configuration of the house invites a variety of personalities and occupants, from hermetic individuals to sociable couples or groups, to be 'original' and invent their own way of habitation in this structure." Every house is a stage, but only the most narcissistic architects believe that the shapes they design make them directors.

Since the Hariri house was finished, this spring, Brown has been trying to sell it for $2.95 million. Custom architecture does not come cheap. Even so, less than three million dollars in the Hamptons is considered a moderate price. Shingled McMansions on a cou-

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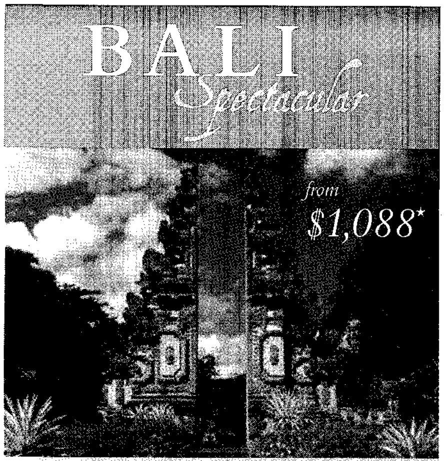

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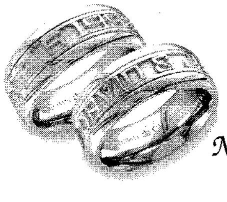

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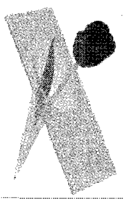

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ple of acres of former farmland near the ocean can go for more than twice that, depending on how the stock market is doing, since buyers are often young hedge-fund managers and investment bankers who are spending their bonuses. "I don't want twenty-five Wall Street guys here," Brown told me as we walked through the Hariri house earlier this summer. There is little danger of that. Not only is the location less than fashionable; there may not be twenty-five people on Wall Street who would want to live in the houses Brown is building, even for the weekend. The taste of people with large bank accounts tends not to be on the cutting edge.

For two decades now, the prevailing fashion in the Hamptons, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and everywhere else on the East Coast where people with money build beach houses has been to replicate the rambling, gracious architecture of gables and porches that dates from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. When they first appeared, these traditionally styled houses were a welcome relief from the arrogant, simplistic modern houses that had made the seaside fields look like an exhibition of gigantic, second-rate minimalist sculpture. But the neo-Shingle Style houses have themselves become a plague. There are more and more of them, and they are bigger and bigger.

The first modern houses in the Hamptons were gentle, understated wood-and-glass buildings put up in the nineteen-fifties and sixties by architects like Peter Blake, George Nelson, Robert Rosenberg, and Barbara and Julian Neski. Many of them have disappeared. If they had the misfortune of occupying a coveted piece of land, they were replaced by one of the huge new Shingle Style mansions. Now there is hardly any land left in the Hamptons, and almost no sense of the elegantly simple modernist tradition with which the postwar phase of development there began. Coco Brown wouldn't mind if all the McMansions disappeared, and his development strikes a welcome and strong blow for the besieged forces of modernism. But he doesn't want to go back to the sweet modernist boxes of another time, either. He wants modernism to keep innovating, as it should. You might say that the best thing about his project is also the worst thing, which is that the architects are all determined to do something different.

This year marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of Radburn, New Jersey, the extraordinary utopian suburb designed by Clarence Stein and Henry Wright at the edge of Fair Lawn, in Bergen County. Radburn, which its founders billed as a new "town for the motor age," contains relatively ordinary suburban houses, each one more or less the same as the others. But the town was laid out so that the houses turn their backs to the street, making it a service area. They face a wide, rambling greenbelt—a park, in effect. Radburn, almost alone among suburbs, manages to do what cities do, which is to emphasize public space over private space. There is a coherence to it, at no cost to the tranquil pleasures that people seek when they leave the city. Stein and Wright reinvented the idea of suburban development, and in three-quarters of a century their work hasn't been bettered.

Although Coco Brown intends to add some trails and set aside common park space (as yet undesigned) in Sagaponack, his project is, at heart, a plain-vanilla subdivision. There is nothing about it that advances new ideas for community development, or any ideas about community at all. It is a series of private-house lots of one to two acres, strung together along streets—the most reactionary type of planning there is, wasteful of land and discouraging to a sense of the public realm. If the other houses in the project turn out to be as good as the first one—and those under construction look promising—there will be plenty of notable architecture. But in some ways the spectacular architecture undercuts a sense of community. Even the best houses are likely to clash with each other, and all of them cry out to be hidden by landscaping.

Underneath their flashy surfaces, these houses aren't nearly as different from the banal McMansions as they aspire to be; they're attention-getting structures disconnected from their surroundings. Houses at Sagaponac is being billed as a radical experiment in suburban development, but it is really an old suburb in high-design drag. Radburn was a lot more daring. ♦

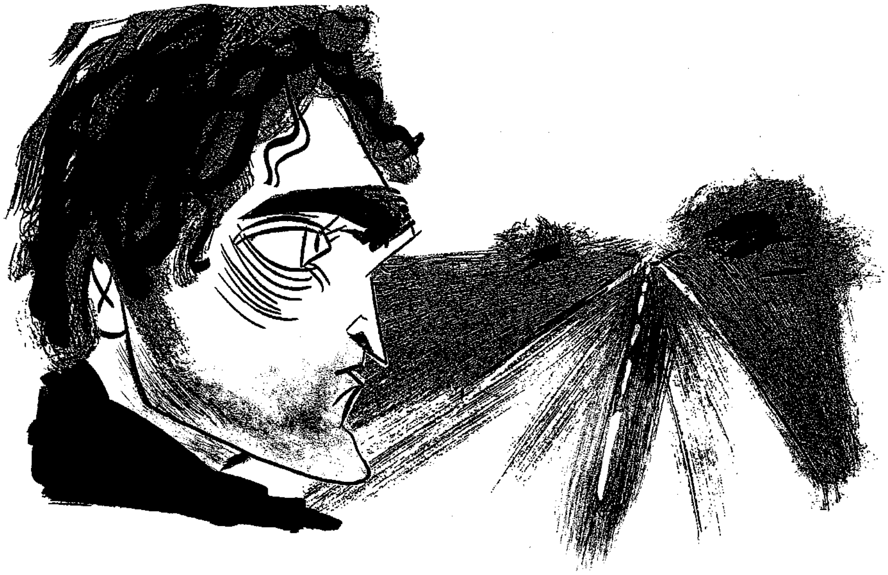
THE CURRENT CINEMA

JOURNEYS

Vincent Gallo's new movie, and an F. W. Murnau retrospective.

BY DAVID DENBY

Vincent Gallo, a downtown New York artist active since the early eighties as a musician, photographer, painter, model, actor, and filmmaker, has a face like a rusty hatchet (needle nose, scraggly beard), damp inky hair, and an unnerving stare. In "Buffalo '66" (1998), the first feature-length movie Gallo directed, he plays a recently released con looking for a place to pee. After finding it, he picks up a willing teen-ager (Christina Ricci), but, instead of having sex with her, takes her to visit his nasty parents—a new low in the history of perversity. The movie's prickly, vagrant humor was odd and unsatisfying. "Buffalo '66" withheld much more than it communicated, and, fairly or not, I came out of it believing that Gallo, who also co-wrote the movie, was very similar in temperament to the scary, enraged character onscreen, who radiated sexual energy but couldn't bear to be touched. Bud Clay, the character Gallo plays in his new movie, "The Brown Bunny," can't stand being touched, either. After losing a motorcycle race in New Hampshire, Bud wheels his Honda RS 250 into a black van and begins a cross-country trek home to Los Angeles, where he plans to hook up with an old girlfriend, Daisy (Chloë Sevigny). He journeys through plains, mountains, and red skies—a romantic loner unconsciously passing across heroic American landscapes—mostly in silence. Now and then, Bud reaches out to women: a teen-ager working at a gas station; a wordless, disconsolate beauty (Cheryl Tiegs) sitting outside a highway rest stop; a friendly young prostitute in Las Vegas. All these women find him irresistible, but he walks away from them. This loner is enshrouded in the mystery of his suffering and self-denial.



Gallo's "The Brown Bunny," in its surly way, casts a spell.

TOM BACHTELL

Gallo has a talent for bristling self-promotion; last year, after Roger Ebert made a negative judgment on an early version of "The Brown Bunny," Gallo issued a fatwa against Ebert's prostate. Lunatic hauteur like this demands self-sufficiency, and Gallo disdains the notion of influences on his work, although in "The Brown Bunny" anyone can see motifs and moods derived from the American road movies of the late six-

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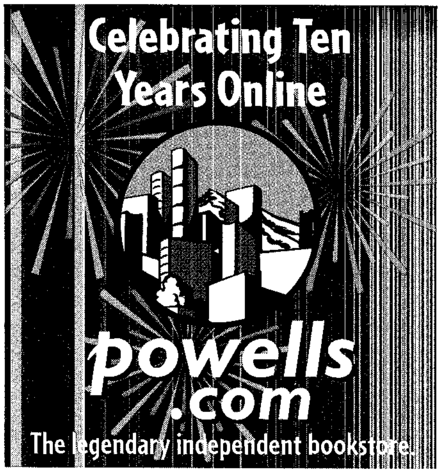

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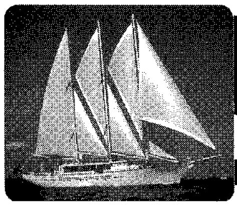

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ties and early seventies, as well as from Antonioni's distanced emotional funks. There's also a hint of Andy Warhol's experiments in minimalism, although Gallo's movies are not careless and disposable in the film-a-day style of the Warhol Factory. Gallo has also made it clear that he loathes the collaborative apparatus of film work—union crews, stars, producers, and the like—but he appears to enjoy the basic process of filmmaking, and he labors hard to get a certain look. For "The Brown Bunny," he loaded three crew members and his equipment into Bud's black van—which was not only a rolling prop in the movie but also the production's sole means of transportation—and shot most of the movie himself. Much of the time he is positioned to the far left or the far right of the frame, or he is seen from the rear—a striking image of dissociation produced, in part, by his desire to watch himself acting on a pair of monitors that are placed outside camera range. The movie was shot on sixteen-millimetre film, which, when blown up to thirty-five millimetres, yields a slightly soft-focus look, a punk-lyrical aesthetic of beauty struggling to emerge from the chrysalis of ugliness. The camera is perched over Bud's shoulder as he drives, and we see the road markers endlessly approaching and disappearing, and the landscapes falling away—the bluesy visions, half monotonous, half mesmerizing, of an insomniac driving beyond need, or reason, into the sunset. The movie, in its surly way, casts a spell.

Bud eventually arrives in Los Angeles, where, in a now notorious scene, he is fellated by Daisy in a motel room. As the scene was being shot, Gallo, consistent in his methods, watched himself and Chloë Sevigny perform on monitors; the moment, I suppose, reaches a new extreme in directorial narcissism (Fellini may have dreamed of such a thing, but he didn't actually shoot it). For the record, the blow job is too distanced and oddly framed to be pornographic, and, placed at the end of the movie as it is, it actually makes dramatic sense. "The Brown Bunny" is one of those movies that work retrospectively: the final scene pulls the film together, explaining and justifying Bud's misery and his earlier inability to respond to women. In brief, "The Brown Bunny," however antagonistic and borderline tedious, is an art work of sorts, and Gallo himself, though an egomaniac of staggering solemnity—a priest of art longing for a cult—is not a fake. An obsessed filmmaker like this is faintly reminiscent, at least in temperament, of such figures as Rimbaud and van Gogh and the hero-martyrs of sixties underground filmmaking. Will he last? Can he "grow"? The signs are not good. By resisting collaboration in a collaborative medium, Gallo has limited himself to the most proudly solipsistic subjects. The lonely-guy-on-the-road movie may be one of the few kinds of movies anyone could make essentially on his own, and no one, I would guess, is longing for sequels set in motels and rowboats.

An artist-thug like Gallo gropes for poetry; the German director F. W. Murnau, who died in 1931, at the age of forty-two, was perhaps the most conscious and self-disciplined poet in the history of the cinema. Anyone wondering what German Expressionism was about, or why the old film-aesthetics texts spoke so radiantly of art in the silent period, should immerse himself in Murnau's work, which will have a ten-day retrospective at Film Forum, starting September 10th. (Many of the most famous films are also available, in gleaming prints, on DVDs issued by Kino.) Watching a masterpiece like "Sunrise," the first movie Murnau made in Hollywood, in 1927, you seem to have entered not only a different era but a different art form—one in which psychology and symbolism and the most wrenching emotions all play a much larger role than they do in the often jaunty movies of the early sound period. (In America, Expressionism didn't return to filmmaking until forties Hollywood noir.) "Sunrise" is about "The Man," a thick-bodied farmer (George O'Brien), who is having an affair with a "Woman from the City" (all the characters are named as archetypes). Wrapped in black silk, the calculating temptress (Margaret Livingston) commands her lover to drown his adoring blond wife (Janet Gaynor) and move to the city with her. The man takes his wife for a boat ride on a lake, where he plans to kill her, but at the last minute he changes his mind. Back on land, he chases his wife into the woods, where they board a mysterious trolley. He will go to the city with *her*, not his mistress. Their ride, shot from inside the trolley, is a famously lovely introduction to industrial and urban life; and the city itself turns out to be not the sink of corruption one would expect from the movie's moral scheme but a buzzing, unsettling, and quite thrilling modernist playland of hyperanimated people and streaming automobiles. Breathlessly happy, the couple sets off for home at nightfall, back across the lake, when their boat is hit by a storm. Parts of this primal drama, including the return journey, are slow-moving. Murnau, like so many other silent-film directors, tried to accomplish a great deal (maybe too much) with mime—body sculpting in an earlier sense of the phrase, in which the torso was hunched, twisted, and finally liberated as expressive art. In George O'Brien's performance, prolonged, paralytic bouts of conflict lead to explosive action—he's like a fullback bursting into the clear. The hesitating, then violent performance, so strange to our eyes, has a frightening potency.

Murnau's particular genius was to join stylized décors and settings with an ecstatic immersion in the natural world. In Murnau's first masterpiece, "Nosferatu" (1922), the Dracula figure (Max Schreck) is an emaciated, rodent-faced wraith (an image that has haunted the movies for eighty years), but he's at large in the vigorous open air of the mountains as well as in the usual shadowy dens. If poetic invention is the best defense for the horror genre, "Nosferatu" may be the best horror movie ever made. "The Last Laugh," made in Germany, in 1924, and just as great, removes horror to the realm of social tragedy. A strutting doorman at a grand hotel (Emil Jannings), lording it over everyone in his working-class neighborhood, is demoted to a job in a downstairs lavatory, and forced to trade his magnificent uniform for an attendant's white jacket. Once he is no longer protected by the imperial garment, his life collapses. "The Last Laugh" is seductively designed: the hotel's tall revolving door flashes with the promise of a glamorous destiny; the ominous stairway leading to the lavatory could be an invitation to annihilation. The camera tracks through city and hotel like a relentless investigator, but treats its cornered prey with surpassing sympathy. Murnau brought off his poetic effects naturally, fluidly, dramatically, and the resonant images and the moving camera throw the audience into a trance, in which it experiences the deepest emotions, and often unconscious desires and fears, with awe and something like gratitude. ♦

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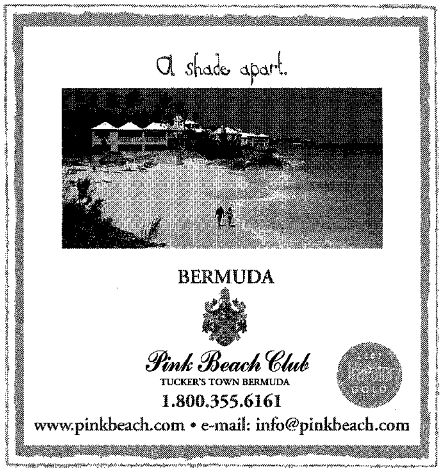
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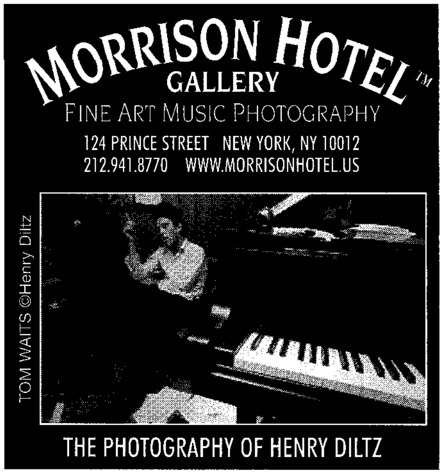
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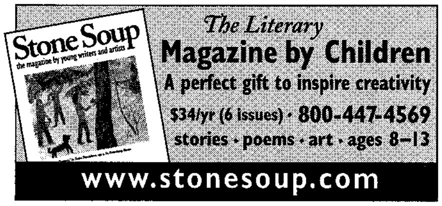
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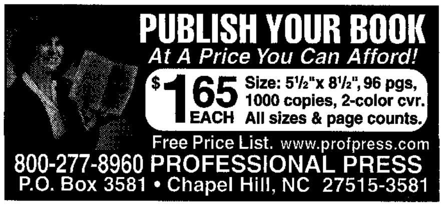
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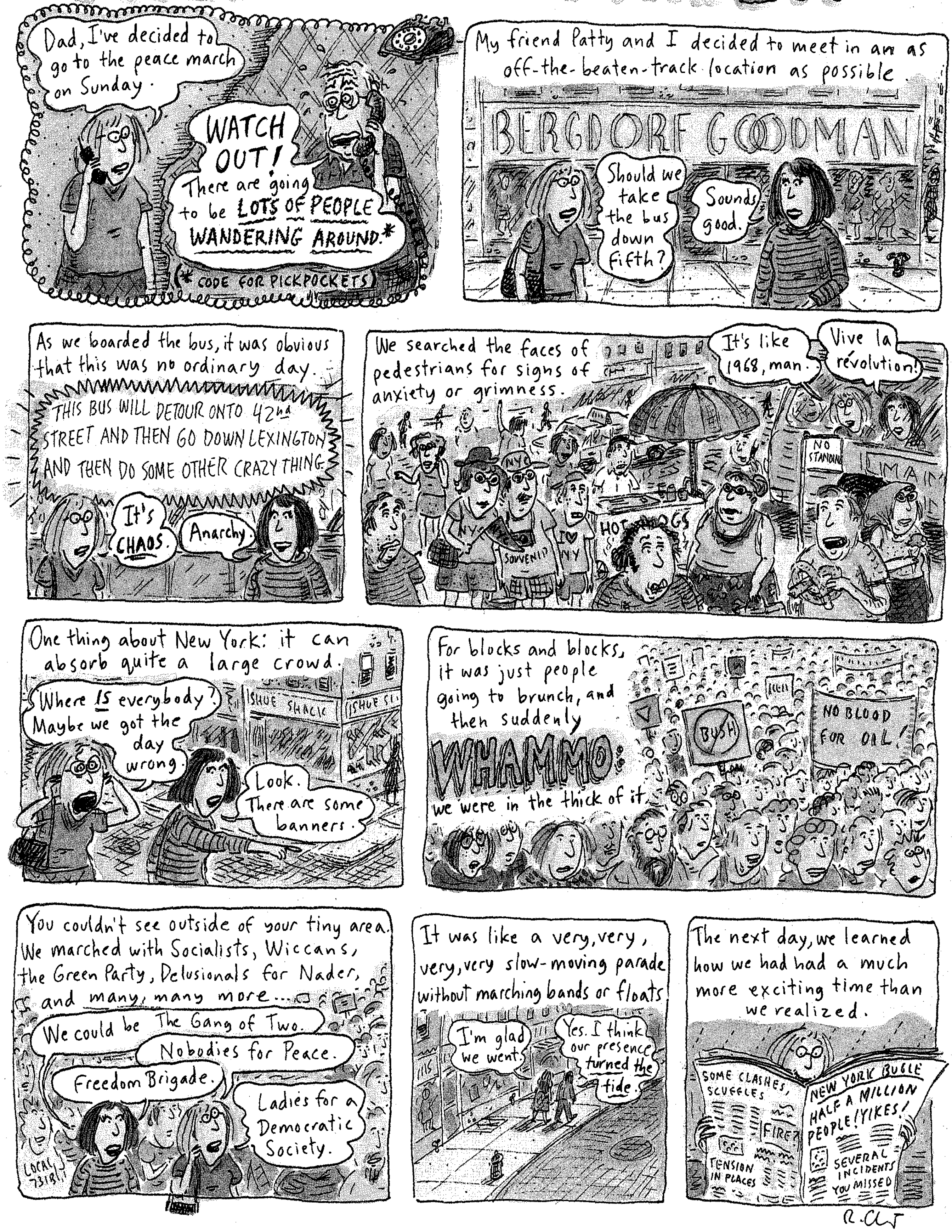
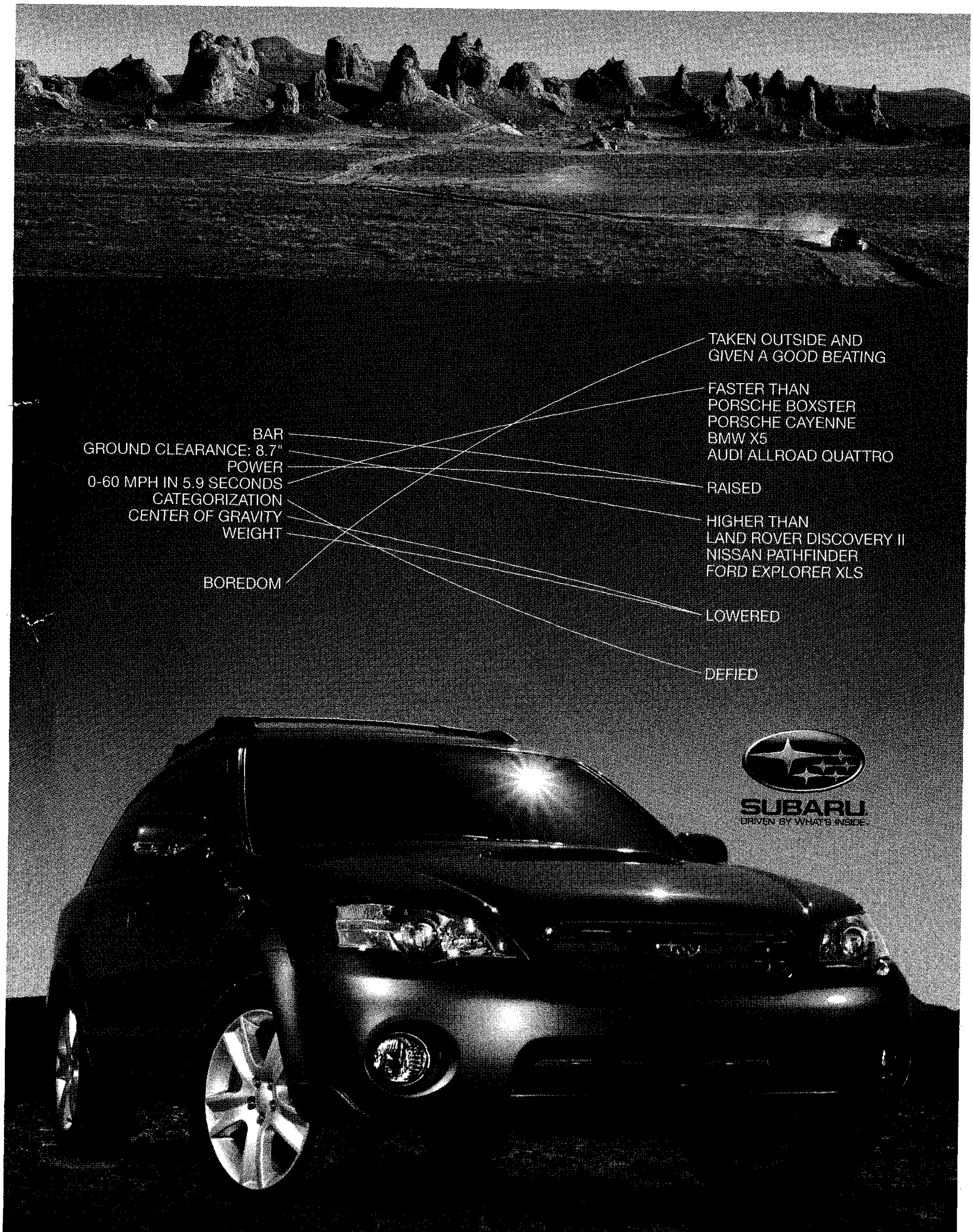
THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST

MILD IN THE STREETS


Dad, I've decided to go to the peace march on Sunday.
WATCH OUT! There are going to be LOTS OF PEOPLE WANDERING AROUND.*
(* CODE FOR PICKPOCKETS)
My friend Patty and I decided to meet in an as off-the-beaten-track location as possible.
BERGDORF GOODMAN
Should we take the bus down Fifth?
Sounds good.
As we boarded the bus, it was obvious that this was no ordinary day.
THIS BUS WILL DETOUR ONTO 42nd STREET AND THEN GO DOWN LEXINGTON AND THEN DO SOME OTHER CRAZY THING.
It's CHAOS.
Anarchy.
We searched the faces of pedestrians for signs of anxiety or grimness.
It's like 1968, man.
Vive la révolution!
NO STANDING
NYC
NY
HOT DOGS
SOUVENIR
I ♥ NY
One thing about New York: it can absorb quite a large crowd.
ISHUE SHACK
Where IS everybody? Maybe we got the day wrong.
Look. There are some banners.
For blocks and blocks, it was just people going to brunch, and then suddenly
WHAMMO
we were in the thick of it.
BUSH
NO BLOOD FOR OIL!
You couldn't see outside of your tiny area. We marched with Socialists, Wiccans, the Green Party, Delusionals for Nader, and many, many more...
We could be The Gang of Two.
Nobodies for Peace.
Freedom Brigade.
Ladies for a Democratic Society.
LOCAL 731B
It was like a very, very, very, very slow-moving parade without marching bands or floats.
I'm glad we went.
Yes. I think our presence turned the tide.
The next day, we learned how we had had a much more exciting time than we realized.
SOME CLASHES, SCUFFLES
FIRE?
TENSION IN PLACES
NEW YORK BUGLE
HALF A MILLION PEOPLE! YIKES!
SEVERAL INCIDENTS YOU MISSED
R. Chast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POWER
0-60 MPH IN 5.9 SECONDS
CATEGORIZATION
CENTER OF GRAVITY
WEIGHT
BOREDOM
TAKEN OUTSIDE AND GIVEN A GOOD BEATING
FASTER THAN PORSCHE BOXSTER PORSCHE CAYENNE BMW X5 AUDI ALLROAD QUATTRO
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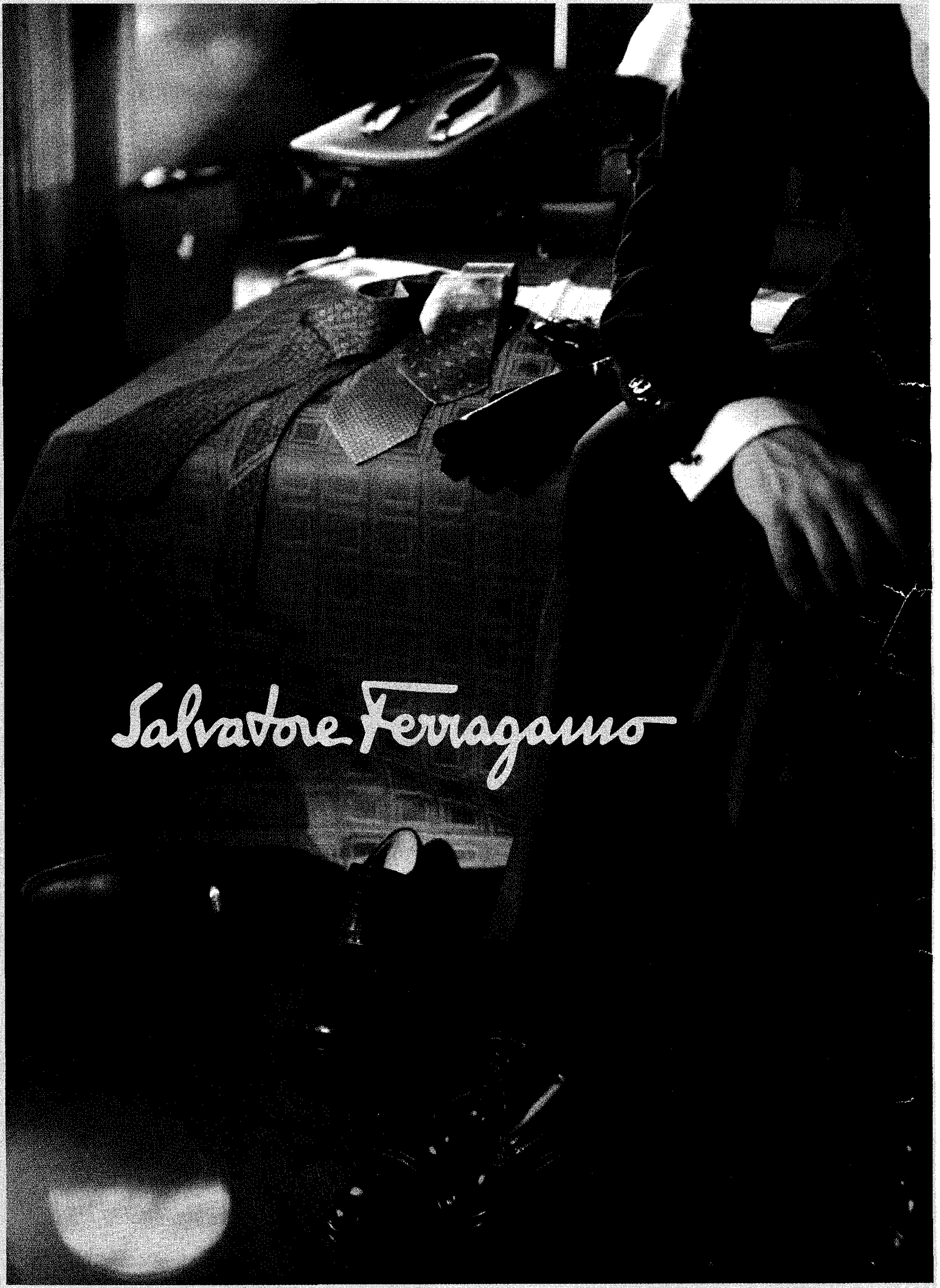

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